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**THE MODERN WORLD :
A JUNIOR SURVEY**

H. C. KNAPP-FISHER

Author of
Outline of World History for Boys and Girls

THE
MODERN WORLD :
A JUNIOR SURVEY

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CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i> 1.	The Story of Midnight and Midday	<i>page</i> 9
2.	The Story of the Desert and the City	14
3.	What Civilization is	21
4.	Britain : The Civil Servants	26
5.	Britain : Local Government : The Law	34
6.	Money	42
7.	Banking	53
8.	Parliament	61
9.	The British Empire	70
10.	Newfoundland	77
11.	The Dominion of Canada	85
12.	The Commonwealth of Australia	96
13.	The Dominion of New Zealand	103
14.	The Union of South Africa	109
15.	The British Dominions	121
16.	India	130
17.	The Indian States	142
18.	British India	148
19.	Britain's African Possessions	158
20.	Other British Colonies : 1	169
21.	Other British Colonies : 2	180
22.	The Dependent Empire	189
23.	The United States of America : Constitution and Government	193
24.	The United States of America : The Land	198
25.	The United States of America : The Cities and the People : 1	203

<i>Chapter</i> 26.	The United States of America : The Cities and the People : 2	<i>page</i> 213
27.	The United States of America : The Middle West and the Far West	221
28.	Machines	227
29.	War and Peace	237
30.	The League of Nations : The Assembly and the Council	247
31.	The League of Nations : The Secretariat : The World Court : The International Labour Office	257
32.	The Mandated Territories	266
33.	Europe : Reparations and War Debts	277
34.	Germany : 1	282
35.	Germany : 2	290
36.	France : Kingship and Democracy	302
37.	France : The Land and the People	306
38.	The French Empire : North Africa	315
39.	Italy	325
40.	Central Europe : Switzerland and Austria	337
41.	Countries of Eastern Europe : 1	346
42.	Countries of Eastern Europe : 2	354
43.	Countries of Eastern Europe : 3	363
44.	Other Countries of Western Europe	371
45.	Other Empires	382
46.	South America	388
47.	Russia	399
48.	China	411
49.	Japan	422
50.	The World Depression	432
	Note about this Book	439
	Index	443

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIVE MAPS

Australia, New Zealand	<i>page</i> 15
British Isles	27
Canada	79
Africa	111
India	131
United States	201
West Indies	231
East Mediterranean	267
Central Europe	291
Northern Europe	373
Spain, Portugal	380
South America	389
Russia	403
Far East	413

CHAPTER I : THE STORY OF MIDNIGHT AND MIDDAY

IF YOU wake up in the middle of the night and look out of your window at the city street you may imagine for a moment that you are quite alone in the world. The street that is so full of life and movement in the day is as quiet as the Sahara Desert. The rows of street lamps blaze in silence. The stars twinkle above.

You may think, "What a strange world we live in, where the thousands of people in this city all have to fall asleep at once, like the Court in *The Sleeping Beauty*, and all work and play has to stop dead for so many hours !"

But if you wait long enough at the window you will notice that the whole city never sleeps. You will hear the distant whistle of a train before long. A policeman will come by, flashing his lantern on every door to see that it is securely shut.

And there are very many unsleeping things which you will never hear nor see.

Look at those street lamps, for instance ! They are not shining naturally, like the stars. The power of them is pouring through thousands of wires laid beneath the pavement. Beneath every street in the city the electric current is ceaselessly pouring, silently, powerfully. The very walls of your home are threaded with these wires. You only have to touch a switch, and your bedroom is flooded with light.

Like the sap of a tree flowing inside every branch and every twig, the current of electricity flows beneath the streets of a city and in the walls of the houses. But of course the electricity in these wires is not a natural thing like sap. Men have to work day and night to keep the current flowing.

Not very far from your bedroom is the electric power station. This is a building rather like a prison. It has steel doors and steel walls, inside which are many vast rooms containing the furnaces which make the heat through which men obtain electric current. Here are the great halls of the dynamos and other machines which turn the electric power into a useful form.

The only people who are allowed to visit these strange lonely prisons are the skilled workmen who oil and clean and repair the machines. They alone have the keys to the prison cells of the great control switches.

No wonder such care is taken to guard these machines, for they are the most powerful things in the city, and if one of the repair men made a mistake, the machines would instantly kill him.

You can gain some idea of how powerful these machines are if you remember that not only do they send forth the current to light the streets and houses of the city, but they also move all the electric trains and trams : they run the cinema shows : in many hotels and restaurants and homes they cook the meals and heat the buildings : they run the heavy machinery in a number of different sorts of factories : they send the telegrams and enable everyone to telephone ; and a hundred and one other things, great and small, are done by the flowing energy created and sent out by the vast machines in the power house.

Of course, if your home and the street in which you live are lit by gas instead of electricity, you may think of the gasworks in the same way, and of the miles of gas pipes curling under the ground and in the walls of the city like the twisted roots of a giant tree.

We will suppose that your home is on one of the main streets of the city, and that after you have been hanging out of the window for a time you yawn and get back into bed. But just as you pull the sheets over you you hear sounds of voices in the street and a rumbling and swishing noise. You jump up and go to the window again to see what it is. And you see the street cleaners.

In most big modern cities the street cleaners work in the main streets at night, when nothing is about. They do not use shovels and brushes as in old-time towns : they use hoses, and they spray powerful jets of water on to the surface of the roads, clearing all the dirt and rubbish into the gutters where other men collect it and carry it off.

As you watch the hissing stream sweeping across the road in the glare of the street lamps you wonder where all the water comes from. You see the hose is attached to a hydrant a little way down the street. This hydrant is a fairly big pipe attached to a larger pipe which lies buried under the street. This larger pipe sends off small branch pipes to every house, and middle-sized pipes under each side street. The large pipes run along until they meet at the tanks and reservoirs of the waterworks. These reservoirs gather the water from the rivers and lakes of the country ; and here it passes through filters to make it pure and fit for drinking.

As you stand at the window thinking of all these things you feel that you are very far from being alone in the world ! Your home is being kept going all night by many hundreds of men working in many different places.

Now, suppose that while you stood at the window the house opposite caught fire ! You would run to the telephone and call up the fire brigade, or you would dart out into the street and find a fire alarm (there are about as many fire alarms in a great city as there are hydrants).

In a very few minutes the fire engine would thunder down the street, and men in gleaming helmets would fix another hose on to the hydrant and you would see a huge fountain of water shoot up as high as the roof of the house. Tall ladders would be run up by which any people in danger could make their escape. The firemen would not leave until the fire was put out and all was safe again.

Or suppose, as you gazed at the empty street, you saw a burglar on the roof of a house. You would only have to blow a whistle or telephone to the police station and in a very short time a great number of men in dark uniforms would come running up, or driving up in swift cars. They

would break into the house where the burglar was and chase him, or they would surround the house so that he would not escape.

So you see that there are men always ready to protect you from all kinds of danger. In a big city many thousands of firemen and policemen are waiting day and night to help those who may fall into danger or trouble.

If you think about these things when you get back to bed you will gain some idea of the wonderful thing called *civilization*.

But you will only get a small idea of a big thing by thinking about a few things that go on all night.

Suppose you stand at midday at the busiest street corner amid the roar and whirl of life. You watch the "traffic cop" controlling the never-ending stream of vans and cars: suppose you knew the business of every passenger in every 'bus and car! Suppose you knew the whole history of the work of every van-man! Of course nobody could remember and understand all that knowledge, for it would mean knowing all about all the trade and commerce and the arts and crafts of the whole city.

(Just read the names on all the vans that pass you in five minutes, and think of the different kinds of work they represent.)

You look at the great city offices all around you. You see dimly through the windows girls typing letters and men writing at desks. In and out of the great doorways of the office blocks there is a never-ending flow of people, all busy, all earning their living, *all giving something to the life of the city* in the same way as the repair men at the electric power station, the workmen at the waterworks, the firemen and policemen.

You would be surprised, if only you knew, to find out that quite an amount of all this work was helping *you*—giving you food and clothes and amusements—indeed, giving you all you ever had. But you do not know. No man can ever hold in his mind all the facts about the civilization of a great city.

You feel that if you tried to do so you would burst. For to think of all that would be to think of the **ENDLESS-CHAIN-OF-EVERYTHING-THAT-IS !** And that is a thing that no man is able to do.

But since you have thought about electricity and water, and about policemen and firemen, and since you have glimpsed for a moment the meaning of the work of the city at midday, you have come to know one new thing. And I doubt if you will be able to feel the same about anything again.

For you have seen that you will never be able to do as much for other people as they have done for you. No civilized person can ever pay the debt which is owed to the millions of other people who keep civilization going.

When you walk along the pavements in good leather boots, think that but for the work of other men you would certainly be walking barefoot over rocks and stones.

When you have your nicely cooked dinner served up on a china plate, remember that but for the work of other men you would have to go out and hunt your living food in wild woods and on windswept heaths.

You may think that might be rather exciting. But life in deserts and jungles without the inventions and the help of other men is too hard a life for men to lead. It is a life only fit for animals. Men found that out long ago, for men began their long history in the deserts and jungles roaming about like the beasts. And for their happiness and safety men invented weapons and got together and helped one another to build towns and cities.

But there are still some men who live not very differently from the way in which all men lived before civilisation was invented. Let us have a look at these men and see whether their way of life is really more exciting than our own.

CHAPTER 2 : THE STORY OF THE DESERT AND THE CITY

THE SUN shines down on stony plains and yellow sandy ground. There is no sign of life, no sound of movement, no colour of flowers, no grass or trees. There is no running water, for the beds of the streams have dried up in the strong sunshine.

But here and there mountains of stone and rock rise up, and in these parts are a few pools of water hidden from the sun in the shadows of the mountains. By the side of these cool dark ponds, bushes and grasses grow. Around them are to be seen some hardy mountain trees and boulders covered with green growing mosses.

And here from rock to rock leap kangaroos and rock-wallabies, here strut the dignified emus, and a few other animals and birds. And here lives one tribe of the Australian aborigines, the natives who owned the vast Australian continent before Abel Tasman or Captain Cook landed.¹

In these wild places in the heart of Australia the natives are living as men lived everywhere before civilisation began. These natives eat all they can find by one water-hole, and then roam on to the next. They do not find very much anywhere. They hunt the kangaroos and wallabies with boomerangs and spears. They set simple traps for the emus. They live for the most part on frogs, rats, snakes, grubs, the honey of the wild bees and the honey-ants, on stems of plants and on roots and seeds.

Every now and then there is a great storm of rain. No man can say when such a storm is going to break : there is

¹ The word "aborigine" means "from the beginning"; and we use it to denote natives who have lived in a land from the beginning of our knowledge of the place.

no "rainy season" in Australia, and perhaps two or three years will go by before a real storm comes. When the storm does come the water-holes are quickly flooded; streams rush down the mountain-sides and hiss and tumble over the rocks, pouring across the old stream-beds until even these flood over and the yellow stony land becomes a glittering quivering swamp.

The homes of the aborigines are rough shelters of sticks. All they own are a few wooden bowls, roughly made, a few feather ornaments for special occasions, and their rude weapons. They do not know how to cultivate the soil or store food or keep beasts for use. They do not even wear any clothes, but live like Adam and Eve in a very hard, cruel Eden. Their lives are so hard that often there is not enough food for all the tribe, and the strong young men then kill the old folk and anyone who is sick and ill or any baby who seems to be more trouble than he is worth.

And yet, if only these poor people knew it, they could make their barren land bring forth all they want. They could make the earth on which they live give them crops and fruit and meat and clothes—if only they knew how to do it!

Underneath the ground in many parts of Australia are natural reservoirs of water millions of times bigger than any reservoir ever built by men. Men have only to make holes in the soil and rock until they come to the water in order to have an endless supply. This is what the civilized white men have done in Australia. In that part of Australia called Queensland many thousands of wells have been bored to the underground seas. The water rises naturally to the top of these wells, just as it does in the pipes in your bathroom. In some places it comes up hot, steaming forth in geysers, in other places it comes up cool and sweet for drinking. Cool fresh wells supply all the water for the great town of Perth in Western Australia.

Because they have known how to use nature's reservoirs white men are now able to keep *many millions* of cattle and sheep on the great plains of Australia and to turn many

areas into huge wheat-fields. They have made orchards and gardens and farms where the aborigines could make nothing. So that to-day some of the biggest, richest and most beautiful cities in the world have been built and are kept going by the endless wealth in the soil of Australia.

Only a few hundred miles from the rude shelters of the aborigines are the tremendous cities of Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Sydney—places with trams on the broad main streets rumbling and clanking between tall buildings of stone and steel, where live thousands of men and women who can read and write and work at skilled trades, people who can paint pictures and play music, who have knowledge of the science of the earth and have culture and wisdom.

Thousands of people throng the streets of the cities, gazing into shop-windows brilliantly lit by electric light, where they can buy goods brought from all over the earth. They walk in hurrying crowds past beautiful churches, past schools and universities where the young people are taught, by museums and public libraries where they can see and read about the wonders of the earth and the life of past ages ; they go by cinemas and theatres where plays and foreign scenes are shown to them.

In the broad harbours float giant ocean liners from every port and fleets of cargo vessels from every land. There are miles of quays by the harbour-side with ranks of steel cranes and large store-sheds of stone.

What a difference there is between the life of the aborigines and the life of the citizens of Melbourne ! It is the difference between savage life and civilization. All the cities of the world live upon what men can find and make out of the things of nature, just as the Australian aborigines do.

We have seen how the water-supply is drawn in from the rivers and lakes in the country. The food of the city-folk has to be brought into the city from the countryside, too, every day—the wheat and meat and fruit and vegetables and fish and butter and eggs and milk.

The clothes which the city-folk wear are made from the

plants and skin and furs which are grown and hunted day by day and sent off to the cities by road and rail and ship.

A city lives upon what it can get from the country, as a dog lives upon what he gets from his master. Even the wood and stone and metal of which a city is built has to be cut and dragged from the forests and dug out of the hills. All this daily work makes up the trade and commerce which are the life of civilization.

So you can see that the only difference between savages and civilized men is that civilized men have used their eyes and hands and brains more strongly and clearly. They have imagined more deeply more wonderful things, and have thought harder and fought harder to understand nature better and to make more use of the things around them.

Once a savage dreamed of a wheel. And he made a wheel. And all the wheels ever since have been due to him.

Do not say, "But wheels *had* to be invented. They're so obvious !"

Nothing is obvious until it has been first thought of—then it seems easy. An architect would say the building of an archway was an obvious thing to any builder. Yet the first civilized Americans—those strange people like the Mayas, who became wonderful builders and sculptors—never found out how to build an arch ; and they had to make the side walls of their buildings lean against each other in an ugly and awkward manner because they never discovered the principle of the arch.

Once an actor was telling a theatrical critic how quickly he could change his clothes between the acts of a play.

"The only thing that takes me a little time," said the actor, "is changing my braces from one pair of trousers to another."

"But," said the critic, "why do you not have a fresh pair of braces ready on each fresh pair of trousers ?"

The actor stared at the critic for a moment in silence.

"Do you know," he said at last, "I've been acting on the stage for forty years and I never thought of that !"

He never thought of that ! Yet it was obvious, wasn't it ? Our minds are often like that. They do not see even obvious things, much less rare and hidden things. That is why the rate of inventions is very slow.

When Queen Victoria went for a ride she used to travel in the same way as the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt always did. Her carriage was built rather differently from the Pharaoh's chariot ; but the horses were there, and for all those thousands of years kings and queens and nobles and merchants and all who travelled on land could go no faster than a horse could gallop. It was never necessary, you see, for anyone to invent the locomotive, the automobile or the electric train, though fire and water, petroleum and electricity, lay ready to hand for men to use.

How lucky it is that there have at all times lived some men who liked to find out new things—for it is only because of the inventors that you and I live in a civilized and not in a savage state.

In the beginning, all men were even more savage than the aborigines of Australia. They could not use weapons nor even talk. The art of speaking in order to let other people know what we are thinking was at the time a more wonderful invention than wireless is in our own day. The first men who made and used fire were greater inventors than those who discovered how to use electricity. The savage who made the first wheel was a greater inventor than the makers of modern machinery.

The men who made the first words, the first fires, the first wheels—they made the things upon which all later inventions have been built up.

If we are to begin to see how men changed themselves from savages into civilized creatures, we should think of the unknown man or woman who first thought of how to cultivate the soil. We should give a thought to the long-forgotten people who launched the first ships, wove the first cloth, discovered and made use of the first metals.

We should not think that lucky tribes of men who lived in more comfortable lands than central Australia were those

who invented the most important things. It is hardship and difficulty which drive clever men to seek how they may conquer hardship and overcome difficulty. Some of the most luxuriant places on earth have been lived in for countless ages by animals who can invent no new thing.

CHAPTER 3: WHAT CIVILIZATION IS

CIVILIZATION began when two men agreed to work together to do something which neither of them could do alone.

Suppose two men agreed to carry a log of wood from a forest into the open in order to start building a hut or shelter which one of them had imagined. Suppose, as they were carrying the log, one got "fed up" and dropped his end of the log—well, the other man could not struggle on alone, and the hut would not be built.

And so it is to-day. A builder signs an agreement to build a house. If he is dishonest and builds a house of rotten material—well, that house will fall down one day, and many people may be killed. If every builder were dishonest every city would be as dangerous as the forests whence the first men came. In that case men might as well go back to live in the forests, for it is only honesty that has raised them out of it.

Honesty is simply the keeping of agreements.

The history books tell us mostly about the quarrels and wars between men and kingdoms. But the most important part of history is the story of the agreements between men. It is the growth of agreements among men which has created cities and States.

The keeping of agreements between men is what we call **LAW**. All the laws of civilization are only the keeping of agreements between men. Cicero, the great Roman speaker, called a State "a coming together of a great number of people in an agreement of law for the good of them all."

In days of old, men generally agreed to be under a king. The king ruled a State which was called his kingdom. The king alone was the law-maker. Nowadays, in most civilized countries, the people choose out a few men who

form parliaments which rule the different States of the world.

The history of England, as it is set down in the history books, is mainly the story of this change from rule by kings to rule by parliaments. The English Parliament has been called "the Mother of Parliaments," because it was the first of the modern parliaments to arise and govern a State; and many assemblies of rulers, like the American Congress, the French Chamber, the German Reichstag, and so on, have copied many of the ways of law-making first thought out and used in the English Parliament.

The word "parliament" comes from the French "*parler*," "to talk"; and parliaments have been called, quite rightly, "talking-shops." In the parliaments the chosen men get together and talk about what are the best ways in which the people of the State can carry on all the activities of their civilization. They talk things over until they think they have found the right way, and then, if they can agree, they set out their agreement clearly and the agreement has *become a law*. When Parliament has "passed a law" in this way it is then the duty of policemen and lawyers and judges and civil servants to see that the citizens obey it.

Sometimes the problems before Parliament are quite simple and easy to obey. For instance, all parliaments have made it a law for drivers of vehicles on the roads to drive on one side of the street. You can see that without such a law, however careful drivers were, there would be smash ! smash ! smash ! all along the streets.

We shall be able to look at some of the more difficult kinds of problems with which parliaments have to deal if we have a look at one of the modern parliaments at work.

A short while ago I stood in a great crowd of people outside the Palace of Westminster (which is the building known as "the Houses of Parliament") in London. In front of the crowd of people on either side of the street there stood at attention a long line of soldiers glittering splendidly in the scarlet and gold of their parade uniforms.

Down the road, passing between the two lines of soldiers, came a stream of automobiles in which I caught sight of persons most gorgeously dressed—peers in the full glory of their Court uniforms, and peeresses in jewelled tiaras and bright sweeping cloaks and gowns ; bishops and judges in scarlet and gold ; admirals and generals with bright swords dangling, their breasts glittering with medals and gold braid ; foreign potentates—there a dusky Indian prince in a massive jewelled turban and a coat of gold, there some black princes from Africa.

Still they came, diplomats and statesmen, ambassadors from all over the world, and high officials of the Kingdom and Empire. . . . They were all going to meet the King.

Then came the royal princes of England ; and at last I saw, far up Whitehall, a shining company of cavalry soldiers, riding their horses proudly, their white plumes nodding in time to the beat of their horse's hoofs.

And behind the cavalry came a richly carved gilt carriage, a Cinderella-like carriage drawn by six horses. It was the state coach of the King and Queen of England.

Thus the King and Queen came by, crowned and gowned in rich state robes, while the military band played the National Anthem, " God save the King ! " The King and Queen were driven through the great gateway of the House of Lords, which was the last I saw of them.

The House of Lords is one of the two " Houses of Parliament " which are in the Palace of Westminster. The House of Lords is a large chamber richly decorated in scarlet and gold, where take place the gatherings of the nobles, who have some power in law-making because they are the heads of certain great families of Britain. With the peers sit the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, and together they all make up 762 members of the House of Lords.

The House of Commons is a duller room, though a fine one. It looks rather like a college chapel, and has green leather benches all down each side for the members, and galleries all round for people to listen to the talk. The

members of the House of Commons are 615 men and women whom the people of Britain have chosen by votes to get together and decide what are the best laws for the land.

Every five years—and sometimes more often—the people of Britain are asked to choose the set of rulers they want to have in Parliament. In each town or district in the country two or three men will ask the people to elect one of them to Parliament.

Each of these men will belong to a different “party.” The members of Parliament long ago split up into “parties” having different opinions about how to govern the country.

The ceremony I had watched from the road outside the Palace of Westminster, was the “opening of Parliament,” which the King performs once a year after the summer holidays, and which is performed when any new Parliament has been voted for by the British people.

When the King and Queen, in the glory of their crowns and state robes, arrive in the House of Lords, the peers of the realm and all the nobility rise to greet them.

Then the King and Queen do a very strange and interesting thing about which I shall have more to say in Chapter 5: they bow to the woolsack, the seat of the Lord Chancellor, as a sign that they respect the law.¹

The King and Queen then mount to their high dais and summon the members of the House of Commons, who come trooping in through a doorway joining the two chambers. The King then makes a speech in which he points out what are the difficult problems of the time, and he says how much he hopes these problems will be solved justly by his law-makers during the term which is just beginning.

After that the members of the House of Commons march back again into their own room and all the talk about all the problems at once begins.

¹ The idea that the King must respect the law dates from the sealing of the Great Charter at Runnymede by King John, June 15th, 1215. The woolsack is a square bag of wool, covered with a red cloth, which has been the seat of the Lord Chancellor since the time of Queen Elizabeth, in whose day the production of wool was the chief source of England's wealth. We will see in Chapter 5 who the Lord Chancellor is.

If we are to see how Parliament makes laws and what laws Parliament makes we had better first see how it carries out the laws it has made in the past ; and to do that, will you please follow me on a walk I took after I had watched that grand procession go by ?

CHAPTER 4: BRITAIN:

The Civil Servants

THE LAWS of England, like those of every land, have grown up out of the minds of the men of the past. The first English code of laws was set down by Ethelbert, King of Kent, A.D. 600. This code was made up of ninety laws, short and simple, such as : " If one man strike another with the fist on the nose, three shillings."

The first meeting of an English Parliament was A.D. 1295, more than six hundred years ago, in the reign of Edward I. Ever since those days fresh laws have been passed to aid the growing up of English civilization. The first people who carried out the laws were the servants of the King's household who collected the money by which the kingdom was run and who told the King's orders to his subjects. These servants were the first " civil servants."¹

That was in the days when the kings were the law-makers. To-day the civil servants are paid by Parliament, whose orders they obey.

The walk which I took after I had watched the opening of Parliament was up the historic street of Whitehall to the lions and fountains of Trafalgar Square where Nelson stands at the top of his tall column.

On each side of me as I walked up Whitehall were vast mansions, the offices of the Departments of the Civil Service. In each of these mansions thousands of civil servants carry out the laws which Parliament has made in the past.

The first block of buildings on the left is the home of the " Board of Trade," the " Office of Works," the " Ministry of Education," and the " Ministry of Health." Let

¹ The name " civil servants " was actually first used in India about 200 years ago.

BRITISH ISLES

Miles 70

Atlantic Ocean



Absolute King



King + Constitution



Dictator



Republic

Some examples of how people are ruled



Empire



Dominions



Colony



Mandate

Orkney Is.
Scaja Flow
Includes
John o' Groats
Lakes=609sq.m

Scotland
Dundee
Edinburgh
Glasgow
Leading industrial country in the world
Fisheries £22 million
North Sea

75% Roman Catholics
Northern Ireland
Stormont
Belfast
Irish Free State
Dublin
Valencia
Irish Sea
Lancashire
Liverpool
Durham & Middlesbrough
£1200 million Imports
£900 million Exports
Manchester

England
Wales
R Thames
London
Southampton
Canterbury
Kent
Sussex
Is of Wight
Plymouth
Cornwall
Land's End



us stop for a minute and think about the work which is going on in here.

In order to understand this we must imagine that we can by a sort of magic rise to such a height that we can see the whole of Britain at once. We must imagine we can get somewhere about half-way to the moon, so that we can see the little island of Britain lying off the north-west coast of Europe : we can see it all, from the heathery hills and grey beaches and jagged rocks of John o' Groat's in the north of Scotland to the rolling brown moorlands and yellow sands and broken black cliffs of Land's End at the tip of Cornwall.

What are the people of Britain doing to-day ?

Well, in the first place we notice many hundreds of ships steaming towards the British coasts. Across the heaving seas they roll, from north and south and east and west. We look particularly at the cargo boats—" tramp steamers " perhaps you call them, though with their weather-worn, brown, black and red sides pressed down by their cargoes into the water many of them look grim and strong and some of them are beautiful.

They come, the black smoke belching from their funnels, the seas foaming round their sides, laden with timber and farm produce from Norway and Sweden and Denmark : with wheat from Canada, Australia, Russia and other places : with beef and mutton from the Argentine, Australia, and New Zealand and elsewhere : bowed down with manufactured goods they come from the United States and Germany and other parts of the world : with oil they come from Persia, Russia and America ; with all sorts of things—with cotton and coffee and cocoa and tobacco from America, with tea and rice from India and China, with wine from France and Italy, with fruit from Africa and the Mediterranean shores, with every kind of stuff and metal, wool and copper, and almost every article you can imagine from all quarters of the earth. . . .

We watch these vessels draw together at the mouths of the rivers and harbours of Britain and enter the vast black noisy British ports like London, Glasgow, Liverpool,

Southampton and Plymouth. Here are mile upon mile of docks where labourers stand waiting to unload the cargoes. We see many hundreds of labourers at work at every port. They enter each cargo ship, long lines of men, and come staggering out with sacks of wheat and beef and crates of fruit which they carry into the customs houses and warehouses where these goods may be examined and counted by the Board of Trade officials. On many quays long bands worked by machinery convey the goods from ship to shore.

We see lines of cranes like rows of giant steel giraffes hauling out masses of heavier goods—great piles of timber swinging out over the docks and huge bundles of sacks and boxes scooped out of the dark insides of the vessels and swung across to the store-sheds and goods-yards on land where the labourers stack them into neat piles or load them on to motor-lorries or railway-trucks which will take them to market or to inland cities.

If we watch this scene long enough we shall see that the people of Britain get into their country from abroad most of what they eat and use. The island of Britain is very small—there is less than 1,000 miles from John o' Groat's to Land's End and Britain is nowhere more than 300 miles broad.

Yet in that small island live forty-seven million people.

You can see that with so many people living in so small a place the land cannot give them all they want. So the getting in of goods from abroad—what we call *imports*—is a very big business in Britain. As a matter of fact more than two thirds of what the English people eat has to be imported every year.¹

All this work is done according to laws made by parliament in the past ; and it is the Board of Trade which sees that this work is done according to the laws. Board of Trade inspectors count up all the goods coming into the country so that traders can begin to know if they are

¹ As well as food, Britain imports in an average year raw materials and manufactures to the value of £1,200,000,000. Her exports—mostly manufactured goods—amount to about £800,000,000.

gathering too much of one kind of goods or not enough of others.

The Board of Trade also takes care of all ships coming and going about the coasts : that is to say, it sees that sea-captains and owners of ships send out vessels in good condition which will not sink. Of course there are many shipwrecks round the coasts every year ; and after each shipwreck the Board of Trade holds an enquiry to see if all the laws of shipping were kept by those on board the vessel that was lost. If any laws have been broken it is their duty to find out who was to blame. Then sometimes the criminal law will take a hand in setting matters right. But we will glance at the criminal law in a moment. We have not yet done with the Board of Trade.

Although the British people import most of what they eat and use, their country is rich in some things : for instance, in coal. On the north-east coast of England in the county of Durham when the tide is out pieces of coal can be picked up on the shore like sea-shells. At many other places, especially in Wales, miles of coal lie buried hundreds of feet under the earth, and here men have sunk shafts to the level of the coal, and down the shafts go lifts carrying miners who have dug tunnels in the heart of the earth, following the coal sometimes for many scores of miles.

What grim places these coal mines are, where thousands upon thousands of grimy sweating men labour with pick-axe and shovel in dark silent buried galleries ! The narrow passages, in which the men work, twist and turn like a maze, and along these galleries run trains of tip-up trucks taking the coal to the lifts. All day long the lifts swing upward to the daylight at the top, and at the pit-head more men are loading the coal on regular trains which take it to every part of the island.

The miners live hard lives. They live in ugly villages of square black houses, and in smoky grimy towns.

But if we are to get a look at the workers of Britain we must follow those coal trains to the big manufacturing cities.

Coal is, I suppose, about the most used thing in the world of men to-day. Those tramp steamers we have been watching burn up anything from twenty-five to forty tons of coal a day. A big liner like the *Mauretania* burns more than a thousand tons of coal each day.

It is coal thrust into furnaces which creates the power of big machinery, by which, as you know, nearly all the vast work of modern civilization is done.

Think for a moment of your own home. Perhaps it has been built up around a skeleton of steel girders : that is the way in which most modern buildings are made. Anyway, the nails and screws which hold your home together, the hinges and locks of the doors, the fire-grates at which you warm yourself and on which your food is cooked, have been made in some iron and steel factory in some manufacturing city.

Have you ever seen a big iron and steel works at night ? It is a fine sight to watch the tongues of red flame licking the dark sky as they roar out of the blast furnaces where iron and steel are being made.

In the heart of those works are furnaces so hot that they have to be surrounded by chambers through which cold water flows to keep the walls from melting. In cauldrons and crucibles over the furnaces molten iron-ore blazes and boils and flows out in white-hot streams to be twisted and stamped and drawn out and cut up into every sort of article from a steel girder or a railway-line to a door-nail or a key.

The heat of the furnace is the heat of burning coal played upon by fierce blasts of air.

Many parts of Britain are covered by huge factories and works of this kind. There are some cities which are said never to feel the full warmth and strength of the sunlight because of the clouds of smoke which drift from the hundreds of factory chimneys.

The beginning of factories was the beginning of all the greater modern cities. More men and women work in factories than in any other occupation. There are hundreds

of cities in Britain where you will see the streets crowded with men and women in the early morning. All these people will be tramp—tramp—tramping like an army to the gates of the factories. And at night, when the hooters go and work is over, tramp—tramp—tramp back they will all go again to their homes.

We can see the homes of all these workers from our high and mighty place half-way to the moon. We see hundreds of streets of thousands of houses, dull black streets of dull black houses covering many miles of the cities. In some of the cities some of the workers are very poor : they live crowded together in dirty little homes.

No town can be really healthy if more than fifty people live on one acre of land. In parts of the cities of Edinburgh, Dundee and Glasgow more than six hundred people live on one acre of land. In parts of London and other cities, too, the crowding of the poor is very bad.

But here we come back to the work of the Board of Trade, and also to the work of the Ministry of Health, which works in the same big office in Whitehall.

The Board of Trade and the Ministry of Health do a good deal of the same sort of work.

Parliament has made laws to ensure that those grim coal mines shall be as safe as possible. It has made laws so that all factories shall be as healthy as possible. And so the Board of Trade sends out men to look after the mines to see that the laws for the safety of the miners are kept. The Ministry of Health sends out thousands of men to go round the factories seeing that the workers are kept warm enough in winter and cool in summer, and seeing that fresh air is let in to the factories for the workers' health.

The Ministry of Health also has a duty to see that the homes of the workers are as clean and healthy as possible : and this Government Department has pulled down many filthy streets and built up better homes instead. It has also planned new districts, like the " garden cities " we see in so many places, where the workers may dwell in pretty villas.

So we can begin to see here how the carrying out of laws helps in the easy working and progress of civilization.

Before we go a little further up Whitehall, let us say one word more about factories. Of course all factories are not such fierce-looking places as the iron and steel works. A great amount of all those goods which we saw coming to Britain in the tramp steamers go by train to thousands of different factories all over the island. For instance, the timber goes to furniture factories and match factories, the cocoa-beans go to chocolate factories, the wool to cloth factories, and so on.

Later on we shall see how the goods made in all these factories are sent out to the shops where we may buy them. But for the moment we will think of only one more thing about them.

Britain is one of the greatest manufacturing countries in the world. It makes more goods in factories than any other country of its size. That is one reason why it has to get in so many things from abroad—for instead of the people growing their own food they spend their lives making articles of cloth and metal and wood and so on. And a tremendous number of the things they make they sell abroad : that is to say, when those tramp steamers have been unloaded, they are loaded up again with things made by British workers in British factories, and they go tossing and steaming out of the harbours carrying British-made goods to all the world.

We shall see how this is done later on. We have other things to look at now.

CHAPTER 5 : BRITAIN :

Local Government : The Law

FROM LONG before the days of King Alfred the Great the elders of each town and village in England used to meet to make laws for their district : they punished wrong-doers and settled quarrels. When Alfred the Great ruled he made out many of his laws from the laws which had grown up by custom among the elders of each district ; and William the Conqueror did the same thing.

This "local government" is much older than Parliament. When Parliament at last was formed all the "local governments" helped the civil servants to carry out the laws which Parliament made.¹

To-day the local governments are divided up into "County Councils" and "Town Councils." In big cities the "Town Councils" are often called the *municipal authorities*.² These municipal authorities are voted for by the people in each district, much as the members of the House of Commons are voted for, as we shall see in Chapter 8.

We can best see the sort of work which these local councils do if we think once again of those street lamps you saw burning so brightly in the middle of the night, and of the street cleaners who soon came along, and of the water and electricity you began to think about.

It was not so very long ago that every man who had a house had to clean the street in front of his house and had

¹ The word "government" comes to us through the Latin language from a Greek word borrowed by the Romans, meaning "to steer the ship." To "govern," therefore, means to guide the people as a steersman guides a ship.

² The word "municipal" comes from the Latin *municipium*, which means a town ruled by its own laws.

to keep a lighted lantern outside his dwelling each night. The women had in those days to go down to the common well, like the women in the Bible, to draw water for washing and cooking because there was no water "laid on" to the houses. To-day in many small villages people have to do these things in this way. In some places they have to make the sidewalk of their streets outside their homes—very odd and patchy these sidewalks often are !

When men and women in civilized parts began to get tired of doing these things they said, "Why not let the local government do it for us?" So they paid the *municipal authorities* to put proper lights in the streets, and to lay down water pipes to the houses, and to clean and repair the streets regularly. The payments they make to the municipal authorities for water, electricity, street cleaning and repairing and a hundred and one other odd jobs necessary in a city, are called the *rates*.

When men pay their rates they make the biggest bargain in the world—for they buy pavements to walk on and lights to see their way home by at night. They buy safety, too : for the district fire brigade and the local police force are paid for out of the rates. In many places they also buy a library where they may borrow books, parks where they may stroll and their children may play ; they buy picture galleries, museums, swimming-baths and many other things for their use and pleasure.

You can imagine what a tremendous amount of work this means, and how many thousands of men and women must be employed by the municipal authorities in the greater cities. Most of the planning and directing of these works is done in the town halls. Some of the finest modern buildings are the town halls of large cities. In old cities of Europe many town halls are built in the Gothic style and are nearly as old and beautiful as the mediæval cathedrals. In having a splendid town hall the citizens show the pride they take in the civilization of their city. The town halls are the "houses of parliament" of the local governments.

Great feats of engineering have been carried out by the

municipal authorities—such as the subway railway system connecting New York City with the mainland, some of the vast bridges from Manhattan Island to Long Island, and the Manchester Ship Canal in England. To-day in England the municipal authorities spend £400,000,000 every year upon the common things of everyday use.

They plan and carry out most of the things which make our cities great and beautiful, from collecting fine paintings to put in the municipal picture galleries to collecting our rubbish and burning it.

In some of the more expensive and difficult things the municipal authorities are helped with money and advice from the Central Government of the State. The municipal authorities are under the Central Government, and although they are allowed to make many little laws for their own cities and districts, none of their laws can break the laws of the State which Parliament has made.

The Central Government looks after the activities of all local governments. It is one of the biggest jobs of the civil servants to see that the municipal authorities in every place are doing the right things for the people.

Thus, when the English people said all English boys and girls must be educated, it became the duty of the local governments to plan and build schools and then to run them. In all this they were helped by the Central Government working through the Board of Education (as it is now called) which lives with the Ministry of Health and the Board of Trade in that big block of offices in Whitehall which we have been looking at for such a long time.

I think—don't you?—that we have been staring at that Whitehall building long enough. I hope what we have been looking at has not seemed to you muddling. We may talk about "municipal authorities" and "civil servants," but all such things are only men getting together to get things done. They get together in big groups to get big things done and they get together in little groups to get little things done. They call all their groups by long names

—they are very fond of Latin and Greek names—to remind themselves how important they are. They dress up in all sorts of uniforms and have ceremonies together to mark the importance of their work. The really important thing about them all is the work they do: we have been glancing at that, and now I want you to stroll with me further up Whitehall and look at some of the other offices and the work these are doing.

I hope, too, that none of this has seemed to be dull. We are apt to think it would have been far more wonderful to rule as King of ancient Babylon or as Caliph of old Bagdad in days gone by than it would be to become a civil servant in Whitehall to-day.

Yet a King in Babylon had many worries like those that come before the President of the Board of Trade, and a good worker in a Whitehall office may come to a position when he will do many things which once were done by the Caliph of Bagdad. We have seen that the work of Whitehall controls the goings and comings of thousands of men and women in our civilization to-day.

Facts and figures about to-day sometimes seem to us dull. But if we can picture the truth about which facts and figures tell us we see at once that our civilization to-day is far more wonderful than the civilization ruled by Hammurabi or Haroun-al-Raschid.

We all know that to-day, thanks to the inventors, we enjoy luxuries undreamed of by the greatest king of the ancient world. The youngest child to-day can perform miracles greater than all those which were said to have been done by the magicians of *The Arabian Nights*. The humblest citizen of to-day has more servants to attend upon him than had Haroun-al-Raschid.

We forget it is thanks to the vast invisible machinery of the law that we enjoy these luxuries, perform these miracles and command these servants to attend upon us. For most of us, it is only when we watch the King and Queen go by in a grand procession, or when we see our national flag waving proudly in the breeze, that we feel the glory of it all. The

real glory always has lain and always will lie in the everyday work of all the citizens of the State.

We can understand this work only if we know something of the laws which direct and aid it all. Come, then, further up Whitehall with me, and watch the laws working. . . .

Why !—over there on the left hand side of the road we see the high iron gates leading to Scotland Yard, the head office of the criminal police of England, where enemies of the law are hunted down.

You and I so often take the police for granted, and imagine policemen grow at street corners like daisies in a field. Remember it was only one hundred years ago that Sir Robert Peel got up the first police force in England. Before that time people did not care to go out after dark for fear of being set upon by robbers. Our habit of shaking hands began because when two men met in a friendly way they wished to show each other they were not holding pistols !

We have all seen “ Wild West ” dramas at the cinemas, showing the exciting times the pioneers had before there was law and order in the western States. We forget things were like that even in old England and in civilized Europe not so very long ago. Nowadays cities like New York and London take pride in their police force and every civilized place is protected by well-trained police.

Behind the police force are the great systems of “ criminal law.”

A criminal is a man who does not know or will not think about the debt which each man owes to all other men. A criminal forgets it is through the work of other men that he enjoys comfort and civilization ; and he wishes to have every good thing without working in return. Criminals are often lazy fellows, like the man we imagined dropping his end of the log.

Sometimes, however, a criminal is a man with a good deal of right on his side. Many criminals come from the poorer parts of great cities, crowded slum areas such as we glanced at in the last chapter. In such parts the people

certainly get less of the good things of civilization than they should do. Some of these people take what they want without working for it, if they get the chance.

Suppose one day the chance comes for a shabby ragged man to slip in through a fine drawing-room window and walk off with some gold and silver ornaments which he can sell for money with which he can buy so many of the things he longs for but which he cannot afford. If he does such a thing he becomes a criminal, and one day he may be caught and sent to prison.

Most criminals are caught and sent to prison. Before they go to prison each criminal has to appear in court before a judge, where the rights and wrongs of his case will be argued. If his crime is a serious one twelve ordinary men and women will have to sit in court and hear the whole case and judge if the man is guilty. The twelve people are called a "jury." Juries date back to the very earliest days of "local government" in England.

At his trial his friends may come and plead for him and there will be two lawyers, one to "prosecute" him—that is, to put the case against him—and one to defend him and get him off if possible. The idea behind all this argument is that of being fair. It is a system of justice; and the word "justice" means "fairness." When the jury has decided if the man is guilty or not it is the duty of the judge to say how the man is to be punished according to law. It is the judge who says how the law is to act with every man found guilty.

Perhaps the saddest buildings to be seen in civilized countries are the great gaunt prisons where they send criminals who have been found guilty. In these prisons the "convicts," as they are called, are cut off from all the glory, and are thought of as men living in shame. Their lives, in their little stone cells, and out in the bare yards or in the fields and quarries where they are forced to labour together, are sad indeed, for they have none of what men outside are said to value most—liberty.

The convicts, too, can have no friends like the people in

the great world without. It is said that in many prisons the convicts make friends with the mice which come into their cells. Captain C. F. Clayton, the late Governor of grim Dartmoor Prison, tells of a man who trained a mouse in his cell to climb up and down a little toy ladder. The other day, when 100 criminals left Camp Hill Prison in the Isle of Wight to go to their "home" at Lewes Prison in Sussex, one convict carried his pet mouse in his hand all the way.

Captain Clayton says he finds so much of goodness in convicts that he believes "there would be very few criminals if only we could get the surroundings of the poorer classes to such a standard that they were properly cared for."

These are sad facts, but if we are to understand our civilization we must think about them. Before we go on to more cheerful things let us remember the great ideals of justice which are at the back of all law.

The judges are paid by the State. They travel round the country to the local law courts to hear all sorts of cases, and they have no other idea in their mind beside that of being as fair as they can in accordance with law. They have travelled round regularly in England in this way for 600 years. England, during all that time, has had a system of justice so good that the arguments of the lawyers have been written down from the year 1292 until to-day; and these arguments can be read by anyone who is interested in the history of criminal and civil law. ("Civil law" is the law to do with quarrels and troubles between people which may be settled by payments of money or by other means than sending anyone to prison.)

The head of all the judges is called the Lord Chancellor. The Lord Chancellor is at the head of the criminal and civil laws of England, upon which are founded the laws of all English-speaking people, including those of the United States of America.

It was to the ceremonial seat of the Lord Chancellor that the King and Queen bowed in the House of Lords. They bowed to the woolsack as a sign that even they agreed with and respected the law of the land.

Beside the idea of being fair all round there are laws based on kindness. For instance, England does not allow people to become so poor that they starve to death for lack of food or freeze for lack of clothing and shelter.

If a man or woman cannot find work and so is not paid any money with which he can buy food and clothes and shelter, he is given enough money for these things by the Board of Trade officials at the "Labour Exchanges." This money is taken in part by the State from those who have got money through work, and the State adds something to this money out of its own purse.

Nor does England allow people to get ill and die without helping them to get well. Parliament has passed a law which says workers must buy special stamps at the post offices each week ; and the money paid for these stamps is put in a lump, called a " fund," in the Bank of England. Out of that fund of money doctors are paid to do all they can for workers who are ill. As there is not enough money then to pay the doctors the State makes up the amount out of its own purse. Most of this work is looked after by the Ministry of Health in Whitehall.

But what do we mean by the State's " purse " ?

How does the State get money ?

What millions and *millions* and MILLIONS of money the State must need to help in all these things !

Come on up Whitehall to the Department of the Civil Service which looks after all the money.

CHAPTER 6 : MONEY

YOU REMEMBER :

*The King was in his Counting House
Counting out his money. . . .*

But where did he get the money from ?
And on what was he going to spend it ?
The rhyme does not tell us these things.

All rulers, whether they were kings or parliaments, have always got most of their money out of taxing the people. They have made laws saying, " The people mustn't do this, that and the other thing without paying us for permission to do so." They have said, " Merchants and shopkeepers mustn't sell this, that and the other kinds of goods without paying us a bit of what they get each time." The payments got out of the people in this way are called taxes.

In England and America to-day you cannot buy a seat in a theatre or a cinema without paying what is called *amusement tax* : that is to say, a few pence are added on to the price of your seat which the manager has to set aside afterwards to send to the Government.

A great number of the things we do and much that we buy is taxed in this way, and the money collected from all these taxes is spent by the Government in ruling and caring for the country.

When kings ruled in ages past they too were supposed to spend most of the money they got in taxes for the good of their people, though bad kings often spent most of it on luxuries and glories for themselves. At the early parliaments in England it used to be discussed and decided for the time being, how much money the King ought to have in order to carry on the business of governing the State, and how the money was to be collected from the people in taxes.

In time it became the job of Parliament to collect all the money from the people and keep it for the King. (For the King could not go round the country with a big collecting bag himself.)

Sometimes the members of Parliament would not let the King have as much money as he wanted unless he made certain laws they wanted him to make. Of course some of the kings got angry at this, because in those days they alone had the power to make laws.

"How dare you tell us what we ought to do!" the kings would say angrily.

"Oh, very well," the parliaments answered, "we won't get you the money you want."

Over this matter a long struggle took place in English history, the kings and the parliaments striving for power. This struggle ended when Parliament cut off the head of Charles I, and James II ran away. By then Parliament had seized power. It not only collected and kept all the money, but it made the laws as well. And so things are to-day.

This struggle, ending in the triumph of Parliament, was really a very great thing. Before that time it was generally agreed that a country belonged to its king, and it was the duty of the people to serve him. Nowadays we do not say the country belongs to the Government and the people have to serve it. We now agree that the Government belongs to the people. To-day we say that Parliament is a group of men paid by the people to make laws for us all, and we say the civil servants are paid to be the servants of all the people in the land. This is called *Democracy*.¹

When a man pays his taxes to the Government he is buying for himself the whole civilization of the State in which he was born.

In every civilized State the citizens have for their security all the civil servants, all the policemen, all the soldiers and sailors belonging to the State.

¹ From the Greek words *demos*, people, and *kratos*, power : so democracy means the people of a country having the power to rule themselves, or to choose their own rulers.

From all the taxes paid by the people, the Government of Britain gets about £900,000,000 each year : out of this it has to pay the civil servants, the fighting forces and all the other expenses of ruling the land.

Every year the average citizen of Britain pays about £20 in taxes to the Government. Rich people pay much more. Poor people pay much less. The very poorest pay nothing at all. £20 is the average.

We may well ask : how do the people make the money they pay in taxes to the Government ?

Before we answer that we have to ask a regular conundrum.

You know the State makes all the money. All the pounds, shillings and pence, all the dollars and cents, are made at the Mint. The Mint is the money-factory ; and it is run by the State.

If, then, the State makes all the money, why does it have to collect money in taxes from the people ?

Well, money is not made out of air, you know. It is made from gold and silver and bronze. These things are got out of the earth by mining companies which are owned and run by ordinary citizens. When the Government wants to make more coins of gold and silver it has to buy gold and silver in the market in the same way as a watchmaker has to do if he wishes to make gold and silver watchcases. If the Government wants to make more copper coins it has to buy bronze in the market just like a sculptor who wants to make a bronze statue.

It is all very easy to understand, really, if we go back far enough, and look at how men carried on trade before there was any money in the world. Before money had been thought of men had to trade by barter. That is to say, suppose you wanted to buy some shoes and all you had to spare were some cabbages : you would have to wander about until you met someone who wanted cabbages and had some shoes he didn't want. Then you would "swop" with him.

Primitive people who do not know of money still have to

do that sort of thing. "A Dyak (native of Borneo) may be seen wandering in the bazaars with a ball of bee's wax in his hand for days together, because he cannot find anyone willing to take it for the exact article he requires."¹

Of course in ancient times people were not stupid, and they soon got to know where to go to exchange things they had for things they wanted. Some glorious civilizations—ancient Egypt, ancient Babylonia, ancient China—did not know about money; and you will agree they got on pretty well, though it was often a big job to tell how many cows a house was worth and how many sheep were worth a ship.

Then Chang, Emperor of China, had a bright idea, way back in 1091 B.C. Why not make a great number of little things—chips or discs or pellets—all of the same value, so that you could say a pair of shoes was worth twenty of them and a cabbage was worth one, a sheep was worth fifty and a ship was worth five hundred? If everyone used these chips or discs or pellets to measure up the value of things, how much easier trade would be! For then if you wanted a pair of shoes and had more cabbages than you needed you only had to find someone to give you chips for your cabbages and give the shoemaker chips for a pair of shoes.

So we see that money is really chips of value which can be exchanged for anything.

Chang was delighted when his grand idea began to work well; though it was a long while before his invention got known throughout the world. The first of the western kings to make money was Croesus, King of Lydia, who came to the throne in 581 B.C.

Many men tried to get rich by making coins with machinery of their own. But you can see that pennies made by different people would be different, those made by one man being bigger, richer in metal and finer in workmanship than those made by another. When all pennies were different in shape and size and richness they were different

¹ Ling Roth, *Sarawak*, vol. ii., p. 231. Quoted in Sir Norman Angell's *Story of Money*.

in value and so nobody could say how many pennies a pair of shoes was worth.

In order that a money-system shall work, all pennies have to be the same ; so have all shillings, all cents, all dollars. In order that there should not be differences in coins of the same kind it was agreed that the State alone must be allowed to make every sort of coin ; and the head of the King or the emblem of the State was generally stamped on each coin to show it was made by the State and was of true value.

Here we come to a very important thing which answers our question : How do ordinary people make money for themselves out of which to pay taxes to the Government ?

When we say people " make money " for themselves we really mean they collect money which has been made at the Mint. People collect money in order to buy things ; and upon what people buy all trade and commerce are carried on.

The Government does not carry on trade and commerce. Trade and commerce are carried on by ordinary citizens. Ordinary citizens have to use the money the Government has made ; they have to pay their taxes and obey the laws ; but they are allowed to collect money by their work as best they may. They are free to collect money and they are free to spend it as they wish.

Nearly all the making of things in factories is done by ordinary people who wish to make money (that is to *collect* money) for themselves. Nearly all the taking of things out of the earth—like coal-mining and gold-mining—is carried on by ordinary people who wish to make money for themselves. Nearly all trade in shops and markets is carried on by people like you and I who would like to collect as much money as we can so that we can buy more and more things.

Suppose you want to start a factory and " make " (collect) some money for yourself. You will have to have some money to begin with, for you will have to buy land on which a factory may be built, you will have to buy building material and you will have to pay builders to put up

your factory. Then you will have to buy machinery to put in the factory and then some raw materials which the machines can turn into goods for the market. Then you will have to engage workers to unpack the raw materials and work the machines. The workers will then have to pack up the goods and send them off to the markets and shops where people will be able to buy them.

A tremendous business ! You can understand that many factories need hundreds of thousands of pounds to be spent before they can begin to work. Very few men have enough money to start a factory on their own. Factories are generally started and run by several men becoming partners and putting their money in a lump from which they can buy all they need for the business. Even then small groups of partners have as a rule not nearly enough money to start a big business : in such a case they often invite anybody who has even a few pounds to spare to add them to their lumps.

A big business company to-day has sometimes many thousands of people who have put a bit of money into the business, all of whom get shares in the profits of the company when the factory gets going. Every big industry and every kind of commerce to-day is made up of a number of companies, great and small, who carry out the business. The coal industry of Britain, for example, is made up of fourteen hundred different companies who between them work two thousand coal mines. The people who have put a bit of money into this one industry number many hundreds of thousands.

There are markets where people buy and sell nothing but "stocks and shares" in business concerns. A "stock" is one of the words given to an amount of money put by anybody into a company. The London Stock Exchange in Throgmorton Street and the New York Stock Exchange in Wall Street are two markets of this sort where nothing but stocks and shares are bought and sold.

Yet most of the men and women who live in civilized countries have no share in companies. These men and

women are employed in mines, factories and offices, and are paid for their work every week by the companies. In Britain more than thirty million men and women work in this way all their lives ; they are the people who control and manage the machines which the companies own ; it is they who go down into the mines, who work upon the railways and in the farmers' fields : they do the stitching and sticking, the hammering and hoeing, the carrying and cutting, the making up of all the raw materials into the goods we see in our shops.

These two lots of people, those who have shares in companies and those who are employed in companies, are often thought of as two "classes" and are sometimes called "Capital" and "Labour."

In the past there has been trouble between these two classes. "Labour" has said that "Capital" is making too great a profit, and that people who own shares in companies often sit at home in comfort, doing nothing, and getting their profits from the work of "Labour."

When first big businesses began there was much truth in these charges. The workers in mines and factories were paid too little money and were made to work too hard, while the "Capital" people did often get rich without doing any work, merely because they happened to have enough money to buy shares in companies.

The history books tell us of the horrors "Labour" endured ; and how in the end the working people voted for leaders in each industry and these leaders organised *Trade Unions*, nearly every industry having a union or group of leaders whose business it was to see that the workers got "fair play." If workers were badly paid or ill used, these leaders would call a "strike" : that is, every worker in that company or industry would not do any work until the employers paid better wages or gave better conditions to the workers.

In this way came about many reforms, such as the inspection of mines and factories by the Board of Trade and Ministry of Health, in the way we looked at in Chapter 4.

Some of these reforms have come about through the work of the "Labour Party" in Parliament ; but we shall look at the "parties" in Parliament in Chapter 8.

Let us now see how companies make profits.

When you buy a packet of chocolate creams you pay more for them than the shopkeeper did. The money the shopkeeper "makes" in this way on the packets of sweets he sells is enough for him to pay to keep his shop going and enough for him to live on.

In the same way the shopkeeper pays more for the chocolates than it cost the factory to make them. The money the factory "makes" in this way is enough to keep the factory going and to pay the shareholders a bit of money every year.

We can see this best if we look at the growth of one company.

In 1824 a young man, John Cadbury, was given a sum of money by his father and told to "sink or swim." With his little lump of capital he bought a small shop in Birmingham where he sold tea, coffee and cocoa. He hired a Chinaman to sell his goods over the counter and people came from far and near to see a real live Chinaman, a rarity in England in those days.

That Chinaman was a good advertisement to attract people to Cadbury's shop : he was also a reminder that the tea came from far-away China, just as the coffee and cocoa came from Africa and America. Of course John Cadbury bought the tea, coffee and cocoa in the London markets more cheaply than he sold them in the shop ; and so he made good profits.

In his spare time Cadbury began to experiment in pounding the cocoa-beans with a pestle and mortar and so producing new kinds of chocolate to sell in his shop. His new mixtures were so well liked that other shopkeepers began to buy them from him ; and John Cadbury made a little profit from each shopkeeper and all together these profits came to so much he was able to hire a big warehouse and get in assistants to help him in preparing the new

brands of chocolate. He also bought machinery to do the work instead of making his workers pound the cocoa-beans with pestles and mortars.

He was so successful his brothers came into the business adding their money to his : they became his partners and the business became a real company. They took a still bigger factory and hired more workers, and soon among the goods carried by the railways to all parts of England were parcels of Cadbury's cocoa and chocolate going to shops in every town.

At this time many hundreds of businesses of all sorts were growing up in much the same way in the city of Birmingham where the Cadburys worked. Birmingham became crowded and noisy and "slummy," and so the Cadbury brothers, who were kind-hearted Quakers, thought they would buy some land outside in the country and put up a new factory with gardens and playing-fields round it where their workers would lead healthier, happier lives.

They put up a still bigger factory at Bournville and engaged some hundreds of workers for their ever-growing trade. . . . And so the work grew and the Cadburys became rich men. When they moved into the country they had two hundred and thirty people working for them. To-day they have more than eight thousand four hundred men and girls at work, and their factory at Bournville outside Birmingham is the largest cocoa and chocolate factory in the world.

Many thousands of African Negroes work for the Cadburys on the Gold Coast where the cacao (cocoa) beans are grown, and tramp steamers bring the beans regularly from Africa to England.¹

That is only the story of one firm of chocolate makers. If you will remember that *every industry* is made up of *groups of companies* like this, sometimes bigger companies, sometimes many smaller ones, perhaps you will begin to feel more clearly about trade and industry.

Let us, while we are thinking about these things, give just a swift glance at one or two other kinds of business. For

¹ We look at the cocoa workers of the Gold Coast in Chapter 19.

the whole of our civilization to-day rests upon industry and commerce.

Sometimes a business cannot be built up slowly from small beginnings like Cadbury's. Some businesses have to have vast sums of money spent on them before a penny of profit is made. In some places in England where coal is got the coal is so hard to reach that mines have been dug for miles under the sea, and there are cases where it took *twenty years* to reach the coal!—all that time money had to be spent on land and machinery and workers; and nothing was gained. In such cases often hundreds of people have put money into the company and have waited patiently until the mine began to work before they got anything back.

Nowadays the rival of coal is oil. I remember seeing a film drama in which a man and a girl became partners and bought a piece of land in America under which they had been told there was oil. They spent all the money they had on buying machinery and paying men to sink a shaft down through the land to the oil. When all they had was gone they still had not reached the oil. Then a friend said he would add some money to pay the workers to dig down still further. Down, down the men dug until all the friend's money was spent—and still there was no oil! When it seemed as if they would all be ruined the men said they would go just a little further out of charity. Down they went until—gush! and rush! the oil streamed up like a geyser and in a moment they were all rich people!

They were rich people because the market for oil is one of the biggest markets in the world to-day, for all cars, aeroplanes, steamships, railway trains and every kind of machinery needs oil of one kind or another for power or smooth working.¹

I think now these little glimpses of chocolate, coal and oil have given us a good enough view of how money as capital and as profits is at the beginning and end of all business. We shall have time later on in this book to look more closely at the splendid and sad and queer and

¹ We visit the oil-fields of America in Chapter 24.

wonderful things which are happening in different businesses all over the world to-day.

Meanwhile now let us really step inside the Treasury in Whitehall and see how this power at the back of all power, the power of money, is looked after by men. The Treasury is the Department of the Civil Service which looks after all the money.

CHAPTER 7 : BANKING

THE TREASURY of glittering Tutankhamen and the Treasury of Solomon in all his glory were treasure-caves in very truth, guarded by picked soldiers against robber bands.

To-day bars of gold and silver (called "bullion") are kept in the vaults of banks : the treasure of the Treasury lies snugly in the deep vaults of the Bank of England.

Almost the only money you can see in the Treasury in Whitehall to-day is money paid as salary to the hundreds of clerks who work there. Part of the work of these clerks is to receive all the taxes sent in by the people of England. Everybody pays taxes in *paper notes* and *cheques*, and not in money of real value.¹ When the taxes are sent in the clerks of the Treasury set the amounts down in books and add it all up ; but they send the paper notes and cheques on to the Bank of England.

The Bank of England looks after the real money.

Banks are a very clever idea. Modern banks were started in the days of the Merchant Adventurers, when modern trade and commerce began. The goldsmiths who bought and sold bullion in those days had the strongest-built houses in the land. They had to have houses built with walls as strong as castle walls because their trade was in the most precious metal of all, glorious gold, and they had to guard their gold in strong-rooms and vaults and dungeons.

It came about, therefore, that any merchant or trader who grew rich went to a goldsmith and said, "I've collected so much of riches I'm terrified out of my life it'll all be stolen one night while I sleep. Please, Mr. Goldsmith, will you keep my treasure safe for me in your strong-rooms ? "

¹ Or in another form of money, the postal order or the money order, which are a sort of paper money used by the post office ; but for paper money, see below.

"Why, certainly I will," the goldsmith answered. "If you pay me for keeping your riches safe it will be a good business for both of us."

So the merchant had his treasure carted over to the goldsmith's little castle, and the goldsmith gave the merchant a written piece of paper saying he had received so much gold of the merchant's; this paper was therefore called a *receipt*. When hundreds of merchants came to each goldsmith and asked him to keep their gold for them, every merchant was given one of these pieces of paper called receipts, stating how much gold the goldsmith was keeping.

When a merchant wanted a little of his money back he had to take his receipt to the goldsmith. When the goldsmith handed over as much money as the merchant required, of course he had to alter the receipt so that it said so much less money. When a merchant brought in a little more money to be added to his pile, the goldsmith altered the receipt to say so much more.

They soon found this was a clumsy way of doing things, and one day one goldsmith had printed a number of special receipts, each for so much money. It is from these printed receipts that our paper money has come—our ten shilling notes, one pound notes, five pound notes, our one, five, ten dollar bills, and so on.

Paper money is only scraps of paper of no real value. Its value lies in the fact that there is real money, real actual gold and silver, lying in the vaults of banks equal to the amount of paper money we see and use.¹

But let us go on with the story of the beginning of banks.

The goldsmiths soon grew wise in their new business. They found out many fresh ways by which to collect money for themselves out of keeping other people's money safely. In time they gave up being goldsmiths and took to keeping other people's money as their only business. They came to

¹ Nowadays there is often more paper money in a country than there is real money. But we shall see all about this in another chapter later on.

be known as bankers and their strong little castles were known as banks.

The chief way in which bankers began to collect more money for themselves was this :

They found they had a huge treasure of money in their vaults all the time, for hardly ever did a merchant want all his money back at once. If sometimes a merchant did want it all back there was still a huge pile of money left by all the other merchants.

About that time modern civilization was beginning : factories and mines and companies of all sorts were being started, in the way that we saw in the last chapter ; and thousands of people wanted money to help them start all these businesses. So the bankers said to themselves : " If only we could lend some of the vast riches in our vaults to some of the people who want to start businesses—what fortunes we should make for ourselves ! "

But the money in the vaults was not their's to use in this way.

So one bright banker went to a merchant and said :

" For a long time now you've been paying me for keeping your money."

" Yes," said the merchant, " I have."

" Well, if you like," said the banker, " in future I will keep your money for you for nothing."

" Of course I'd like you to do that ! " said the merchant.

" But—er—it sounds as if there's a ' catch ' in it somewhere."

" Not at all," said the banker. " In fact, if you'd like I might pay you to let me keep your money for you."

" Now I *know* there's certainly a ' catch ' in it," said the merchant, eyeing the banker suspiciously. " There's more in this than meets the eye. Please explain."

" It's like this," the banker answered, smiling sweetly. " You know hundreds of merchants like yourself leave their money with me. Year in and year out I have a great mass of gold and silver in my vaults that nobody comes to collect. You merchants come in and want a little bit here and a

little bit there. Now and then some merchant comes in who wants to take away all that he gave me. But that does not make the great pile of money much smaller, as all of the merchants are always adding little bits more to the pile. Now please listen carefully——”

“I am,” said the merchant.

“There are, as you know,” the banker went on, “thousands of people every year who want to start businesses—to open factories, begin mines, form all sorts of companies——”

“Yes, yes. Go on,” said the merchant impatiently.

“Would you let me lend some of those people some of the money I have in my vaults?”

“Lend them some of my money!” cried the merchant angrily. “Certainly not!”

“But remember, if you do so, I’ll pay *you* instead of you paying *me*. You said you’d like that.”

The merchant twiddled his thumbs and thought for awhile (for he was very fond of making money).

“How do I know you won’t lend all my money to all sorts of foolish people and it’ll all be lost?”

“You’ll have to trust me. After all, you’ve trusted me with your gold and silver all these years. And I shall make it my business to lend money only to men who can show me they are honest and can point out to me how well their businesses are to be run. And I shall only lend it for a certain time, after which they will have to pay it all back.”

“I’ll have to give you credit for being able to lend my money so cleverly,” said the merchant doubtfully.

“*Credit’s* the word,” said the banker.

“And you’ll pay me a little of what you make out of all the businesses you lend to?”

“In a way,” said the banker. “But not exactly. I’ll pay you a *fixed rate of interest* on every penny of yours I have. So much *per cent*.”

“No long words,” said the merchant. “Let’s get it all clear. Fixed rate of interest. So much *per cent*.”

“Well, if I say five *per cent per annum* that means I’ll

pay you five pounds every year for every hundred pounds of yours I'm keeping."

"You'll just add five pounds every year to every hundred pounds of mine?"

"That's right."

"But wait a moment! Will I still be able to come and get any money of mine I want at any time?"

"Of course. I shall never lend it all at once. I shall always keep enough in my vaults so that you can come and take away all of *your* money any time you want."

"Then it seems all right to me," said the merchant. "I'll do it!"

"You'll let me lend some of the money to other business men?"

"Yes, I will." The merchant and the banker shook hands. Then the merchant added doubtfully, "All the same, it seems a bit risky. . . ."

And it *was* risky. When all the banks began to lend money to all the businesses it was something like one of those "chain letters" people are suppose to send on to other people until thousands of people have received copies of the one letter the first person wrote. But instead of sending letters everybody lent money to somebody else, each time charging a bit more so that they all made money. (They called the bit more "*increased rate of interest.*")

It did sometimes happen that persons or groups of persons who borrowed large sums of money from the bankers made mistakes in their business and were unable to pay anything back—*ever*. When this happened it also happened now and then that the banker had not enough money left in the bank to pay the merchants who called for their money.

If one of the merchants got to know about this, of course he would be afraid he would *never* get his money back at all, and he might run to the bank and have a row with the banker and call him a cheat. If the other merchants heard of the trouble they would get afraid of losing *their* riches; and they would all run to the bank and ask for all their

money back at once.¹ They might find the banker pleading with the first merchant to wait a day or two, when he hoped to collect some of the money he had lent ; but when all the merchants wanted everything back at once of course the banker could not do it. Then the banker and the merchants might lose all their money for good.

In the early days of banking thousands of people were ruined by false and stupid bankers. Parliament had to make many laws about money-lending as it was carried on by the banks, until to-day banking is made as safe as it possibly can be.

When we turn to see what part the Treasury plays in all this, you can see at once that we must go straight to the bank which keeps all the real money belonging to the Government. This bank is called the Bank of England. The Bank of England was started in 1694 to collect money to lend to King William III's Government, and since that time it has always kept all the money belonging to the State. It is an ordinary bank like any other bank. It is run by ordinary bankers, and not by the State. But because it is the bank in which the Government keeps its money for safety, the Bank of England has come to be more important than any other bank in the land. All the money collected and spent by the State of England has to be paid into and out of the Bank of England ; in this way the Bank of England bankers have come to learn a great deal about the government of the country so that they often help in the carrying-on of government in many ways.

Because it has come to be the head bank in Britain, the Bank of England has come to control the other banks in certain ways. For instance, it is the Bank of England which says at what *rate of interest* all the banks are to lend money to business men and companies. Many banks keep some of their money in the Bank of England ; and indeed the

¹ When everybody wants all their money at once it is called a "run on the bank." When a man cannot at once pay all his debts, there is a law called the Law of Bankruptcy, which makes him pay back bits (as much as he can) over a number of years : this is to save those he owes from being ruined.

work of all the banks is tied up under the leadership of the Bank of England, in ways that we have no room to go into here.¹

Another way in which the Bank of England is important is that it is now the only bank allowed to print paper money. It was found that paper money, like real money, had to be all alike—all pounds alike, all dollars alike, and so on—and so only one bank could be trusted to do this work.

When all the other banks in England found they had to use paper money printed only by the Bank of England, they thought out a new plan for giving printed receipts of their own. The new receipts they thought out we call *cheques*. Cheques are not paper money : they are slips or forms on which merchants and bankers write their own names and write any amount of money they want. These cheques can be changed for paper money or real money, but they can only be changed between the bankers and merchants whose names are written on them. Cheques are, in fact, very like the first receipts given by the goldsmiths to the merchants ; and you have to go to a bank with a cheque if you want to get the amount of paper money or real money which is written on the cheque.

If we think about all this for a minute we shall see that the banking system really depends on people trusting one another. We call trusting one another over money *credit*.

All business, trade and commerce to-day are based on credit : that is, on money lent to other people because the lenders trust the borrowers to be honest and clever in the use of that money, and believe the borrowers will pay back *a bit more (interest)*.

Later on in this book we shall glance at some more things about money, and then we can get the idea of it clearer in our minds.

For the moment, let us think of that high and distant view we had of Britain, with the tramp steamers coming

¹ Every civilized State in the world has a Central Bank which acts for it in the same way as the Bank of England acts for Britain. These banks are in some cases run by the Government instead of by private bankers.

in, the trains thundering along the lines, the factories throbbing, the markets and shops humming and buzzing with men buying and selling.

Through all that wonderful civilization flows an invisible power—the power of money, the power of those little coins and paper notes which are promises men make to give each other goods and hard work, and rewards men give to each other for labour well done and skill wisely expended.

CHAPTER 8 : PARLIAMENT

WE CAN now, I think, come to understand a little the sort of difficult problems with which Parliament has to deal.

Let us turn back down Whitehall and come again to the Palace of Westminster. As we hurry back we note the number of huge offices we have not looked at at all : the very names of these offices tell us the sort of work they do. There is the War Office, which is the Department which looks after the Army. Opposite is the Admiralty, which looks after the Navy. Here is the Foreign Office, which keeps Britain in touch with all the other States of the world. There is the Colonial and Dominions Office, which sees to the affairs of all the countries belonging to the British Empire. Here is the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, there the India Office, the Scottish Office—and how many more ?

As we get near to the Palace of Westminster we begin to think of the heads of all these offices. Each office has a head man, and all these head men are the Government—(with a big “ G ”). We think of them all in top hats and tail coats and striped trousers and very clean boots with spats, and if we keep our eyes open perhaps we shall see one or two of them hurrying from his office to the Palace with a big bundle of papers under his arm or a thick bag chock full of facts.

Yes !—there goes the Minister of Health ! You can see his head is whirling with all the facts he has to worry him. And there is the President of the Board of Trade, thinking of factories and mines. There goes the Minister of Education, with all the troubles of all the schoolmasters and all the pupils jostling in his mind. . . .

If we like to wait long enough no doubt we shall see all

the "Cabinet," even the Prime Minister himself, who is head of the Government. But we hurry on, thinking only one thing: that these great Panjandruns do more work and have more worry than probably anyone else in the land.

Here we are at the "Houses of Parliament," and we enter the House of Commons to see what is going on. We see the members who belong to the different "parties" sitting in different groups.

The Speaker, who is a sort of umpire, sits at one end of the chamber. On his right hand sit the members of the party which has most members elected by the people of Britain. On his left sit the men and women belonging to the parties with the next greatest number: they are called "the Opposition." Members of the other parties sit in groups.

All the talk goes on according to very strict rules. There is a good deal of ceremony. But sometimes, when one party is very keen on making a new law that another party does not want, there may be angry scenes, and members of different parties have been known to come to blows.

Sometimes the arguments will go on all night.

The two oldest parties are the Conservative Party and the Liberal Party. The third big modern party is the Labour Party. There are one or two other very small groups with only a few members.

We shall best understand what it is all about if we have a look at the big general ideas of all these parties. They all have some kind of "programme" about what to do next with Britain's laws.

Let us take first the Labour Party. The Labour Party is made up mostly of men and women voted for by the workers in factories and mines, by all those toilers who have little or no shares in the profits of companies, and who have to live on their weekly pay.

The Labour Party people feel that the money-ways of the country are not good enough. They feel it is not wise to leave all the trade and commerce in the hands of ordinary people who are free to collect for themselves as much money as they can.

The Labour Party people say the money-lending system by which all big businesses are run is not quite the best way of doing things, because for every penny lent through the banks and the stock exchanges *a little more* has always to be paid back in the long run to the lenders ; and sometimes a *great deal more* is paid back to the lenders, who then make big fortunes in profits.

The Labour Party says it is because so much money is collected by the lenders in this way that masses of people remain poor. It is said that in Britain more than two million people are living below what is called the "poverty line"¹ : that is to say, more than two million people cannot get enough money to live in comfort and happiness.

That great leader in Parliament, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, would not join the Liberal Party in 1900 because he saw that party had no real plans for getting rid of poverty. He joined the Labour Party instead, and, with a few other men, he built up the Labour Party until it was a real power in Parliament.

The Labour Party is only thirty years old ; and its programme is a programme of what is called "Socialism." Socialism is a programme by which the Labour people hope to make the State run most of the big businesses of the country. If they can make the State do it all, and cut out most people's "profits," they say goods will be cheaper to buy in the shops, the workers will be better paid, and all trade and industry will run more smoothly because they will be looked after by Whitehall. From beginning to end all things will be directed and carried out by civil servants when Socialism becomes the plan by which British civilization is run.

The Labour people say that Socialism would get rid of competition between different companies who are working at the same industry. They say that all the companies in each industry now have to fight against one another, but if the State ran everything all the people in each industry would work together under the great leaders in Whitehall.

¹ J. J. Mallon, *Poverty, Yesterday and To-day*. See also Chapter 50.

How much better it would be, they say, if the fifteen hundred coal companies in Britain were one big Coal Department.

The Conservative Party does not believe in Socialism. It says people must be left free to collect money for themselves out of industry and commerce. They say to the Socialist Party : " You have made out a beautiful programme ; but that is a very easy thing to do. Anybody can write down a concert programme, saying Kreisler shall play the violin, Paderewski shall play the piano, and Chaliapin shall sing. But writing that down is childish and will not bring such a concert to pass.

" Think for a moment," the Conservative Party goes on to the Socialists, " look about you. Here is the whole of our wonderful civilization—vast cities where billions and billions of pounds are collected and spent every year ; here is trade and commerce and colossal industries which make our round rolling earth give up its riches and power for our use and pleasure. All this was begun and has grown and is kept going through the system of money-lending and profit-making. Money-lending is needed to start new businesses and keep them going. Profit-making is needed to make men keen on their work. We know there are evils in our time, but by one law after another we have tried and are trying to direct those evils into good. Think of the Government Departments and you will see how closely we watch all the merchants and traders and business men who carry on the work of the world."

To this the Labour Party replies : " But poor people in factories and mines work as hard as rich men in stock exchanges and banks, and we know it would be better for everyone if all were paid more nearly alike."

The Conservatives say to this : " There is a hundred times more riches in the world to-day for *everyone* than there was a hundred years ago, and it is all due to the system of money-lending and profit-making. Full many a poor boy selling matches in the street has become a millionaire through hard work and cleverness—and perhaps a bit of

luck. We do not say all people who remain poor are lazy and stupid. We know only a few men can become rich; and we do not say all the rich work hard and are clever. But we say having rich people is a good thing, and anyway the rich pay far bigger taxes than the poor, and the big taxes the rich pay go in part to give the poor many benefits of civilization."

"Still," say the Socialists, "there are too many too-rich men and too many too-poor ones. There is too much making of profits which puts a burden on all who are not rich. These things must be changed."

The Conservatives answer: "We agree with you that some things need to become better; but we say they can only become better slowly, bit by bit, under our present way of life. We do not see how things can be changed suddenly. The State *could not* take over all trade and industry. It *could not* run everything even if it tried. We do not think you can show us how these things can be done, and we dare not trust you to try."

That, more or less, is how the Conservative Party and the Socialist Party stand to one another in the British Parliament to-day. Many of those night-long arguments in the House of Commons, many of those weary and sometimes bitter talks that go on in the Palace of Westminster, are all about new laws and new ways of doing things which these two parties see differently, each from the point of view of its own hopes and ideas.

This difference of feeling spreads out from Parliament all over Britain and at many times and in many places the British people get angry with one another over these things. And yet, like the people of every State, they remember first and last that they are all one Nation; and they work together peacefully and agree to obey the laws until such times as the laws are changed.

The other great British party is the Liberal Party. The Liberal Party feels that the Conservatives are stick-in-the-muds, and it feels that the Labour Party is wild and reckless.

Cw

All the parties have at different times had more members in Parliament than any of the others ; and so each of the parties has in turn formed the Government of Britain. When the Liberal Party had the power it made the laws about doctors for the workers and began the giving of money to those poor people who could not get any work. When the Labour Party was the Government it only had so few more members than the other parties that it could not get enough votes to start its programme of Socialism. The Conservative Party has been in power in Britain more often than the other two.

Let us for a moment glance back at what we have already seen about the making of law. Then let us glance forward to see actually how laws are made and how they are begun to be carried out.

We saw that a State or Nation was a coming together of a great number of people in agreement of law for the good of them all.

In the daily life of people all kinds of trouble and strife occur, and people begin to think this, that and the other trouble must be put right somehow. " Instead of themselves altering what is bad, people begin by demanding a *law* to alter it. If the road between two villages is bad, the villagers say ' there should be a law about parish roads.' . . . Down to the Old Clothes Man there is not one who does not demand a law to protect his own little trade."¹

Just as in little things like bad roads the people agree to pay ~~taxes~~ to the local government to do the job, so in big things like the fight against poverty and illness, they agree to pay taxes to the Central Government to get these things done.

When an idea gets about that a new law is needed for this, that or the other trouble, nowadays all the " parties " in Parliament get busy and put their ideas for the new law into their programme. When the General Election comes all the parties send all their men to every town and district to tell the people all about their programmes. Then the

¹ Kropotkin, *Law and Authority*.

people in each place have to make up their minds which party-man to vote for. The party-man who gets the most votes becomes a member of the new Parliament and goes to Westminster.

When all the new members get to Westminster the leaders of the party with most members make up the Cabinet, and each member of the Cabinet becomes the head of one of the Departments of the Civil Service. The whole Cabinet together has many powers which used to belong to the King. The Cabinet can do many things without asking the permission of all the members of Parliament. That is why the cabinet is called the Government with a big "G," for it can really act and its members are the true rulers of the nation. But the Cabinet can make no new laws. The making of new laws has to be argued out and fought about by all the members of Parliament.

When a new law has been argued out in the House of Commons¹ the members of all the parties vote "for" or "against" it according as to whether it is for or against their party's programme. When more vote for it than against it, it goes into the House of Lords and all the Lords vote about it also.

The Lords, you remember, are mostly members of ancient and noble families. Many of them own large areas of land, which are called "estates." Mr. Lloyd George, the great leader of the Liberal Party, once called the House of Lords "the House of land-lords."

All the land of Britain belongs to someone ; and many thousands of people who own land collect money by making people pay to live on it. The richest land-lords are those who own big estates on which many thousands of people live. The money people pay to land-lords to be allowed to live on the land is called "rent." The land-lords who own the ground on which cities are built are often the richest of

¹ A plan for a new law is called a "Bill" ; each Bill is read out three times in the House of Commons, being talked about in between times by groups of men (committees) who are planning the law. If the House of Commons agrees on the law it goes on to have three "readings" in the Lords. When a Bill becomes a law it is called an "Act."

all, for millions of people are crowded on to such land and all have to pay their rent.

Land on which are mines, and good farm-lands, also bring wealth to their owners. But many thousands of British people own the little bits of land they live on, or the small farms they work, having bought the ground from the land-lords.

Not all the members of the House of Lords are land-lords ; but they have all been given titles by the King (or by some King in the past). These titles are passed on from father to son in these great families.

When the new law comes to the House of Lords, the Lords may not want it, and so it does not become a law. But if the House of Commons sends the new law in three times to the House of Lords, the House of Lords has to agree to the new law whether it wants it or not. From this we see that the House of Commons is the true Parliament to-day.

When a new law has in this way been agreed upon, only one thing remains to be done before people have to obey it. If the King does not agree to it no power in Britain can make it law. But no King or Queen of England has disagreed with a law the people want, since the days of Queen Anne.

The King to-day has little real power, though he does a great deal of work and all the people of Britain still think of their land as being ruled by the King. For this reason we call the island the Kingdom of Great Britain and not the State of Great Britain. It is still said that Britain belongs to the King. We speak of a ship of the Navy as His Majesty's ship " So-and-So " ; and it is supposed to be the King who rules and is obeyed, though we have seen this is not really so.

Let us think for a moment about the King. We find we cannot understand the King unless we understand what we call *patriotism*, which is love of one's country. Every person in every State or Nation in the world likes to have one single simple thing which brings together in his mind all that is meant by the great country to which he belongs. People with a comic twist think of Britain as " John Bull " or of the

United States of America as "Uncle Sam"; and every country has a funny notion of that sort. But people have solemn notions also, which is why nations have flags which soldiers salute. A flag is only a bit of stuff with coloured patterns on it, but it is of value because it brings to the hearts and minds of people the countless, priceless wealth of life, labour and power which make up the country to which they belong.

The people of Britain have kept the King for this reason. They love him for this reason, though he is only a man like any other man, and no longer has he the power to rule or make laws.¹

We can now end this chapter by saying simply that when a new law has been agreed to by the King it is told to the head of the Department of the Civil Service which will have to do most of the work in beginning to carry it out. That great Panjandrum will walk down Whitchall and go into his vast office and call together his head clerks. They will read the new law together and discuss ways and means for bringing it into the life of the Nation.

When they have decided so much, the head clerks will go and tell the lesser clerks, until the thousands of clerks in that Department know all about it. Then they get on with the job of seeing that everybody in the land obeys the new law.

¹ When the King is spoken of as being the ruler of his Kingdom and Empire he is often called "the Crown." The real crown, the hat of gold and jewels, is, like the King himself, a symbol or title which is used to remind people of the many things that make up the Kingdom to which they belong. People all over the world use symbols in this manner for many special purposes. The reason for symbols used in this way is that, as we saw in our first chapter, it is impossible for any of us to think of the endless-chain-of-everything-that-is. A symbol is used to bring special sets of things together in the minds of men, and sometimes it is used to bring *one* thing to his mind, like a sign on a highroad set up to bring a dangerous corner to the mind of a driver.

CHAPTER 9: THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE KING OF ENGLAND is not only King of his little island off the north-west coast of Europe. He is also King of the British Empire. He is King of Canada, King of Australia, King of New Zealand, King of South Africa, Emperor of India, and monarch of scores of other lands in all parts of the world, of small islands like the Falkland Islands off Cape Horn and Tristan da Cunha in the middle of the South Atlantic, of thriving cities set in far-distant places like Hongkong off the coast of China, and Singapore at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, of strips of land inhabited by half-savage races like North Borneo and the Gambia. In all the King of England rules nearly a quarter of the land in the world.

He does not rule these places himself, any more than he rules Britain. Indeed, all the larger and richer countries of the British Empire have their own parliaments and make their own laws. But the people of all these countries agree in calling him their King, and this agreement binds them all together.

We can best understand this if we think for a moment how the Empire grew out from Britain.

In the beginning were the Merchant Adventurers. They really *were* adventurers as well as being merchants. They came not only from Britain but from Portugal, Spain, Holland, France, Germany, and other European countries. A Dutchman, Anton van Dieman, discovered Australia. An Italian in the service of Spain, Christopher Columbus, discovered America. The Portuguese sea-captain, Magellan, was the first to sail round the world. The French and British adventurers soon followed these first ships to the lonely unknown oceans on the other side of the earth.

Only one thing at first sent these men voyaging—the desire for wild adventuring ; but at the backs of all their minds was the wish to find new and profitable markets to trade. Wonderful stories were told in the old seaports of Europe, in the sailors' taverns in Amsterdam and Lisbon and Cadiz and Plymouth, of treasure to be found in splendid cities in the far places of the world.

The Spaniards did indeed find untold wealth in South America, as you know from the tales of the British pirates, Raleigh, Hawkins, and the rest, which tell how they raided the golden galleons of Spain in the name of good Queen Bess.

Treasure captured in this way does not last long, and we saw in the chapter before last that modern civilization is based on trade and commerce.

Very soon after the new lands had been discovered in America, Australia, Africa and the Far East, ships sailed out from Europe carrying men and women who had grown tired of living in the old States. These men and women wanted to start life afresh in the new lands over the seas. They meant to build homes for themselves in these new lands and *colonize* them. The word "colonize" means "to cultivate the soil"; and the first colonies were places where people made farms on which to live : the colonies in South Africa, for instance, began as a kitchen garden planted at the Cape of Good Hope by the Dutchmen to supply their vessels with fresh fruit and vegetables during the long sailing voyage to India, where they went to trade for the silks and gems and spices of the Orient.

The Merchant Adventurers never thought of making empires for the countries they came from ; and those who stayed at home thought that people who sailed away to settle in new lands would in time make separate States in those lands. The British Empire was not planned. Nobody ever thought about the British Empire until that Empire had begun to be.

The only thing that kept the colonies in touch with the lands of the "Old World" was trade ; and many of the

new-found lands began a big business in sending raw materials to Europe and taking back European goods in exchange.

All this was during the time when big business companies were being started and the money-lending system was beginning. Some of the biggest new companies were companies of Merchant Adventurers which were formed to make money out of the colonies.

Thus, in England were formed such companies as *Hudson Bay Fur Trading Company* to make money out of trapping and shooting the animals of northern North America and sending home their furry skins : *The East India Company*, formed to carry out all the trade between England and India and the Far East : *The African Company of Merchants* whose trade was in black slaves carried captive to America : *The South Africa Company*, started by Cecil Rhodes to open up the rich mineral mines in that part of Africa now named Rhodesia.

People in other European countries also began companies. There was a French "Company of India" (*Compagnie des Indes*), a Dutch East India Company and a Dutch East Africa Company, a German East Africa Company : and many more.

These companies were very different from the peaceful trading businesses of to-day. They often had armies and navies in their pay. They had warships of their own, to protect their trading vessels from the warships of other countries. They had strong fortresses at their trading stations and colonies, manned by their own soldiers. The soldiers and sailors of the different companies fought pitched battles against one another. The number of battles they fought against savage tribes, against the armies of native kingdoms and against trading rivals like the Arabs, is almost beyond counting.

If in those days you became a clerk in one of these companies you need never have feared a dull time. You might at any moment have had to turn out, pistol in hand, and shoot up a band of clerks belonging to a rival company. In this way Robert Clive was sent out to India as a clerk of

the East India Company, and in a short time he found he was a general at the head of an army fighting against the army of Joseph Dupleix who was at the head of the soldiers of the French company.

Many of the trading companies were of giant size. The Dutch East India Company at one time had 10,000 soldiers and 40 warships. Gradually the "Home Governments"—that is, the Governments of England, France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Germany and the rest—began for one reason or another to take over the colonies and trading stations which the settlers and the trading companies had won. The Home Governments then began to rule the colonies in the same way as they were ruling their lands at home ; and so many empires arose ; and in the end the biggest empire of all was the British Empire.

No part of the British Empire was won without fighting. For instance, all the known land of Canada at first belonged to French settlers ; and many battles had to be fought there between British and French troops—ending in the siege of the French city of Quebec, which was captured by the British under General Wolfe. Then the King of England became King of Canada. The wild red men, the American Indians, rose against the new rulers under an Ottawa chief called Pontiac, who called upon the tribes to rise and wrest the land of their fathers from the "pale-face" conquerors.

When the Indians had been beaten, a war was fought among the British settlers themselves. South of Canada, in part of what is now the United States, were twelve British colonies, each with a separate Government of its own. The rulers of Britain made unjust laws to govern all these colonies so as to make money out of them for British traders at the expense of the colonists. The British colonists got tired of this and rose up to be free, and in the war that followed, called the American War of Independence, the British forces were beaten, and the United States of America broke free from the British Empire, becoming one new single State.

Let us pause for a moment and think about the beginning of the United States of America. Think of the name *United States*. What does that name mean? It means *many* States which are at *one* together. Yet they are not one like a kingdom. To this day each of the United States has a separate parliament and different laws of its own. But there is also one Central Government which all agree to obey in a few big things for the good of them all. There is one army and one navy for all the United States: the army and navy are cared for and controlled by the Central Government. There are certain laws made by the Central Government which all the States have to obey.

It is rather hard to think of a country which is *one* and *many* at the same time. The United States is a league of States, or as we say, a *federation*. A "federation" is rather like a club. When men join a club they agree to obey the rules of the club and in return they enjoy all the good things for which the club was formed: it may be a golf club or an ordinary sort of man's club. If it is a golf club a man can use the golf links and sit about in the club house and have meals. In an ordinary man's club there are rest rooms and libraries where the members can use all the books and papers, perhaps there is a billiard-room, and the members can use the billiard-balls and cues and tables. So long as the members obey the rules they can do what they like outside the club.

The United States of America is like a "civilization club." All the States have joined in order to have one civilization. So long as they obey the rules of the club, their separate parliaments can make what laws they like. One of the rules of this "civilization club" is that none of the States can give up being a member. Once the States in the South wanted to break away; but the President of the club—that is, the President of the United States, who was Abraham Lincoln—said, "That is against the rules"; and he went to war against them and beat them and so kept them all together.

When the United States broke away from Britain the

British rulers began to be very careful lest the other colonies should break away too.

They began to think of turning the British Empire into a "civilization club." And this is indeed what happened in the end.

When the colonies in Canada drew together and wanted to set up one parliament of their own, the British rulers said, "Of course you can have your parliament if you will join our club, which has our King for its head." The people of Canada agreed to do this, and the country became the Dominion of Canada, an independent State but a part of the British Empire.

When the different colonies in South Africa drew together and wanted to set up one parliament, the British rulers said the same thing. The South Africans agreed, and the country became the Union of South Africa, a free State in the British Empire.

The same happened with the Commonwealth of Australia and a few other lands in the British Empire which we shall visit later on in this book.

The Dominions or Commonwealths or Unions, or what ever they like to call themselves, are independent countries with their own parliaments and laws and customs, yet they are all held together by a certain loyalty to the King of England, and they are generally all spoken of as Dominions of the British Empire. The newest Dominion is the Irish Free State.

In Ireland (the second in size of the British Isles, cut off from the larger island by the narrow Irish Sea) in 1922 the Irish Free State was formed, with a parliament at Dublin, modelled on the parliament at Westminster, with two "Houses," called the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies (like the "Lords" and "Commons") with a Governor-General (whose position is rather like that of the King at Westminster).

It is a pity, though, that Ireland is split into two States, that part in the north which is called Ulster choosing to remain under Britain. But Ulster, too, has its parliament, at

Stormont, near Belfast—though Ulster is not a Dominion, being more like one of the United States of America, having to obey Westminster in many things and sending members to the Westminster House of Commons, as well as choosing members for the parliament at Stormont.

Do not, however, imagine that the British Empire is a federation, like the U.S.A. The Dominions are really independent nations, and only stay in the Empire of their own free will. They can break away if they want to do so.¹

Now that we have glanced at the meaning of law, at the structure of a State, at the uses of money, and now that we have glimpsed the position of Britain in regard to her Empire, I think we are ready to begin that grand world tour which is the object I had in mind when I began this book.

We cannot understand one land on earth to-day unless we understand something of the life of the whole world ; and since Britain is in some ways more closely bound to the lands of the British Empire than to foreign countries, we might as well begin our world tour by sailing round the Empire.

¹ See Chapters 15 and 22.

CHAPTER 10: NEWFOUNDLAND

ALL THE year round, but especially in the Spring, giant lumps of ice break off from the Arctic and float as icebergs towards the south. When they meet the warm waters of the Gulf Stream in the North Atlantic, the icebergs melt. The mud and stones of Greenland which have been carried on the icebergs then fall into the water and sink on to the top of a big mountain range which lies hidden beneath the sea not far from the Newfoundland coast. This fresh mud is the food of countless numbers of tiny sea creatures, and these tiny sea creatures are the food of millions of codfish. These mud-covered mountains beneath the sea are called the Great Banks.

The Great Banks are six hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide—and this vast land under the sea is nearly always full up with codfish !

No wonder men from earliest times have sailed to this great fishing ground ! It is said that Greenland, Newfoundland and the coast of Canada were discovered by the Norseman outlaws, Eric the Red and his son, about A.D. 1000 ; modern settlement began when John Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497.

A few years later little Devon fishing ships were tossing about over the Great Banks reaping the harvest of the sea. In those days the voyage across the Atlantic was a great adventure ; but there was so much fish in the sea above the Great Banks that the little Devon fishing boats hired large merchant vessels to sail along with them to carry all the fish.

Soon enough, men began to settle on the coasts of Newfoundland near the Great Banks¹—fishermen all ! And as

¹ You will sometimes see them called the Grand Banks.

the little fishing villages grew into little towns, a real colony began on Newfoundland.

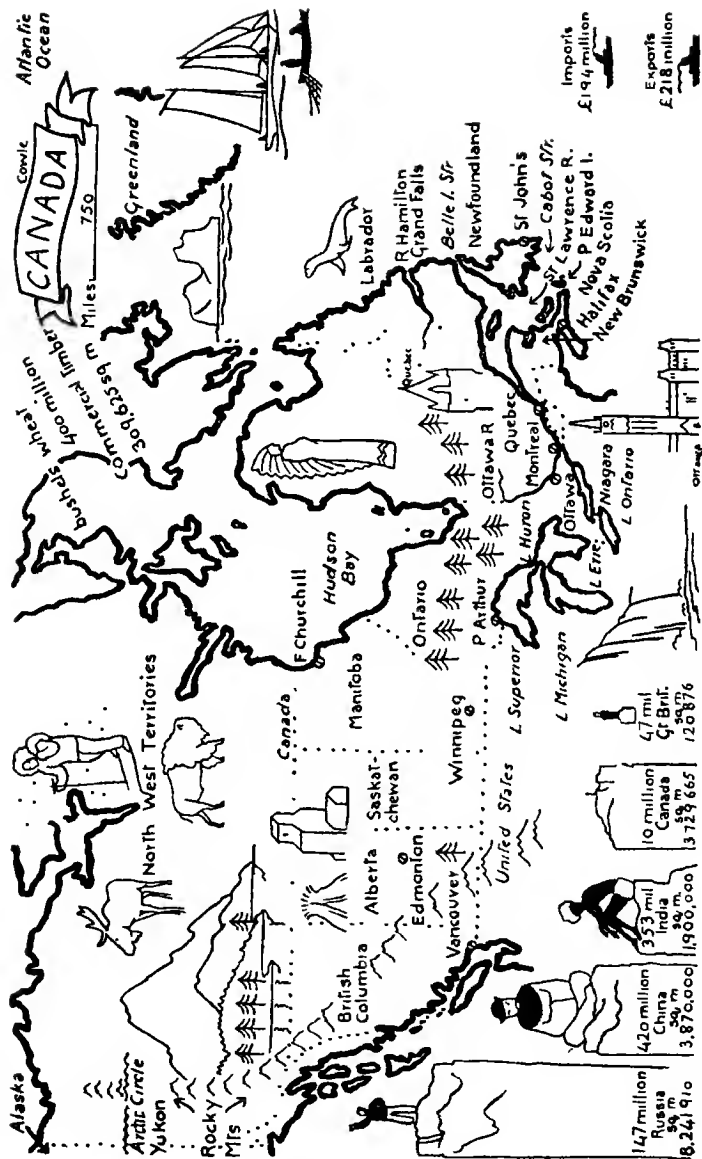
From earliest times it was the fish of the Great Banks which brought prosperity to the settlers in Newfoundland (the codliver oil got from Newfoundland is the best codliver oil in the world) and to-day half the people in Newfoundland are still fishermen, in spite of other big industries which have grown up in their land.

Nowadays, every Spring, when the icebergs are melting off Greenland, one thousand small schooners set sail from Newfoundland out on to the broad ocean. When they reach the waters over the Great Banks, the fishermen leave their vessels and row away in small boats called "dories," from which they let down long fishing lines on to the Banks far below them : some of these lines carry as many as 3,000 hooks, and when they are drawn up there are bound to be at least several hundred codfish caught, and on lucky days the lines will be nearly full up !

For six long months the men and women of the fishing fleet live on board their schooners. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written of the lives of these deep sea fishermen in his adventure-book *Captains Courageous* ; and another writer¹ says : " I wonder why men risk their lives in this place where the waters are freezing cold, the winds are raw, icebergs often float about and the fogs throw everyone into a groping blindness on the rolling, tossing sea. . . . Cod-fishers in their dories are continually getting lost in fogs and floating out to sea, or being driven off by sudden storms." It is not unknown, too, for the great Atlantic liners to cut down the dories or ram the schooners in a thick fog.

In the Autumn (fall), when the schooners are packed with heaps of silver codfish lying in salt to keep them fresh, the fishermen turn to the west and sail for the little island they have made their home. Newfoundland is a beautiful home, but wild and rocky and cold. The cliffs rise sheer from the sea-waves, but deep and peaceful harbours await the coming of the fishing fleet.

¹ J. Russell Smith, *North America*, p. 39.



Inland, much of Newfoundland "is a wilderness, full of mosquitos and black flies, and still occupied by a few Indians and the caribou," where thick forests cover the land and great lakes lie open to the sky. It is a cold country where the soil is stony and not good for cultivation. And so it is mainly upon the fishing that the people depend.

What a welcome the fishing fleet receives as it sails into the harbours and ties up at the quays of the bright and busy fishing towns ! Here begins the big business of unloading the schooners and packing the codfish aboard larger vessels which will take them all over the world—to Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Brazil, the West Indies and other places.

The trade of Newfoundland, you see, links up that island with many distant parts of the world.

It was at the town of St. John's, which is the capital of Newfoundland, that the world first began to get tied up in another way. St. John's lies about half-way between London and New York ; and it was here, on August 5th, 1858, that the first transatlantic cable was landed, running from Valentia in Ireland under the dark and heaving waters of the North Atlantic, to St. John's in Newfoundland, to carry messages from Europe to America.¹

And it is here that the fishermen to-day take up their lives as citizens of Britain's oldest colony. Newfoundland is called a colony, but the fishermen have made themselves free so that they have their own parliament, which meets at St. John's.

In Newfoundland there are Liberal and Conservative Parties as there are in Great Britain : there is a " House of Commons " called the *House of Assembly* : there is also a sort of " House of Lords " called the *Legislative Council*. The Legislative Council is eighteen men chosen by the Government of Great Britain. The House of Assembly is made up of men voted for by the fishermen and other citizens.

¹ The first message, sent on August 16th, 1858, was from Queen Victoria of Great Britain to James Buchanan, President of the United States of America.

At the head of them all is one man called the *Governor*, who is chosen by the King of England. The place and power of the Governor in Newfoundland is much the same as the place and power of the King in Great Britain : he stands at the head as a symbol to remind men of the Empire, but really he has little or no power ; and the real work of law-making is done by the House of Assembly.

A great deal of the argument in the Newfoundland parliament is all about fishing rights, and about how to market the fish more profitably in foreign parts ; sometimes the fishing season is bad—there are not so many codfish as usual, or merchants cannot pay such high prices for fish in the markets across the seas ; and then poverty stalks through the island ; many men can find no work, and these have to be paid by the Government out of taxes from the people.

Then there are sometimes disputes between the great fish merchants and the poor fishermen who own nothing but their boats or who hire their boats from the merchants ; and laws have to be made so that justice and peace shall come between them.

But fishing is not the only industry in Newfoundland. Here and there men have made deep gashes in the hard surface of Newfoundland and discovered rich stores of metal—copper, iron, lead, zinc ; and these mines are growing in importance : it is said that they may become the biggest mines in the world if capital¹ is found to get them working on a larger scale.

The making of paper from the trees of the Newfoundland forest was begun by Lord Northcliffe, the English newspaper owner, in 1905 ; and his paper-mills at Grand Falls, in the heart of Newfoundland, were opened in 1908. Since that time the paper produced at Grand Falls would be enough to wrap up the whole world like a parcel under several layers. At Grand Falls and one or two other places there are now big settlements of workers engaged in the paper trade.

Let us for a moment think of how paper is made out of

¹ You remember what capital is, in Chapter 6.

wood. The wasps found out how to do it before men did.

The wasps chew a mouthful of dry wood until it becomes a little ball of pulp. Then they flatten it out into tiny sheets of paper. The wasps' paper is just as truly paper as the sheets that make this book. Men make paper in exactly the same way as the wasps ; only instead of biting mouthfuls of wood off the trees and chewing them up, they cut down the trees, and take them to paper-mills where machinery pounds up the pulp and stamps and rolls out the sheets of paper.

From Grand Falls in Newfoundland several English newspapers get all their paper ; when you think that one big edition of a city newspaper may use up eighty acres of forest, you can understand how hard they work at Grand Falls and what a huge business paper-making is. Two big New York newspapers get all their paper from Newfoundland.

But Canada, that great mainland across the Straits of Belle Isle and the Cabot Strait from Newfoundland, is the real home of the paper-making industry, because the biggest forest in the world lies thick over most of Canada.

A small part of the mainland of Canada is ruled over by the Newfoundlanders—that wild, far-away, icy coastal land called Labrador. Labrador is three times the size of Newfoundland.¹

Now, if ever you want to have your name put upon the map of the world, all you have to do is to go to Labrador and sail or row up one of its rivers to the source and then walk across to another river and row down to the sea. Many men have tried to do that and have perished in the attempt. No white man has ever walked squarely across Labrador. In the heart of Labrador live a few Indians, hunting as they did in the days before Columbus discovered America : they have never seen a white man.

From all of this you can guess that Labrador is a very wild place indeed : it is almost an Arctic region ; but along the coast are settlements of white fishermen.

¹ Newfoundland is the tenth largest island in the world, with 42,732 square miles. The number of white people living there is about 260,000.

Until quite recent times the white people of Labrador were living like the Norsemen of old. It is mainly through the work of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, a fishermen's doctor-missionary, that some sort of culture and civilization is coming to these folk. Grenfell has managed to set up hospitals for them, and to begin schools for the children, and to build churches.

The people of Newfoundland are proud and glad to rule over the white and wintry land of Labrador, because deep in the heart of Labrador's earth are mineral riches which they hope one day to work for profit. The great rivers of Labrador are full of valuable fish and its coast is a paradise for seals.

In the early Spring, before the cod-fishing season begins, the Newfoundland fishermen set sail for the Labrador coast, because this is the time of year when the baby seals are born.

Just then, thousands of helpless baby seals are crying on the ice beneath the towering cliffs of Labrador, and parties of fishermen (now turned seal-hunters) attack them with rifles. Sometimes aeroplanes fly up the coast to pick out the thickest groups of families of seals, and the hunters steam up to that spot and tramp across the ice to the attack. Forty thousand seals is called a good catch for one sealing steamer during the short season when the seals are lying on the coast. The skins of the seals are sold for making into ladies' hand-bags and bicycle saddles : the fat of their bodies is sold for making into soap.

Some people say that the great seal-hunt every year up the Labrador coast is a cruel business and ought to be stopped. What do *you* think ?

Even without the seal-hunt, however, Labrador is a land of promise for the future. There is another " Grand Falls " there, on the great Hamilton River, and there is nothing quite like these Grand Falls in all the world. They are very nearly as big as *one Niagara on top of another !*

As you know, men use waterfalls for making electricity ; but nobody has tried to use the power of the Grand Falls of

Labrador, so that every moment out there in the wild, four million horse-power is running to waste. Lord Morris, the war-time Prime Minister of Newfoundland, has said it is possible that one day the power of the Grand Falls, Labrador, may light the streets of Chicago and London, and run the omnibuses and underground trains in both those cities !¹

However, Labrador is yet a wild and unknown land ; and we must now leave it and come to the vastly bigger Dominion of Canada. I have said Labrador is " part of the mainland of Canada." I only meant it is joined to Canada, being part of the same continent. Canada is quite a separate country in its laws, and we now have to turn to see what this enormous Dominion is like.

¹ In the *Daily Mail*, March 1930.

CHAPTER II : THE DOMINION OF CANADA

NEWFOUNDLAND is a biggish island lying in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, the greatest river of Canada. If we were to cross over from the Newfoundland coast and land on the coast of Canada we should step on to the shore of a vast continent, the land of which stretches away for more than three thousand miles, to the far distant coast of the Pacific Ocean.

Canada is bigger than the United States of America. It is nearly as large as Europe.¹ Yet it is an empty land, in which only ten million people live—little more than the people living in London. Most of the people of Canada live in a long narrow strip of land which goes right across from east to west.

I think it would be a good thing if we went on a swift journey along this strip of busy land in order to gain some idea of the size of Canada, to see what sort of country it is, and what sort of people they are who live in it.

The people of Canada have grouped themselves into nine provinces which we shall have to journey across. These provinces are : Prince Edward Island, which lies in the St. Lawrence River, south-west of Newfoundland ; Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec, all on the mainland, with the mighty Atlantic beating against their coasts. Then inland we shall come to Ontario, which lies between Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes. Next—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, all called “ the prairie provinces ” ; and last we shall reach British Columbia, in the

¹ From the town to Halifax on the east to the city of Vancouver on the west is 3,772 miles by railway. From the United States boundary in the south to the Arctic Ocean in the north is 1,600 miles. The area of Canada is 3,674,746 square miles.

middle of which rises the mass of the Rocky Mountains towering to the sky, and beyond them on the west the coast against which the waves of the Pacific are thundering.

Right along the north of the last four provinces runs the Yukon and North-West Territories, lone and desolate "sub-arctic" regions.

Now let us be off. We leave Newfoundland in a little ship and find ourselves on the broad stream of the St. Lawrence. In Winter the St. Lawrence is frozen over, but in Summer and Autumn huge ocean liners and hundreds of tramp ships steam up it far into the heart of Canada.

On the south of us as we journey on, lies Prince Edward Island, the smallest province of Canada : behind it on the east is the coast of Nova Scotia and on the west the coast of New Brunswick. Along the shores of these three provinces are many fishing towns ; their fishing grounds are not so far away nor so dangerous as those of the Newfoundlanders—for the most part these fishermen work in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, a marvellous place for catching salmon, a fish for which there is always a big market.

Unlike Newfoundland, the inland soil of these provinces is not barren and stony, but is good for farming. So rich, indeed, is the soil of Prince Edward Island, and so thickly covered is the whole land with farmers' fields, orchards, and gardens, that it has been called "the garden province" ; while in Nova Scotia in the Spring there are said to be one hundred miles of apple blossoms in the valleys. New Brunswick, too, is largely covered with farms and orchards, with thick belts of forest in between. Let us think for a moment about the forest of Canada.

This forest spreads in the southern half of Canada from the east coast for *fifteen hundred miles* inland, and in the northern half it goes right across the continent from ocean to ocean, with only the high peaks of the Rockies left bare. Think of it !—the trees standing silent and close side by side, millions upon millions of trees growing out of the logs of trees that have fallen hundreds of years ago to die and rot in the gloomy twilight beneath the branches of younger trees.

When white men first came to Canada, there was not in all those thousands of miles of trees, space enough to play a team game.

The narrow strip of busy country which the white men have made, has been cut out of the forest ; and the forest still surrounds the cities and field-lands of the white men on all sides, right up as far as " the prairie provinces."

As we journey up the St. Lawrence in our ship the coasts of Canada draw in towards us. On the north we see the shore of the great province of Quebec : this province is larger than France, Italy and Germany put together ; and it is lived in mostly by French people.

From the deck of our ship we can see the little French villages with their cottages spread out along the water, and their churches each with a tall spire, and their little fields spreading back to the forest—we can see the dark frowning forest all along at the back : sometimes it comes down to the water's edge, only to be pushed back farther on by the fields of the next village.

If we could land and walk a mile or so into the forest we should soon come across hardy pioneers cutting down trees to make room for new farms and fields. Always, always men are pushing their way into wild nature, spreading their civilization over the face of the earth.

All over Quebec, far into the land, big patches of forest have been cut down and cleared away and fields have been cultivated and towns built—quiet beautiful towns with an old-world air : nearly all the people speak French : they have French newspapers of their own, and old customs they brought from France in the days of long ago when men from Europe were pouring out over the world. We might think that a piece of France had been picked up and carried across the ocean to be set down in Canada ; and this is really what has happened, in a way.

All these French people live happily under British rule, and as our ship comes to the city of Quebec, which stands upon a high and beautiful rock beside the St. Lawrence, we remember that once upon a time this part of Canada

was a colony of France. The city of Quebec is the capital of the province.

Now we have to hurry up the St. Lawrence to the greatest city of Canada, which has one million inhabitants—Montreal. The first thing we see as we get close to Montreal is a host of ships—huge Atlantic liners, and hundreds of tramp ships from all parts of the world, busy loading and unloading at the *eight miles of quays* which are strung out along the waterfront of Montreal. The tramps are being stacked with timber (“lumber” they call it in Canada), piles upon piles of wood from the forest, some for furniture and boards and for the endless things for which wood is useful, some as pulp for paper. Many tramps are getting loaded up with wheat from the prairie provinces, with fruit and furs and all the other products of Canada; and some are unloading manufactured goods from England, France and other lands.

One thing makes us pause and wonder : Montreal is just on *one thousand miles* from the sea—and yet it is an ocean port ! The huge Atlantic liners steam all that way up the mighty St. Lawrence River. . . .

We get off our boat for a second or two to stroll through the fine modern streets and long wide avenues of Montreal. Everywhere is a busy air, as if people were prosperous and happy. We meet many different nationalities—Frenchmen mostly, Britishers, Germans as well : all of them are Canadians. But we must get on board our ship again and hurry forward.

A little way above Montreal we leave the St. Lawrence River and turn off up its biggest tributary, the beautiful Ottawa River. If we went on up the St. Lawrence we should come to Niagara Falls and the Great Lakes.

As we journey up the Ottawa we have the province of Quebec on our right hand and the province of Ontario on our left ; and we notice rather a difference between the people of Quebec and those of Ontario. In Quebec we still see little French villages, but in Ontario we see German villages, with the people speaking German and reading

their own German newspapers and having their customs so different from the French.

As a matter of fact, most of Ontario is lived in by Britishers speaking the English language, but there are quite large groups of Germans.

And so we come to the stately city of Ottawa, which is the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The great parliament building in the Gothic style of architecture stands on a high bluff over the river. But we will glance at the work that goes on in this building, later on. Now we have to leave our ship and board a comfortable train for the rest of our journey across Canada.

On the way to the train, however, we spend a few moments in the city of Ottawa, getting glorious views of the beautiful river from the high cliffs and hills on which so much of the city stands, and going down to the Lower City to see the huge paper pulp factories and the many hundreds of men and women working in them. These factories remind us again of the great forest stretching away outside the city for hundreds upon hundreds of miles. We think of the lumber camps, out in the wild, with the men sawing down the trees and chopping the trees into logs : we think of those logs being floated down the great rivers of Canada—many of the rivers are often a mass of millions of floating logs, a sight which has to be seen to be believed. Certain kinds of all that wood, “pulpwood,” comes to just such factories as these in Ottawa to be turned into paper. The wood and the paper are mostly “exported”—that is, sent out of the country—as we saw happen in Newfoundland. More than half the wood used for paper in the United States of America comes from Canada.

Once aboard our train, we are swinging away over the metal railroad through Ontario—we see lumber camps in the forest, and we see them tapping the trees for maple syrup, which is done every Spring in Quebec, Ontario and other parts of Canada. We pass splendid farms and rich fruit lands which have been cut from the forest, and soon the railroad track touches the shore of Lake Superior.

Here the train runs along a rocky shelf cut in the face of a cliff beside the lake. As we gaze across the lake we remember what a vast size Canada is.

We cannot see the other shore of the lake : there, beyond the horizon, more than a hundred miles away, is the coast of the United States. Superior is one of the five Great Lakes (Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario) which between them contain *more than half the fresh water in the world*. Superior is as large as England and twice as deep as the North Sea. Niagara Falls are between Erie and Ontario. The Government of Canada has had made canals which join the lakes so that quite large vessels can go from Montreal to Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior, a distance of 1,000 miles.

As the train leaves the lakes we come to the three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Here at last the forest comes to an end, and an open country of round hills rolls away on all sides for hundreds of miles.

In Winter these hills are snow-covered, white and bare. In Winter in many parts of the prairie provinces it is colder than Labrador and blizzards blow down from the Arctic. In Spring the brown soil comes forth and we see giant ploughs at work—great caterpillar-wheeled monsters turning up the soil for sowing. In Autumn a marvellous sight is seen—a thousand miles of golden grain waving in the wind. Here is the great wealth of Canada spread before us—the prairie wheat ! Up and down the hills we see giant reapers and binders and threshers doing in a few moments what once it took scores of men days to do. Without those machines there would be no prairie wheat-lands in Canada, and there would be less bread in the world.

Here and there, near every town or village, we see long lines of tall thin wooden buildings, the “ grain elevators,” where the wheat is taken to be stored for loading on to trains. We pass many trains of trucks loaded with wheat grain, on their way to the markets in the big Canadian cities. The first “ wheat city ” we pass is Winnipeg, capital of Manitoba. Winnipeg is one of the largest grain markets

in the world : at harvest time at Winnipeg may be seen more than twenty miles of railway sidings filled with trucks waiting to carry the grain away.

The grain goes to the great ports like Montreal in the east and Vancouver in the west, to be shipped to places as far away as Europe and China and Japan, to be made into bread.

On we go through Saskatchewan and Alberta—and we notice how far apart the towns and villages are and how empty of men this great land is. Again and again we pass a farm that is many miles from the next. Out there in the west they have to do for themselves many things we are in the habit of having done for us by others. It must be a lonely life, we think, on the far-away farms of Saskatchewan and Alberta. But through our inventions they are not cut off from the world, because they all have radio sets and can listen to the music of big cities ! Those near the railway can go into the nearest towns, or into cities like Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, but there are many who live scores of miles from the railroad tracks.

As we go on we leave the wheat behind and reach open land where are the cattle farms and the western cowboys and here the hills grow higher and higher and our train begins to go slowly as it pulls up and up towards the Rocky Mountains. These higher hills are the foothills of the Rockies, and we find the valleys between them are turned by men into glowing fruit orchards. At last the Rocky Mountains themselves burst into view, rising up from black gorges far below us into blinding white peaks in the sky above. Here the trees of the forest crowd into the valleys, and with lovely views of shining lakes and waterfalls we climb up to the centre of the mountains.

Now we are in the province of British Columbia, which has been called a “ sea of mountains.” Before the railways were built¹ the only way to take heavy goods across to the other side of Canada was by ship *all the way round South*

¹ There are two railroads which cross Canada—the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific. The National is run by the Government and the Pacific by a private company.

America. (There was no Panama Canal in those days.) The people of British Columbia felt so cut off from the rest of the world they said they would not join up and become a part of Canada unless a good railway was built across the Rocky Mountains and over the rolling prairies, so that they might easily get to the other parts of Canada. So bridges were built over the deep gorges and tunnels were cut through the mighty peaks until the metal lines could be laid and trains could cross the mountains and go down to the wide blue Pacific Ocean.

Even to-day, the railroad is almost the only part of the mountains visited by white men. "It is only along the railway that the country is known. Go back a few miles and you strike mountains that have no name, regions known to no one, where caribou and moose graze undisturbed."¹ Mighty rivers, vast lakes, deep warm valleys lie waiting on either hand for the coming of man.

But the train steams down into the civilization of British Columbia, in the rich valleys of which the trees are often so laden with fruit that the branches and leaves are hidden. Here are grown apples, cherries, plums, grapes, peaches, strawberries, apricots and many other fruits, and the fruit farmers send off loads of their produce to all parts of the world. There are a great number of Chinese workmen in British Columbia, and not a few rich Chinese farmers, among the white men—for the coast of British Columbia faces straight across the Pacific to those crowded lands of China and Japan, and thousands of yellow men have sought to find fortune in western Canada in the same way that white men have done.

So we come to the huge city and port of Vancouver, from which ships depart for China, Japan, Australia and South America.

Our quick trip across Canada has shown us all too little of this wonderful land, but it has shown us enough to see that in Canada the greatness of nature is yet greater than the greatness of man.

¹ *The Glamour of British Columbia*, by H. Glyn Ward, pp. 53-4.

Before white men came the prairie provinces were bare and open lands where herds of buffalo were hunted by tribes of Indians : now a long narrow strip across them has been turned into one vast wheatfield, which supplies many countries all over the world with the stuff from which bread is made. And yet *not a quarter* of the land in Canada, that could be made to bring forth food, is yet being used.¹ We have seen how men are pushing their way into the forest, but over nearly three quarters of Canada the forest still stands silent and wild : here the Indians dwell in their wigwams and live by hunting. And then there are the Yukon and North-West Territories, on the coasts of which Eskimos live and fish ; and to all the native peoples of the north the Royal Canadian Mounted Police bring the justice of the British rulers.

I expect you have heard of the " Gold Rush " to the Yukon and Alaska thirty-five years or so ago² : little or no gold is found nowadays in those frozen places ; but Canada remains *the second gold producing country in the world*, the great gold mines of northern Ontario being second in importance only to the mines of South Africa.³ There are also gold mines in British Columbia, and many other valuable metals (minerals) are mined in the soil of Canada. Nearly all the world's supply of nickel comes from Ontario.

And so much richness remains in Canada for men of to-morrow to find ! There is said to be a solid sheet of rich metal running beneath the vast forest : scientists call it the " Great Canadian Shield." But men are already opening up these stern far-away parts. Away up north on Hudson Bay a new port is being built called Fort Churchill. From here in the Summer large merchant vessels will take the prairie wheat and the furs of the north out through Hudson Strait to Europe. This means that the wheat and furs will not have to go to Montreal to be loaded on to ships there

¹ 52,000,000 acres are cultivated ; 300,000,000 acres are waiting to be used. Little more than a *seventh part* of the good soil of Canada is yet being used.

² Alaska belongs to the United States of America.

³ See Chapter 14.

and sail down the St. Lawrence, but by going through Fort Churchill they will save a distance of 1,000 miles. This, of course, will be both *quicker* and *cheaper*.

Down in the south, too, plans are going ahead for speeding up trade and developing the wealth and civilization of Canada. For instance, the Dominion Government at Ottawa has come to an agreement with the Government of the United States to set to work to deepen and widen the canals on the Great Lakes, so that ocean liners will be able to come up the St. Lawrence, past Niagara, across the five lakes to Port Arthur, to Chicago and to every big city on the shores of the lakes. This means that goods will be carried from the very centre of North America to all parts of the world without the delay, trouble and expense of changing them all from trains to ships at such places as Montreal.

All such big plans could not be carried through if Canada were not a single great nation with a strong Government making laws for all its wide open spaces. We need not say very much about that Government, since it is modelled on the Parliament and Government at Westminster, which we have seen : at Ottawa the real law-making is done by the House of Commons, the members of which are voted for by the people of all Canada ; there is a Cabinet made up from the leaders of the leading party in the House of Commons ; and the members of the Cabinet are heads of the Departments of the civil service. Then there is a sort of " House of Lords," called the *Senate* ; and at the head is a Governor-General, who is chosen by the King of England. (We shall begin to remember this order and its meaning, soon, shan't we ?)

The one thing about Canada, different from Britain, is that Canada is a *federation*. That is to say, each of the nine provinces has a Government of its own, which makes laws for certain matters, to be obeyed in that province ; for instance, each of the nine provincial Governments makes laws for education in its own province : the Dominion Government at Ottawa has nothing to do with education in Canada. There are many other things, too, in which the

provinces make their own laws. In having a federation, the people of Canada have wisely copied the United States of America.

You can see that a federation is a good thing for a country like Canada, where every province is so different from the other provinces. In Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, for example, they are troubled with problems of fishing and farming, whilst the wide wheat plains of the prairie provinces give a different kind of life to the people of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Also the people of one province are very different from those in another, the French people of Quebec liking to keep their own way of life, which is not at all like the Scotch fishermen who live and work on the other bank of the St. Lawrence, in Nova Scotia ("New Scotland"); so it is a good thing for each province to have a different Government which can study the special problems of that part and can pass such laws as the people want.

Yet to have one Parliament and Government at Ottawa is a very wise thing. If they had no such Central Government the provinces would be likely to drift apart and become foreign States to one another. It was a great day in history—July 1st, 1867—when the Dominion of Canada was born.

If ever we feel that the facts about governments are dull, let us think of all those people of Canada, so far apart in their wide land, and so different one from another, yet all of them fighting their way into nature, into the forest and the mountain and the plain; and let us know what a wonderful act of faith it was when they came together in agreement of law for the good of them all, and called themselves the Dominion of Canada, which is a "civilization club" inside the British Empire.

CHAPTER 12 : THE COMMON-WEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

IT TAKES us twenty-four days in a large liner to steam 6,000 miles from Canada to Australia, but at last we come into Sydney Harbour.

Sydney Harbour has been likened to a hand with its fingers spread out, each finger being a gulf of water ; but each "finger" is very crooked and knobbly with little bays and inlets.

The land all round Sydney Harbour is hilly and well wooded, and the city of Sydney itself is built on many hills, and fingers of water jut into it in many places, so that the people often have to cross in ferry-boats from one street to another.

As we steam up the wide deep "wrist" of the harbour we pass beneath the very newest wonder of the world, the great Sydney Harbour Bridge. Four railway lines cross this bridge, and also a roadway large enough for six vehicles to pass one another side by side : there are broad sidewalks for people, as well.

The main bridge is the largest archway ever made by man. It is all built of steel girders. The central span of the arch is 1,650 feet long. It is 170 feet above water level, so that the largest ocean liners can safely pass beneath it.

Let us for a moment think about the work that had to be done to plan and build that arch. If ever you have tried to build up a high tower with a pack of playing cards, you will know how difficult it is to lean things against one another so that they hold one another up.

When they made Sydney Bridge, they built up the two sides of the arch, one from each bank, and they held these

two sides up by wire ropes from the shores. When the two sides nearly met in the middle, the wire ropes were loosened slowly by machinery and the two sides were let down together until they *did* meet : when they met they held each other up. You can understand that it took a big staff of engineers many years to work out by arithmetic just how strong each side of the arch must be to bear the weight of the railways and the broad road so that the whole bridge would not tumble into the harbour like a badly built pack of cards. All this work was done in offices in London, where hundreds of drawings of each part of the bridge were prepared for the use of the workmen. Special steel from an English factory in Middlesbrough in England was made and sent out to Australia for the central span of the bridge ; and the whole work cost about £10,000,000.

As we steam beneath the bridge we crane our necks and look up at the marvellous steel arch above us, from which hangs the railway track with its trains crossing over like caterpillars, and the roadway with cars and carts and 'buses hurrying by like bees outside a beehive ; and we look down to our right and to our left and we see the two halves of the city of Sydney which the bridge is joining together.

Sydney, the oldest and the largest city of Australia, with more than a million people living in it, is spread all round us like hills and valleys of houses—for mile after mile the houses spread away until they are lost in the green wooded hills of the country.

Now, we are not going to look at Australia so closely as we looked at Canada, because in Chapter 2 we saw how the aborigines live, and we saw how white men have dug wells to the underground waters to turn the plains and deserts into sheep and cattle farms and fruit orchards, and that from the wealth gathered in this way from the soil, cities have sprung up round the coast.

But we did not look closely at how the civilized white people of Australia are held together in agreement of law for their own good. And we must do that now, because you

Dw

and I now know that the only way in which civilization is kept going, the only way by which men can keep on conquering nature and using the powers of the world to increase the good things in their lives, is by agreeing in law together.

To begin with there were six separate settlements in Australia, and each of these settlements grew up in time to become a State on its own with its parliament at the capital city.

On the east, from north to south, were the States of Queensland, New South Wales and Victoria : the Great Dividing Range of mountains¹ ran down through these States, and on the coast side of the mountains men made fruit farms, dairy farms and plantations of sugar, cotton, tobacco and other things : on the west side of the mountains, where the inland plains rolled away towards the hot heart of Australia, they kept millions upon millions of sheep, and in this way Australia became the greatest place in all the world for the production of wool for our clothes. They kept cattle also, especially in the north of Queensland.

The next State was the island State of Tasmania cut off from the continent by the Bass Strait. Tasmania, called " the Garden of Australia " because of its beautiful mountains and forests, became a great place for fruit-growing, especially apples, and for timber from its forests.

Then, on the mainland west of Victoria, was South Australia, which was largely a bare desert except for a very rich corner in the east where the Murray River flows : this corner became a great wheatfield when men carried canals from the river into the land and sank wells to the underground water.

And far, far beyond the desert, right on the other side of the continent, grew up the State of Western Australia,

¹ In New South Wales this range is called the Blue Mountains because in this part the strange eucalypt or gum trees on the mountain slopes send off a blue mist that floats beautifully across the mountains.

which became rich in the "Gold Rush" days when lumps of the precious yellow metal were found lying in the open for anybody to pick up.

It was only in 1901, little over thirty years ago, that all these States, with their separate parliaments at their capitals, agreed to come together and call themselves the Commonwealth of Australia ; and it was only six years ago that the new capital city of Canberra was opened (1927) to be the home of the parliament and government of Australia.

It is a pity in some ways that this agreement has come so late in the day, because when separate Governments have made laws about things for one country, it is difficult to get one big new law working for them all. Take the railways of Australia, for instance : until the Commonwealth was formed the people of each State had their own railways ; and it so happened that each State chose a different gauge for its railway lines—in some States the lines were further apart than they were in other States, and so they had wider and bigger railway carriages and engines in one State than they had in another. Because of this, the railway carriages and engines in one State would not fit on to the lines of the next State, and so there could be no "through" trains, and if you travelled by railway from one State to the next, you had to change trains.

And you still have to keep on changing trains if you travel through Australia, because the lines are different sizes (or gauges) in different States. This is a serious matter, for not only do passengers have to change trains, but goods have to change trains, too. The millions of bales of wool coming from the sheep-farms to the markets have to be unloaded out of their trains and loaded up into other trains at the borders of the different States. What a lot of delay this means ! And how much it costs, too !

When you think that the same change-over has to be done to the wheat and fruit and meat and animal-skins, to the silver from Broken Hill mine¹ and the gold from

¹ Broken Hill, in Victoria, is the greatest silver-mine in the world.

Western Australia,¹ you can see what a pity it was that the Australians did not get together in agreement of law before they built all their railways.

One of the problems which is going to be thought out by the new Commonwealth Government at Canberra is how to get lines of the same size laid all over Australia at the least expense and bother and without making too many carriages and engines useless : they are going to do it : they always get things done in Australia ; and if they came together late we must not blame them, for Australia was the last big place in the world to be colonized. Only a hundred years ago there was hardly a sign of civilization in all that great land ; and it was only during the war, in 1917, that the railway across the desert was completed—that marvellous line that links up Western Australia with Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland. To build that track was as great a feat as to build the Canadian railways through the Rockies.

There are many things which make Australia rather like Canada. Of course, they are different in some things—Canada is a cold country, while in the heart of Australia the sun is so hot it bursts the rocks, and in the north the country runs close to the burning Equator. Canada, too, is thickly covered by a tremendous forest, and Australia, on the whole, is rather empty of trees—which does not mean there are no forests in Australia : down in Victoria are miles of forest : Tasmania, too, is thick with trees, and up in the north of Queensland the palm tree forests and tropical jungles begin : all along the Great Dividing Range are belts of eucalypt trees ; and in the west are miles of jarrah trees, trees which produce very hard wood which is sent away to pave the streets of London and to make railway sleepers in all parts of the world ; and then much of the open country of Australia is studded with little shrubs and scrubby trees

¹ The best gold-mines are in Western Australia, beneath the desert. Out in the desert beside the mines, towns and cities have sprung up. Because there is no natural water for these places, pipes have been laid for 788 miles to carry water to twenty-six towns—a wonderful feat of engineering.

which have given the name "the Bush" to the more wild parts of this land. Oh, ycs, there are plenty of trees really ; but for thousands of miles in Australia trees and shrubs are spread out so far apart on poor sandy soil that, compared with a country like Canada, the land is very empty of trees.

Australia is just a bit smaller than Canada, and almost the same size as the United States of America.¹ Like Canada, it is a very empty land : in the whole continent there are only about as many people as are to be found in the city of New York (about six and a half million). It is said that fifty million people could live in comfort in Queensland alone ; but to-day not so many as one million live there. All through Australia miles upon miles of country are glowing in the sun and blowing in the wind, waiting for people to come and live on them.

One day people will come to live on them : one day they will come and dig wells and plough and plant : then railways will thunder back and forth, where all is now silent nature : then telegraph lines will hum, between new cities and towns and villages, and the empty lands of Australia will be filled with the busy noise and movements of millions of men.

The Australians themselves believe their huge country will in time get full up, which is why they are building their beautiful new capital at Canberra.

Now, Australia, like Canada, is a federation : which means the six States have kept their own parliaments and governments for their own affairs ; but as time goes on and Australia fills up with men the power of the Government at Canberra will grow, because then the whole huge continent will grow more closely into one.

In days to come even the wide wild Northern Territories will become civilized. The Northern Territories are not a State on their own, but are ruled from Canberra : they are the chief home of the poor vanishing aborigines, and much of them are quite unexplored by white men. But several

¹ Australia from east to west is 2,400 miles : from north to south it is 1,970 miles.

fairly big towns, like Port Darwin, have grown up in the north ; and at places all along the north coast pearl fishing is carried on.

The Government of the Commonwealth of Australia also rules a few South Sea islands.

CHAPTER 13 : THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND

A FEW MILES away from where you are sitting just now there are places to which no man has ever been.

Professor Piccard has flown up into the stratosphere, eleven miles or so above your head ; but beyond that is the intense cold of space where the mysterious " cosmic rays " are believed to flow through the unknown " ether."

Less than fifty miles under your feet the solid crust of the earth begins to melt away into a moving mass which becomes molten and boiling the nearer it is to the centre : at the centre, or core, of the earth, is a liquid or gassy mass.

Nobody knows what the hot heart of the earth is like. We know it is *not* like the wonderful places imagined by Jules Verne in his story called *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth*.

We know that inside the earth is mighty energy. When some volcano erupts and blows out a blast of molten rocks, or lava, we gain some small idea of the forces which lie bottled up under our feet.

As a matter of fact, it is not right to talk about the " solid crust of the earth." What we walk on is solid enough for us, I'm glad to say ; but all the while it keeps moving slowly about, sinking here, rising there. A scientist was telling us the other day that the Bank of England rises up and sinks down when the tide comes in and goes out : and so we see that the " crust " of the earth is not unlike a sort of elastic.

There are parts of the world where these movements of the earth are much quicker than they are in England. In New Zealand these earth-movements are often quick enough

for men to notice them. Sometimes they are far too quick to be comfortable ! New Zealand is in one of the " earthquake zones " ; and you know what terrible things earthquakes can be.

In the year 1855 people living in the North Island of New Zealand went to bed as usual one night ; and when they woke up in the morning they found that all that part of the land on which they lived had been lifted up five feet farther in the air. The beach beside them, on which the waves of the sea had broken the night before, had become a promenade five feet above the highest tide. Nobody seems to have noticed this sudden lifting up of that part of the crust of the earth, and no damage seems to have been done ; and the lifted-up beach was found to be a very good place on which to build a railway and a motor road.

Earthquakes are not usually so kind and helpful. Mostly they are disasters. In the memory of thousands of people now living in New Zealand great spaces of country have been changed, hills have tumbled down, new hills have appeared, cliffs and lakes have come and gone. Sometimes one of the steaming volcanoes of New Zealand will blow up with a shattering roar and fall upon a town or village, burying the people alive. Or there may be a swift and terrible earthquake when the earth splits open as if cut by a giant knife, and herds of cattle or flocks of sheep may fall into the gaping gash. At such times roads and railways will be smashed, bridges will be destroyed and houses will come tumbling down on their inhabitants.

A recent earthquake was that in February 1931 when the two towns of Napier and Hastings, in the North Island, were shaken to pieces, more than a hundred people being buried under their ruined homes. Another earthquake happened in September 1932 when cliffs and hills fell over and cattle and sheep were swallowed up, though no man was hurt.

Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes are not quite the same things, though they are both caused by the burning fiery furnace inside the earth. In a way, the earth may be

likened to an engine boiler, and volcanoes can be called safety valves which blow off when the pressure of heat inside becomes too great. Sometimes the pressure inside cracks the boiler, which causes those earthquake splits, and sometimes some parts of it are bulged out and other parts are sucked in, which causes the true earthquake movements.

In New Zealand even when there is no volcano in eruption you can have a good look at little model volcanoes at work—toy volcanoes, as it were. In the "Hot Springs" region in the North Island are many thousands of geysers. Geysers are really miniature volcanoes which blow out fountains of boiling water and steam instead of masses of molten rock.

In the "Hot Springs" region, from amid lovely pine trees and groups of soft green ferns, there suddenly shoot up mighty fountains of boiling water, which reach hundreds of feet high at times, and then fall back as scalding spray. You can walk past hundreds of pools of boiling mud (the "porridge pots" they are called) and by steaming hot lakes which sometimes shiver and bubble as the geysers underneath them erupt with fierce blasts of steam.

In this region people are usually well-behaved, and obey such notices as "Keep to the Path." Holes are pointed out where disobedient tourists have dropped through into the steaming hollows beneath.

The boiling pools are used by the Maori people, the natives of New Zealand, for cooking their meals and washing their clothes; and in the pools which are not too warm they take their hot baths as comfortably as if they had water laid on in their homes.

The Maoris are strange people. They are rather dark-skinned, though by no means black; and when Europeans first discovered New Zealand, the Maoris lived a mixture of savage and civilized life. The Maoris were cannibals, they were fierce fighters among themselves, they had no writing, they had never cultivated the soil nor mined for metals, and they had only made a few rough tools; but

they had high ideals of chivalry and honour ; they carved their houses and tools beautifully, and in wonderful sagas or poems they told by word of mouth the history of their people for a thousand years. When the white folk came to New Zealand they found that the Maoris were a strong, brave, intelligent people ; and to-day Maoris mix with the white people in a way that the aborigines of Australia and the Indians of Canada cannot do. Maori children go to school with white children (and carry off many of the prizes) and the Maoris vote for Maori members of Parliament who sit with the white men to make laws for New Zealand.

This is not very surprising, because it seems pretty certain that the Maoris are of the same race as ourselves : which means that long ages ago their ancestors were our ancestors, and so they are very distant relatives of ours.¹

New Zealand is not a large empty land like Canada and Australia. It is a couple of islands each about as big as England and Wales comfortably filled with a little more than a million people. The South Island is the smaller of the two, and there is a narrow strait of water, Cook Strait, between them. The two islands together are about as large as the State of Colorado.

Here the British people have built up another Dominion, with the raising of sheep and the export of wool and mutton as the chief business. The growing of wheat and flax, and mining for coal, and for gold and other minerals are also carried on.

The capital city is Wellington, on Cook Strait, on the south coast of the North Island. Wellington harbour is so deep that the largest ocean liners can tie up beside the streets. It is large enough to hold all the fleets of all the navies of the world. At Wellington are the beautiful marble parliament buildings.

The oldest and largest city in New Zealand is Auckland

¹ This is not quite certain, but some scientists have shown reasons for believing the Maoris to belong to the Aryan race, which is the race to which we belong.

up in the north of North Island. Auckland has been called "The Queen City of the North" because of its beautiful surroundings and its wonderful climate: they have no Winter in Auckland, and the people can bathe in the clear blue sea from lovely white-sand beaches all the year round.

Yet the South Island is really the most beautiful part of New Zealand, and it is on the long level lands on the east of this island that most of the sheep in New Zealand are reared. These level lands are called the Canterbury Plains, and "Canterbury Lamb" is a famous meat throughout the British Empire. You can tell that sheep-raising is a good business here from one fact alone: the town of Canterbury on the plains boasts that more people living there have motor-cars of their own than is the case in any other town in the world, except the town of Detroit in the U.S.A., where Mr. Henry Ford has his factories.

On the western side of the Canterbury Plains rise up one of the most beautiful mountain ranges on earth, the "Southern Alps," on which the snow lies ever, and from which streams rush down to the plains and give the sheep plenty of water.

The name Canterbury, of course, is taken from the ancient city in Kent, in England, to which the pilgrims of Chaucer's day used to travel; and a great number of places in New Zealand are, in some way, called after cities, towns and villages in England. Some of the scenery in New Zealand, too, rather resembles the English countryside, and New Zealand has been called the "Britain of the South."

It is queer, in New Zealand, on the other side of the earth, to enter the parliament house, and find it so much the same as that at Westminster. We go into the parliament house in Wellington and look around us, and "we rub our eyes, we pinch ourselves. Is this in fact New Zealand? Are we quite sure? On our right Mr. Speaker reclines in chair in wig and gown, the Government on his right the Opposition on his left. Above are the public galleries." The only real difference we can see is that the house is shaped like a horseshoe with the members' seats spread in

a crescent round the Speaker, whereas we remember at Westminster the benches ran down both sides and Government and Opposition faced each other squarely. There is, of course, an "Upper Chamber," like the "House of Lords" at Westminster; and here we see the scarlet benches on which the "Lords" sit in majesty to keep an eye on the law-making from the "Lower Chamber."

Yes, the parliaments of all the Dominions differ very little from one another and not so very much from the "Mother of Parliaments" at Westminster.

CHAPTER 14: THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA¹

OUR SHIP steams across the rippling blue waters of Table Bay. We look over the side at the city of Cape Town which nestles beneath a great wall of rock that stands up, 4,000 feet high. This wall is called Table Mountain because its top is flat. Often white clouds hang all along the top of this mountain, looking like a table cloth spread for a meal.

Then we land, and walk along the streets of Cape Town. We meet masses of black people, and white Dutchmen and Englishmen, and brown folk from India, and yellow people from the Far East. For a time it seems to us as if an earthquake had tipped the people of many lands into this one city.

But it was not an earthquake. At first—500 years or so ago—there were only fuzzy-headed Bushmen living in caves and rude shelters, and dark Hottentots tending herds of sheep on the plains above Table Mountain, and millions of wild animals roaming at will over the land.

Coming down from the north was another race of black men, tall, strong, warlike Kaffirs. And about that time Dutch sailors had found how to sail round the Cape of Good Hope to India.

The Dutchmen landed at the Cape and made a kitchen-garden there to supply their vessels with fresh fruit and vegetables on the long voyage to India.

That kitchen-garden has grown into the city of Cape Town : it happened like this :

The restless Dutch people soon spread themselves over the inside of South Africa, fighting the Kaffirs and setting up farms. The Britishers followed later on and did the same

¹ See sketch-map in Chapter 19.

thing. These white people, living perilous lives in a land of black men, had to get together in agreements of law ; and in course of time there grew up four States run by white men in South Africa—two Dutch States called *Transvaal* and *Orange Free State* ; and two British States called *Natal* and *Cape Colony* : Cape Town became the capital of Cape Colony.

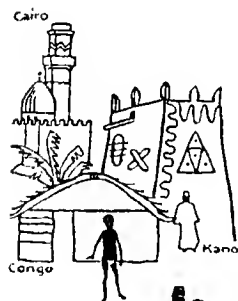
The soil of Natal proved to be the best for cultivation and the white people began plantations for sugar, coffee, cotton and other things ; and they tried to get the conquered black Kaffirs to work for them. But the Kaffirs did not understand civilization : they had their own ways of thought and life, and they preferred living in kraals to living in white men's towns and working on plantations.

A kraal is a village of huts surrounded by a stockade. Each kraal is like a little State on its own. It is under a black chief who rules and judges his villagers for their own good. The people of a kraal claim to own the land round, on which they feed their cattle and which they will defend against the warriors of another kraal or against any invaders. It was these kraal warriors who fought the first Dutch and British farmers.

For countless ages the black people had lived in the kraals, having their own simple but fine code of honour, sometimes going to war, the kraals of one tribe joining against the kraals of another tribe, but for the most part happy to dance to the beat of their tom-toms and lead a quiet and lazy life.

They did not understand the busy white man's ways. " Why grow more sugar and coffee and cotton and fruit than you want for yourself ? " they asked. The idea of trade beyond the seas was too strange for them. They had never seen a tramp ship. But without masses of men to work on the plantations Natal could not be colonized. (You remember the word " colonize " means " to cultivate the soil.")

So somebody thought it would be a good thing to get some brown workmen over from India ; and after writing



Tristan da
Cunha

Atlantic
Ocean

600 Miles

AFRICA

Pop over 143 million
13 to sq. mile
Inclu Madagascar 11,520,000 sq.m.

This is the
proportion of
white, yellow &
black races in
the world

Black men fail to
make riches for the
white man who
directs them.
The white man
would fall from his
position of power &
wealth if the black
men refused to
work for him

Cowle

to the British Government in England, and to the Government of India, the white men arranged for batches of Indians to come over and work on the plantations.

The first boatload of Indian workmen crossed the Indian Ocean in 1860, and ten years later ten thousand Indians were living in Natal.

Now, instead of not working well enough, like the Kaffirs, the Indians worked *too well* ! They worked so well that they made farms of their own, they set up shops and businesses of their own, and they even began to drive white men out of business.

They were able to do this because most of them were *low-caste* people who were used to poor ways of living.¹ Because they were used to poor ways of living the white men could pay them small wages ; and you can see that on plantations on which thousands of men are employed, the white business men who ran the plantations could make bigger profits by paying small wages to Indians than they could do if they had to pay bigger wages to white men.

This seemed to the white men to be very good business on their part ; but there was one thing they did not see ; and that was that the Indian workers, even though paid such small wages, could begin to save money and in the end set up in businesses on their own. Many of those Indians were used to living on one meal of rice a day, and because they could live in such a poor manner they became rivals to the white man in trade : spending less money they could save more, and could build up businesses, like farms and shops. In their farms and shops the Indians could sell goods more cheaply than the white men could do in *their* farms and shops, because the Indians needed to make less profits on which to live.

In this way the Indians in Natal began to drive white men out of business.

" We must put a stop to this," the white men said, " for this is too much of a good thing."

But the numbers of Indians in Natal went on growing

¹ For the Indian caste system, see Chapter 16.

until there were more than one hundred and fifty thousand of them.

"What are we to do about it?" the white men said angrily.

Before we see what was done about it, let us look at a wonderful thing that happened some hundreds of miles further east, beyond the borders of Orange Free State.

There, one day, "a pebble was picked up beside the Vaal River, and from all the ends of the earth men came to what had seemed merely a barren waste, and built up the diamond industry, and South Africa became—and still remains—the biggest producer of diamonds in the world."¹

"Diamonds!"—you cannot say the word without thinking of the sparkle of them! With what eagerness men crowded into the town of Kimberley that quickly was built beside the diamond fields. How feverishly they dug the biggest hole in the world until they brought up piles and piles of the gleaming treasures from the dark heart of the earth.

There were yet bigger things in store for South Africa. In 1866 gold was found on a bare windswept rocky ridge called by the Dutch, Witwatersrand ("White Water Ridge"—now called simply "the Rand"). A "Gold Rush" began, and on the wild hills sprang up a city, Johannesburg, and the whole country came to life.

Railways and roads were built, catching closer together the far-apart farms of Dutchmen and Britishers, and civilization spread thick and fast because of the riches of the Rand.

At first the mine owners had the same trouble with native workers as the planters of Natal had had; and they got in yellow workmen from the Far East; but in the end they found African natives who were willing to work, and to-day, slowly but surely, the black people are learning the ways of the white.

To-day if you go to Johannesburg you can see the heart of South Africa beating.

¹ J. H. Hofmeyr, *South Africa*, p. 234.

On top is the city—a lively city, crammed full of people of all conditions and of many races. You can see miles of pretty villas with fair gardens, and hundreds of white men's cars speeding along good roads. You can see a race-course and golf-courses, theatres, cinemas, streets of brilliant shops. (The names of the streets tell you where the wealth of the city comes from : such as "Gold Street," "Nugget Street," "Quartz Street.") Banks, hospitals, schools, churches—all the towering walls and roofs and spires of our civilization rise on the rocky hillside called the Rand.

. . . And underneath the ground, far, far below, a mile down at least, is a maze of dark caves and passages in which are "hundreds of thousands of half-naked savages, grunting as they work and work, who have been recruited by agents from far-away kraals. They are hammering holes into the rock for dynamite charges, their black bodies glistening with sweat along corridors a mile, two miles, long. Water is dripping everywhere in the mine, naturally or artificially, that it may wash down the mine-dust."¹

That is what South Africa is like !—white men on top, black men beneath. At Johannesburg the black miners dig up half the gold in the world—£40,000,000 worth every year.

Not only in the gold mines and diamond mines are the Kaffirs now working for their white masters—you can see them toiling in the plantations, in the factories that throb in every city ; they are cleaning the city streets, hurrying to and fro as porters and messengers, working as servants in the white men's homes. . . .

Now please will you sit back in your chair for a moment ? Will you close your eyes and think what we have seen of South Africa ?

Think of the black natives working for the white men, so that to-day all the white men's wealth depends on the black men's labour.

Think of the Indians brought into Natal and working their way up to be the rivals of the white men.

¹ Sarah Gertrude Millin, *The South Africans*, p. 76.

And lastly remember that there are two kinds of white men in South Africa—Dutch and British.

We have now got to look a little more closely at these three things, one by one, and see the trouble each thing has led to, and the problems that remain to-day.

First let us look at the two kinds of white men.

Sometimes Dutchmen and Britishers got on well together ; but there were always Dutchmen who hated to have Britishers in South Africa. And there were Britishers who wanted to make all South Africa into a part of the British Empire : that was the ideal of that great leader of men, Cecil Rhodes.¹

Cecil Rhodes wanted Dutch and British to work happily together without harm or injustice on either side ; but in the end war broke out between them. The South African War lasted three years, from 1899–1902, and was won by the British. In 1908 all four parts of South Africa joined up as the *Union of South Africa*, with a parliament at Cape Town.

Nowadays the four old States are become provinces of the one big State. The Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Natal and Cape Province still have their own parliaments for their own inside affairs ; but the *Union Parliament* at Cape Town has the supreme power.

The Union Parliament, like the British Parliament, has two “ houses.” The “ upper ” house is called the *Senate*, and the lower one the *House of Assembly*. There is also a Governor-General who stands—like the Governors-General of Canada, Australia and New Zealand—for the King.

We have no room here to look at the ways of voting and law-making and governing in South Africa.² We can only look at the big, odd, awkward problem that makes life rather difficult for South Africans to-day.

¹ Cecil John Rhodes (born 1853, died 1902) made a fortune out of the gold and diamond mines. He was Prime Minister of the old Cape Colony from 1890 to 1896.

² The Union Parliament at Cape Town makes the laws ; but the Civil Service which carries them out works at Pretoria, the capital of Transvaal.

The Dutch and the British still speak different languages. The Dutch children go to Dutch schools (where English is badly taught) and the English children go to English schools (where often Dutch is not taught at all).¹

So you see in South Africa to-day a great number of white people cannot talk to one another ; and this makes it difficult for them to come to agreements of law for their own good. There is a "feeling" between them. You know the sort of thing. Haven't you ever called anyone "Frenchie !" or "Dago !" or something rude like that ? Haven't you ever felt you didn't like Armenians and Greeks ? If so, you know the feeling that sometimes stirs in the hearts of some Dutchmen and some Britishers when they look at one another in South Africa.

There's not much sense in this kind of thing ; but we have to mention it here because it is a very important thing in the world. Scientists have tried to find out what "race hatred" is ; but no one can tell. We only know people of different races and nations find it very, very difficult to love one another, or even to trust one another enough to work in peace together. People of different races and nations are jealous of their own languages and customs, and cannot help working to bring their own ways of life on top.

The "feeling" between Dutch and British is not so strong as the "feeling" between white men and coloured men in South Africa.

You remember there was good reason for the white men not liking the Indians. In Natal, Indians were working their way up to the top and hurting the trade of the white men. Strong laws were then made against the Indians, to make life difficult for them : as, for instance, the law which forbade Indians to own land or houses. The white folk did everything to stop Indian prosperity and to make life hard for the brown people.

¹ The language spoken by the Dutch in South Africa is not the same as is spoken in Holland. The South African "Dutch" language is called *Afrikaans*, and the Dutch people there are properly called *Afrikaners*.

One day a short ugly Indian with small eyes and big ears landed at Durban, the great port of Natal. He started to walk along the footpath when he was knocked into the road by a white man, who told him angrily that Indians were not allowed on the sidewalks, but must go among the traffic.

The little man was surprised and hurt, because he was a most respectable Indian in his own land. He was the son of the Prime Minister of a small Indian State. He was well educated. He had been to England to study for the law, and he was proud of his English airs and graces. He had come to South Africa on business, to argue a case at law.

His name was Mohandas Karamchand *Gandhi*, and he was really a strange character. He was always striving to live up to very high ideals, such as never to tell a lie ; and when the white man knocked him down in Durban, he tried not to be angry. He had to go on business to Pretoria, the capital of Transvaal ; so he bought a first class railway ticket and he got into a first class carriage. Just then the guard came along and told him Indians were not allowed in the first class.

As Gandhi had paid for his ticket, he stayed in his seat. At that, the guard caught hold of him, dragged him out on to the platform and threw his luggage out after him. Gandhi had to spend the night in the waiting-room and travel in a van by another train next day.

Gandhi tried not to be angry, but when, as weeks went by, he saw how unjustly and shamefully all the Indians were being treated in South Africa, he resolved to band the Indians together and become their leader in a fight for their rights.

Gandhi saw that the wealth of Natal was due to the work of the Indians, and it seemed to him as if the white people were not letting the brown people enjoy the fruits of their labour. So he led the Indians to disobey the unjust laws and he and thousands of his fellow-Indians were locked up in gaol.

Still Gandhi tried not to be angry ; and in gaol in

Johannesburg he made a pair of bedroom slippers for the leader of their enemies, General Jan Christiaan Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union Parliament. In prison Gandhi also read Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and it seemed to him that it was wrong to fight your enemies, but that the way to victory against them was to win them over to your side by bearing no malice against them, but by refusing to do what they wished if it was wrong.

Gandhi at length won General Smuts over to his side, and the unjust laws were done away with. Gandhi returned to India in triumph.

But to-day the Indians in South Africa suffer under laws as strict as those done away with by Gandhi and General Smuts. This is not because the white people hate the black people ; but all over South Africa the whites are still struggling to set up their civilization in what is yet largely a savage land.

The brown Indians are not the main problem. The big difficulty is with the black Kaffirs. There are three times as many black Kaffirs in South Africa as there are white people. It is feared by some that the whites will be "drowned in a black flood."

Since the days of David Livingstone, Christian missionaries have set up schools to educate the African natives, but out of every hundred Kaffirs only twelve can read and write to-day. Like the Indians of Natal, the Kaffirs throughout the Union of South Africa live simpler, poorer lives than the whites, and they are paid cheaper wages. A white workman is paid about £1 a day ; a black workman gets £1 a week ; and so white farmers and factory owners and mine owners and traders employ black men, because it is cheaper. In this way, white men often cannot get work, and there is a class called "poor whites" who drift about like tramps or hobos because black men are doing *their* work.

White men cannot get jobs as road menders, street cleaners, porters or anything like that because all such jobs are done by cheap black labour.

And black men cannot get big important jobs because all the big important jobs are given to white men : this, too, is often rather sad, because black men can be educated, they can become clever and cultured : when they do, the white men do not want them. If you will think about this for a minute, you will see that the white men must put themselves in the big important jobs because it is *their* civilization which is being set up in South Africa.

There does not seem ever to have been a black men's civilization ; but the white men's civilization has begun to help the black men in many ways. If most Kaffirs are still rather like savages, civilization is spreading all about them.

They no longer go to war among themselves ; and mines are better than battlefields. Cities are better than kraals,¹ and there the black men live amid greater abundance than ever they knew before.

A great black man, Doctor Kivegyir Aggrey, of the Fanti tribe of Negroes, has likened the white people and the black people in Africa to the white notes and black notes on a piano, and he says that in the same way as the black and white notes play together in harmony so must black and white men work together, to make up the civilization of Africa.

For civilization *is* growing in Africa ! The white men came for gold, diamonds, ivory and the other riches of Africa : they are now cultivating the soil for rubber, coffee, sugar, cotton, grape-vines (for wine), and so many of the things which our big, greedy cities in America and Britain eat, drink and wear day by day. White men will cultivate more and more of Africa—for soon the gold mines and diamond mines will be empty : it is said that in fifty years there will be no more gold left. Then the wealth of South Africa must come from the plantations and factories.

Now there is trouble between Kaffirs and white men,

¹ Many Kaffirs still live in kraals and go to work in mines and plantations day by day. But every city has its " black quarter " where the city Kaffirs live ; and in some places—as at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State—" model " towns have been built for Kaffirs.

between white men and Indians, and between white Dutch and white British. One day the hope of Doctor Aggrey will come true and the colours of men will together make up the civilization of South Africa, in the same way as the black and white notes on a piano are played together to give tunes.

CHAPTER 15: THE BRITISH DOMINIONS

BLACK men and brown Indians are paid less wages than white workmen, because "coloured" men can live more cheaply than highly civilized "whites."

This is a most important fact in the world to-day ; and at this moment hundreds of millions of "coloured" workers are toiling for cheap wages in many lands, in order to benefit you and me.

"Every day, steamships and railway trains carry from Asia, Africa and the Islands, tea and rice, coffee, cocoa, jute and copper, gold, silver, rubber and petroleum, asbestos and tin, silk, linsced, paper-producing timber, palm oil and a thousand other products secured for the West by the hands of African, Asiatic and Island labour. Without these, not a newspaper could be printed, not an engine-wheel could turn, nor could any steamship leave port ; not a car or 'bus could have its tyres, its petrol or its oil ; no air-planes could fly ; not a telephone or wireless set could operate. Nor could we be washed or dressed or fed. Western civilization would crumble and rust."¹

Most of the goods obtained in this way would be a *great deal more expensive* if the black men, brown men and yellow men who obtain them for us could not be paid *more cheaply* than white workers have to be. In fact, if coloured labour were as expensive as white labour, you and I could not possibly afford half the things we now buy and use : that is to say, we could not afford them if businesses were run in the way that they are run to-day.

Yet although you may think this is a good thing for us, there sometimes arises the same sort of trouble as we have seen coming about in the Union of South Africa ; and we

¹ Basil Matthews, *The Clash of World Forces*, p. 118.

may expect that sort of trouble to happen more often in the future, if "coloured" men progress to our civilization and want more and more wages.

There are various ways in which Parliaments and Governments deal with troubles of this kind. We can see the sort of thing if we look back at Australia for a moment.

You remember that the Britishers in Australia have made plantations of sugar, cotton, tobacco and other things, on the east of the Great Dividing Range. These plantations were started with the help of natives from the South Sea Islands. These natives, called Kanakas, were coloured people; and they were paid cheaply by the plantation-owners; but when it was found that the Kanakas were keeping white men out of work and were beginning to make the same problems for Australia as those which now trouble South Africa, the Parliament said the Kanakas must be sent home and white men must be employed.¹

"White Australia!" was the cry that went up.

"But," said the plantation-owners, "if we employ white men our plantations will be so expensive to run we shall have to charge three or four times as much for our produce as we do now. That will be very serious especially in the case of sugar, which is grown on the biggest plantations of all. Very cheap sugar is imported, and when our sugar is expensive, our customers will not buy it: they will buy instead the cheaper sugar which comes from foreign lands where coloured people work on the plantations."

"We'll see to that," said the Parliament. "Send the Kanakas home."

So they sent the Kanakas back to the South Sea Islands, and engaged white men. Meanwhile, the Parliament passed a law saying no sugar was to come in to Australia from foreign parts, but Australians must only buy sugar grown on Australian plantations. Of course this sugar cost more in the shops than the foreign sugar had done; but nobody minded because it gave work to thousands of white

¹ This was the Parliament of Queensland, before the Commonwealth was formed.

Australians and built up the big sugar plantations you can now see working in Queensland and New South Wales.

Things like this are often being done by Parliaments. As a rule they do not *forbid* foreign goods to come in ; but they *tax* them. Nowadays every country in the world taxes a number of foreign goods in order that the factories, mines, farms or plantations at home shall produce goods for their own people. The list of foreign goods which are thus taxed is called a *Tariff* ; and the making and working of tariffs is called *Protection* : that means, protection of the plantations and factories of one land against the same sort of plantations and factories in other lands which may produce the same goods more cheaply.

There are many reasons why the same sort of goods may be produced more cheaply in one land than in another. It is not always because there are " coloured " workmen in one land and not in another. Among white people, too, the ordinary white labourers in one land may be paid much less than the ordinary white labourers in another land : this may be because everything is cheaper to buy and sell in one land than it is in another ; which again may be from many causes—perhaps one land has a richer soil, or cleverer business men, or a better Government than the other, or perhaps the mint of one country makes more money than the mint of another. At all such things we shall look more closely when we come to deal with international trade further on in this book.

At only one other reason for tariffs can we look just now. If we turn to Canada, we find that for a long time the factories in Ontario used to burn coal from coal mines in Pennsylvania in the United States. If you look at a map of North America you can see that Ontario and Pennsylvania are close together with only Lake Erie between them.

The coal of Canada lies in Nova Scotia in the east, and in Alberta in the west, thousands of miles away from the busy factories of Ontario. The cost of bringing this coal by train through the forest and across the prairies made it much more expensive than the coal of Pennsylvania brought

quickly across Lake Erie to Ontario ; so the Ontario factory-owners bought the coal of Pennsylvania.

But Mr. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada in 1931, brought out a tariff which taxed the coal of Pennsylvania to make it more expensive, and so to give the Canadian coal mines a chance of selling their coal in Ontario.

Let us for just one moment think about these tariffs and taxes, because they are important things in the world, and States carry on "Tariff Wars" against one another which may be as much a matter of life and death to thousands of people as a war carried on with guns and bombs.

For we have seen that the life of our civilization to-day is made by trade and commerce : if some big business breaks down, hundreds of men and women may be thrown out of work and left to tramp the roads begging for bread : hundreds of "shareholders" who live on the profits of the business may lose all their money ; they may have to sell up their homes and go hungry while they seek for jobs in great cities. We shall have to look time and again at the poor beggars of our civilization as we go on with our book ; but you can see that it is the task of the rulers of a State to keep up the wealth of all the people of their land.

Think of a modern State—any State. Think of its factories—vast buildings with countless windows through which comes the roar of machinery. Inside the factories are rows and rows of men and women toiling, toiling all day at the machines. Out of the factories day by day come long lines of goods which these workers have made—lines of motor cars, streams of furniture being carried away in lorries, endless chains of boxes filled with cigarettes, chocolates, knives, forks, spoons, china cups and ornaments, and never-ending processions of bundles of cloth for clothes, boxes of boots and food. . . .

Everything we use that is made by hand, or by machines, comes out of the factories : all these goods flow along the roads and rails to markets and shops, filling the shop windows and shop counters for us to buy—buy—buy ; and the money everybody pays in the shops goes back to keep the

factories going ; and all this making and buying and selling is the real wealth of States and Nations.

Now think of a number of States, all filled with factories. There are mighty masses of factories in hundreds of cities in every State to-day. All the factories of every State are trying to sell and sell and sell their goods in the world's markets. Many of these factories are making the same kinds of goods and are trying to sell them together in the same shops and markets.

What a struggle it is among them all to sell all their goods with profits ! Sometimes it seems as if the huge factory buildings in one State are the enemies of the huge factories in other States—the goods they send out against one another are almost like heavy shells hurled out of big guns in the hopes of blowing up foreign factories. The work and wealth of one nation are often fighting to hold their own against the work and wealth of another nation in the markets of the world.

And so please think of a Parliament—a group of men chosen by the people of a State to rule them.

“ Look out ! ” says some member of Parliament. “ Those foreign factories are sending goods into our shops and markets and our factories cannot sell *their* goods. Our people are being turned out of work. Our factories are stopping. We must stop foreign goods from coming in ! ”

“ Tax foreign goods ! ” cries another member of Parliament. “ Put 'em on the tariff ! ”

So they draw up a tariff saying every boot or knife or cigarette or chocolate from the foreign factories must pay so much to come into the country : that is to say, when the tramp steamers from abroad arrive, the Board of Trade officials will not let the goods they carry go out into the land until so much has been paid to the Government on each article.

In this way, if you think about it for a moment you will see, one country fights against another country to keep its own factories going. For instance, for a long time the United States of America has been growing into one of the greatest

manufacturing countries in the world : that is to say, it has begun to make more goods in factories than are made in the factories of any other land ; and the United States began to grow richer than any other land because it sold so many goods in markets and shops all over the world. Then, in order to get richer still, the United States parliament had tariffs to tax goods coming from British, German and other foreign factories.

This for a time made the United States richer than ever ; but it made several other countries poorer. It made Britain poorer. You remember at the end of Chapter 3 we watched the tramp ships steaming away from Britain packed with goods made in British factories. Now, the United States used to be one of Britain's biggest markets ; but when the United States tariff came in less and less of British goods were sold in the U.S.A. ; fewer and fewer British tramp ships sailed across to the United States ; and because of this many British factories were closed down and men and women were thrown out of work in Britain.

So the British Parliament made out a tariff against the U.S.A. and the goods of other foreign countries ; and a great cry went up in Britain : "*Buy British !*" And that was not all ; for, as you and I know, Britain *has* to sell her factory goods to foreign lands because she, like the U.S.A., is a *manufacturing country*. Britain, indeed, relies more upon her factories than the U.S.A. does upon her factories, because the little island of Britain has no vast forests and huge wheat prairies like the lands in America, from which she can feed her own people.

So Britishers decided they must try to get all the countries of their Empire together to trade more freely among themselves and less freely with foreign lands. A big meeting, or "Conference," was held at Ottawa in the Summer of 1932.

The rulers of all the Dominions of the British Empire met at Ottawa to talk about tariffs ; and they all said among themselves : "Let us have less and less tariffs between the countries of our Empire, and more and more

tariffs against foreign lands. In this way we can begin to make our factories and mines, our huge farms and forests, more wealthy, because the vast British Empire is a third of the world, and is a big enough market to give us nearly all the wealth we need."

So they tried to make bargains like this :

"Look here," said Canada to Britain, "look at my forest. It can give you all the wood you want. Stop buying wood from a foreign land like Russia and buy it all from us."

And Britain answered : "Well, you must stop buying lots of things from United States factories, and buy them from our British factories instead."

All the Dominions put forward the claims of their special lines of goods and Britain tried to make bargains for them to buy her manufactured goods in exchange ; and they did come to some agreements for making out tariffs against foreigners, and helping trade between the countries of the Empire.

And this is how matters are between the Dominions of the British Empire while I am writing this book. And this morning, when I was reading my newspaper, I learned that the people of the United States were beginning to be sorry they had made up such big tariffs against the goods of foreign lands. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, who was elected President of the United States in the Autumn of 1932, said that his country had taught the world an evil thing by making up such big tariffs. In taxing foreign goods, he said, they had only made foreigners tax United States goods, as tit for tat ; and the result was that less goods from United States factories were being sold abroad, and so factories were stopping work and hundreds of men and women in the U.S.A. were being turned out in the streets to beg for bread.¹

From all this we see that tariffs may be a good thing for a country so long as other countries do not make tariffs ; but when one country makes a tariff other countries have

¹ Franklin Roosevelt, in an election address at Sioux City, September 29th, 1932.

to do so, and in this way the good men hope to gain from tariffs, is lost. Later on, we shall look at tariffs again, but in the meantime it is really worth while understanding what we have said about them so far. They are difficult to see clearly, but very simple to understand when once we see what they are ; perhaps the best thing to do is to keep in mind the story of the Indian workers in Natal and know how they began to drive the white men out of work because of their cheaper ways of living. The whole trouble over tariffs is much the same as this : it is simply that one land can get a job done more cheaply than another, and so the other land has to *protect* itself by taxing the cheaper goods. Think about it for a moment, will you ?

In the next chapter we are going to see where those poor Indians came from : we are going to visit one of the strangest and most exciting lands on earth ; but before we go, let us take a backward look at the British Dominions we have visited—for India is not a Dominion : we have done with Dominions now.

Dominions, as we have seen, are really independent States who of their free will choose to call themselves part of the British Empire, and remain linked up, through Britain, with one another, forming a sort of " club," though not nearly so like a club as the United States of America, since the Government at Westminster has no real power over the Dominion Governments or the peoples living in the Dominions.

Many strange things hold the Dominions in the Empire—especially the fact that the grandfathers or great-grandfathers of most of the white men in the Dominions came from Britain. This is not, of course, the case with all the white men. Remember the French Canadians ; but the French Canadians are among those who most strongly wish Canada to remain part of the British Empire. If Canada were to break away from Britain the French Canadians feel they would begin to lose their special kind of French life in their quaint pretty French towns and villages in the forest ; for it is almost certain Canada would become a

part of the United States of America and no longer be a free land on her own.

If Australia were to break away from the Empire, she would be in danger of attack from Japan—for Japan is sometimes in a war-like mood, and Japan is very crowded and wants to find big new empty lands for her people to colonize in the same way as Britishers have colonized so many parts of the world. There are no big empty lands near Japan, except Australia ; but while Australia is a part of the Empire, the army and navy of the Empire are ready to defend her from any foe.

If South Africa were to cease to belong to the Empire she, too, might not be able to defend herself against some country like Germany, which wants colonies in Africa ; and then, too, she would not be able to feel the British army was there to help her if those millions of black Kaffirs should one day want to turn the white men out by force.

These are only a few reasons why the Dominions hold together in the Empire ; and in a world which is far too much divided up into foreign States, it is a very good thing that the Dominions should feel themselves at one together and with Britain.

CHAPTER 16 : INDIA

LET us once more imagine we can float up into the air, about half-way to the moon. This time we will not hover over London, or any great city. We will, to begin with, hang in the air over the Himalaya Mountains, the highest mountain range on earth.

The white peaks of the Himalayas stand like shining sentinels along the northern boundary of one of the most crowded lands on earth—vast India, the home of more than three hundred million people, a fifth of all the people in the world.¹

From the lonely snowfields of the Himalayas the great rivers of India spring—the Ganges, the Indus, the Brahmaputra. Let us float in the air down the course of the Ganges to gain some idea of what the land and people of India look like.

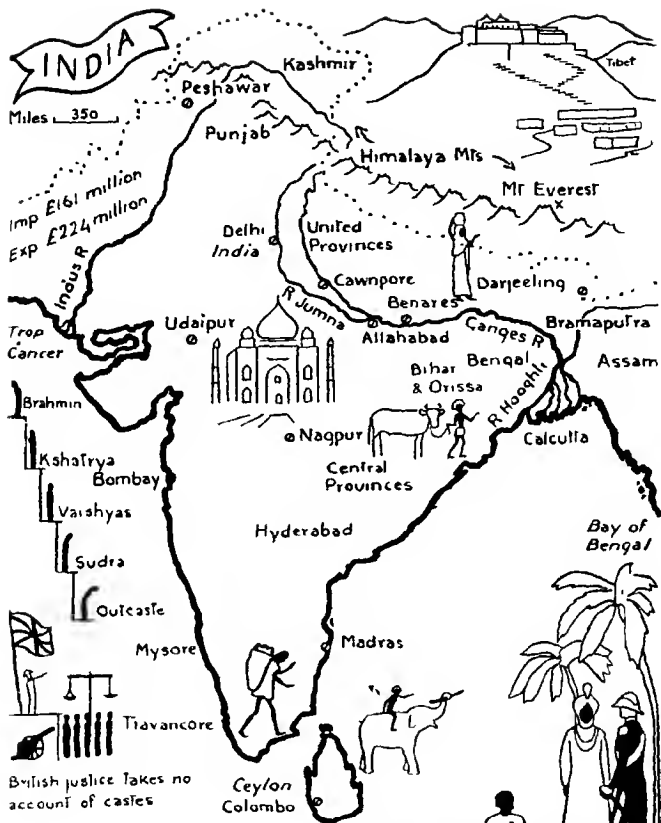
The Ganges begins in a snowfield, which lies between three Himalayan peaks, at a height of 22,000 feet above the level of the sea : it pours out of an ice-cave in a torrent which crashes down cliffs and gorges to the mountain forests of northern India.

Ancient temples and little hill villages dot the banks. Here and there are open valleys where men and women are working on the soil ; but for the most part oak trees and birches and pines cover all the wild and broken land as far as eye can see.

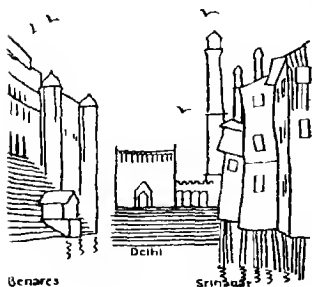
Soon the Ganges begins to swell out into a broad river. Stretches of jungle fringe the banks.

All over India are huge patches of jungle, unconquered by man. In some parts it is grass-jungle, where giant snakes slither through grass which grows as high as trees, and elephant-herds wander, and tigers, leopards and beasts of

¹ Population of India about 320,000,000.



British justice takes no account of castes



222 languages spoken
700 Indian States
903 women to 1000 men
150 million cattle

Do we realize if one commodify, fails how much the rest of the world is upset?



prey dwell, and hunt less ferocious creatures. In other parts it is tree-jungle, home of millions of riotous monkeys, and beasts, birds, reptiles and insects of many sorts.

Far in the heart of many of these jungles live tribes of savages. These tribes have lived their savage life since the beginning of history. They have gone on worshipping trees and stones and the forces of nature in ignorance of all the civilizations.

But it is civilized India that we want to see ; and the Ganges soon rolls out, a broad shining stream, into one of the most fertile valleys on earth—the great Plain of Hindustan. This plain is a thousand miles long, and for nearly all that distance the country on each side of the Ganges is cultivated by men.

Here on either bank we see *thousands* of villages surrounded by *hundreds of thousands* of fields in which wheat, barley, rice, potatoes and other crops are growing. And we see *many millions* of brown-skinned workpeople toiling in the fields in the heat of the Indian sun.

Almost from the first, too, we see the work of Britishers. All along the Ganges are parts where canals have been dug to carry some of the river water out to distant fields, in the same way as the water-pipes in a city carry water to our homes.

Seeds in the soil need water in order to make them grow ; and on the west of the Plain of Hindustan is a dry land through which flow many rivers : from these rivers a network of canals has been cut, and so the dry land has been made moist and fruitful.

The first town of any size that we come to on our journey down the Ganges is Cawnpore ; and from this town we see a most marvellous canal which stretches away from the Ganges into the Plain of Hindustan for more than 1,000 miles ; and all the way along that vast distance branch canals turn off carrying the life-giving waters into dry and distant parts of the plain.

These canals are the work of British engineers ; and in Cawnpore we see British civilization mingling with the

older ways of Indian life. We see British soldiers parading in their barracks, and Indian soldiers drilling in the service of the King of England.

In Cawnpore we see factories—leather factories, woollen factories and cotton mills—where Indians are working under British foremen for British business-men, much as do the factory-workers of Britain. In the leather factories the skins (hides) of the Indian cattle are made into boots and shoes and harness, and other goods like that.

From our high place up in the air we can see the Indian workers in the fields for miles around Cawnpore plucking cotton from the seeds in the growing plants, packing cotton threads into bundles and taking them to the cotton mills where rows of looms are weaving the threads into cloth.

India is the second greatest cotton-growing country in the world.¹

As we gaze down upon Cawnpore we see British trains puffing out across the plain. The locomotives and the rails and the carriages of those trains have been made in Britain in such steel and iron works as we looked at in Chapter 4. The tramp steamers have brought the railways from Britain, and British engineers have set them up across India. And look at the wooden sleepers which hold the railway lines together ! They are really logs of jarrah wood from Western Australia !² This makes us pause and think for a moment of the mighty ways of our civilization which draw the world's work and wealth together in one scheme.

Now look out across the Plain of Hindustan. What do we see except villages and fields, villages and fields, on and on and on ! There are said to be 500,000 villages in India. (Try to imagine five hundred thousand of anything : it is very hard to do ; but five hundred thousand *villages*—that's a big thought to hold in our mind.)

Most of the villages seem to be clusters of huts made

¹ The United States of America is the greatest of all cotton-growing lands.

² Jarrah wood is used because it is the only wood which the white ants of India cannot eat away and spoil.

roughly of mud and bamboo sticks ; to and from the villages which are not too far from the railway and the towns we see worn-out looking motor 'buses bumping over bad roads, filled with brown Indians whose cloaks and clothes stream out in the wind.

But far away in the distance are thousands of villages to which the motor 'buses cannot get. Numbers of these villages have no proper roads, and it would seem as if the people living in these places were cut off from the wide world almost as if they were living on desert islands.

If we swoop down from our airy perch for a moment and walk through the main street of one of these villages, we might think we were back in some time in history before men invented anything or had any culture.

We see many of the villagers sitting outside their homes, working or idling. Here we see an old woman pounding grain with pestle and mortar to make bread. There is a potter patiently turning his wheel : beside him stand rows of jars and bowls, his day's work, drying in the sun.

On the opposite side of the street are some old women spinning outside their home. They turn the spinning wheels by hand and are slowly making clothes for themselves and the other villagers. All these people sit in the shade afforded by the walls of their homes, for the sun is fiercely hot. The only persons who do not seem to mind the heat and the flies are those brown children romping and laughing in the middle of the road.

A party of women come up from the well with water-pots on their shoulders—for there are no water-pipes laid on in these villages !

And there are no street cleaners, either !—there seem to be rubbish dumps everywhere, and we wonder how these people can live with heaps of rubbish all round them.

We follow a bright, smiling brown girl into the little dark hut which is her home. She sets down her water-pot, and she and her mother start to scrub and clean as hard as they can. They don't allow dirt inside the home, however much there may be outside ! But what a bare home it is !

It has no furniture, not even a bed : the family sleep on mats on the floor. The hut is dark, too, as the Indian village homes have no proper windows.

How can they be happy in such a home, you ask ? Well, for one thing, they have known nothing better ; and for another thing, they spend most of their time out of doors—at any rate, in the dry season. The home is just a bedroom, really, and a store to keep what few belongings the family has.

They are very poor. The greater number of Indian villagers are poorer than anybody else on earth. Those who are employed by others as workers in the fields rarely earn more than fourpence a day. About five cents in American money is said to be the average daily earnings of India's millions.

Even those Indians who have their own small fields and work for themselves, not being employed by others, are wretchedly poor. The wealthiest man in most villages is the money-lender. Every village has its money-lender, and most of the Indian country-folk are in debt to the money-lender nearly all their lives. Every week or so they have to borrow a shilling or two to buy such things as rice and bread and potatoes and clothes. They pay back as much as they can *with interest* when their fields yield the harvest or when their cow has calves which they can sell in the market ; but it seems that never, never, never can they quite pay back everything.

The country markets of India are often held far from the villages, at a place where the people from many villages can come together to exchange goods and news. Such markets, held generally once a week, are days of excitement and gaiety. From all the villages the people will come in, mostly on foot, carrying heavy bags and baskets, but some in rough carts drawn by their cattle, and some of the luckier ones on elephants. In India, elephants are the greatest friends of man, and when a family can afford to buy one, the huge creature becomes the pet and treasure of them all.

The Indian elephant is one of the most intelligent animals on earth. He can learn more than one hundred words of

command, so that you can talk to him almost as you can talk to a man. He becomes gentle and affectionate if he is treated well, and there seems nothing he cannot do, from pushing down trees and carrying the logs wherever they are wanted, to carrying a whole family to market. All over India he will be seen, doing humble heavy tasks for the poor peasants, and parading proudly through the palaces of princes.

But before we look at the glory of the Indian princes, let us finish our walk through the village.

We next see some men coming in from work in the fields. The men wear only a loin-cloth round their thin bodies, and a turban or cloth on their heads to protect them from the sun. They look as if they had never had a square meal in their lives—and that may be true : there are actually thousands, and perhaps millions, in India, who never get enough to eat. Because of this they have not the strength to work very hard and so improve their lot, as the Indians who went to Natal have done.

They are very ignorant, too. Out of every hundred men in India you will not find seven who can write a letter to a friend. Only six in every thousand Indian women can read and write. There are countless villages in India where not one man or woman can read or write. There are thousands of villages without a school.

You may think, how dull these people's lives must be ! It would seem that they have little to think about except the weather and the crops and the cattle. In these places far from the canals they live in fear of drought and flood : when it does not rain their crops will not come up, their cattle will find nothing to eat, and they will be like to starve. Sometimes the mighty Ganges, or the great River Indus, will burst its banks and come surging over their precious rice-fields and wheat-fields and potato-patches, and drown the life out of the seeds. Very often at such times the Indian peasants can only save their lives by getting into more debt with the money-lender, and buying food and goods brought from distant and happier parts.

Yet as we finish our walk through the village we find that the villagers look happy. It is only now and then that disasters fall upon them : as a rule life is quiet and pleasant with them, though the work is hard and comforts few. But as a matter of fact, they have more to think about than we know.

You and I have seen that everything has grown up out of the past. The Indian civilization is very, very old. Out of the past in India have come strange customs and thoughts and religions, and these customs and thoughts and religions fill a great deal of the people's lives.

We notice, as we stroll through the village, that nearly every man, woman and child has a little red mark painted on the forehead. This is the *caste mark*.

The word " caste " means much the same as the word " class " ; but the idea of caste in India is quite different from the idea of class in England and America. In Europe and America the great ideal is to bring all classes of people up to a high state of civilization and culture, so that there shall be no very poor and ignorant classes of people left at all.

But in India the people of one caste feel themselves to be quite cut off from the people of other castes. The idea of caste is so deadly serious that all Indians feel they must go through life with the mark of their caste painted on their face.

Far away and long ago there were four castes in India :

The Brahmins (priests and learned people).

The Kshatryas (warriors and knights).

The Vaishyas (merchants and farmers).

The Sudras (servants and slaves).

As time went on, hundreds of other castes were invented, so that the Indian people came to be separated into countless proud groups, all keeping themselves apart from one another, most of the groups or castes having special manners and customs of their own. In some cases, the people of one caste became like foreigners to the people of other castes.

Perhaps we can see how serious caste is in India if we keep our eyes open during our wandering down the little village street.

Yes ! Look how the people draw away from that old man who is coming up the hill ! Look how the women turn aside when they catch sight of him, and go indoors ! And no wonder ! For the old man *has no caste mark on his forehead*.

He does not belong to any caste at all ! He is an "untouchable," a low, despised creature. He is treated as if he had an infectious disease, as are all his kind. Let us go on to look at this old man's home.

We find his home right outside the village. It is a miserable hovel crouching in a ditch among other broken-down hovels belonging to "untouchables." Here we see the untouchables living in rags and poverty.

What have these poor people done to deserve such a fate ?

Nothing at all. It is only that they do not belong to a caste. They are therefore felt to be unclean things, and hardly human. In many parts of India, that patient and gentle animal, the cow, is held to be a sacred creature, and cows are allowed to wander freely through the streets of some cities, nibbling and pulling at dainties from the grocers' shops without let or hindrance. But woe betide the untouchable man or woman who by mistake touches a cabbage or brushes against the garment of a Brahmin !

Why is this idea of caste so strong and terrible a thing in the minds of Indians ? It is because caste is a part of the Hindu religion, which is believed in by 216 million Indians. But in the chapter after next we shall see that a wonderful thing is happening in India which perhaps will take this terrible curse of caste out of Indian life.

Now, as we turn away from the homes of the untouchables and enter the village by another way, we come to the Hindu temple. Every village in India has a shrine or temple. Some of the temples are very ancient and glorious. The one at which we are looking is the finest building in the village. It is made of stone—look at that high grave gateway at the top of the steps, with dancing elephants carved in

stone, and coiling stone snakes, and gambolling gods, and demons making faces at us. There is something solemn and jolly about it all.

Inside the temple it is more solemn than jolly—here are dim idols, and priests moving in the gloom. We feel we are in a different world. How strongly the Indian people believe in strange gods ! But all their gods are believed by them to be different parts played by the One Great God Brahmah, as a stage actor may play different parts in the theatre. It is this deep and stirring drama of *Hinduism* which gives to India its culture and habits of life.

The dull daily round of village life is broken and made exciting by the feasts and ceremonies of Hinduism, which come round every year, even as Easter and Christmas come round in our countries.

Hinduism is not the only religion in India ; but it is the strongest of all things in the life of the Indian people, and more than anything else, Hinduism holds together the millions upon millions who dwell in this great land. We have no time to look at the other religions of India, but we should know that next to Hinduism comes Muhammadanism, the religion of the fighting prophet of Arabia ; and 70 million Indians are believers in this religion.

The Muhammadans are called *Moslems* ; and the Moslem religion teaches its people to have no castes. In most parts of India, but especially in the north, we find Moslem churches, called mosques, standing beside Hindu temples. In the city of Delhi stands the largest mosque in the world, the "Jama Masjid," which means "Great Mosque" : this mosque is so huge that it looks like a mountain of stone, and generally all day long there is a sea of Moslem people sweeping in and out of it, coming and going about their worship and prayers.

But our business in this chapter is with the Ganges, and we must now fly down the river to the mouths. The Ganges has at last become a mighty stream sweeping like a glittering sword across the thousand-village Plain of Hindustan.

The Hindus of India think of the Ganges as being a

sacred river. When they are sad or old they leave their homes and tramp through the dust and heat to bathe in the broad cool Ganges. From all over India the people come, walking sometimes for hundreds of miles, because they believe the water of the Ganges will wash their sins and sorrows away, like a sort of baptism.

There are temples beside the Ganges, huge and beautiful temples with broad flights of steps leading down to the waters of the river. These steps are always thronged with people, going down to the stream and coming up from the sacred waters. The old people come here to die. The sick come to get well. The sorrowful come to be made happy.

Sacred cities are built beside the river. Allahabad, where the River Jumna joins the Ganges, and Benares, the ancient city where Buddha taught, are the most sacred cities in India. These two cities are always a throbbing mass of men and women from all over India. The narrow winding streets of these cities look like coloured snakes coiling and moving along, as the people pour back and forth to the Ganges.

The market places of Allahabad and Benares are always full of a dusty, shouting crowd of brown people dressed in all the colours of the rainbow. . . .

But if we go on, and leave behind us the thousands of little villages, and the great sacred cities and the temples, and if we float swiftly along for some hundreds of miles down the Ganges, we come in the end to something more like what we are used to at home—a vast modern city of brick and stone with factory chimneys belching out black smoke, great ocean liners and tramp ships at the quays, with a network of telephone and telegraph wires, railway trains and motor roads—the city of Calcutta.

Calcutta is the second biggest city in the British Empire, with 1,300,000 inhabitants.

But we shall look at British India a little further on. Let us finish this chapter by floating out to the mouths of the Ganges.

Here the Ganges breaks up into a great number of rivers.

It is on one of these rivers, the Hooghli, that Calcutta stands. In between these "mouths of the Ganges" lies a dismal swampland infested by crocodiles and other wild animals. The rivers pour past into the broad heaving waters of the Bay of Bengal. . . .

Thus the Ganges finishes its 1,500-mile journey from the lonely white snowfields of the Himalayas to the grim wild swamps beside the sea. On its way it has cut across two thirds of India, and in following it we have looked down into the slice which is the Plain of Hindustan. But India is very much bigger than the slice we have looked at, and we must now look at some other parts of this wonderful land.

CHAPTER 17 : THE INDIAN STATES

“THE SHINING white pearl among cities” is what they call Udaipur. It is built amid green wooded hills beside a clear blue lake. The houses of Udaipur are made of white stone and white marble, and no two of them are alike.

The outside walls of most of the houses have coloured pictures painted on them, or are covered with tinted carvings ; so that as you pass down the streets a lovely coloured mass of patterns shines in the strong Indian sun on both sides of you.

Perhaps you will not look at the wonderful houses, because the people you pass in the street are so strange.

The people of Udaipur look as if they belong to some gorgeous pantomime. You will see rich nobles riding upon horseback through the coloured streets—and the noblemen’s horses will wear silver plates on their sides and will be resplendent in embroidered trappings. The noblemen themselves will certainly remind you of a fairy-tale as they ride by in their bright-hued robes of silk and jewelled turbans.

Very oddly, the men of Udaipur let their beards grow several feet long and then bind them round their heads and look out at you through their beards !

No pantomime on earth could pretend to show you such wealth as the rich ladies display in their golden ornaments and precious stones. The poorest women have veils of bright colours, and wear ornaments of silver on their arms and round their necks and ankles, and even on their toes.

Of course, there *are* “slummy” parts of Udaipur (I wonder, is there a city in the world without poor people ?) and in Udaipur you see lean and ragged beggars at the street corners crying pitifully for alms, and beggars outside

the glorious glowing gateways of the mosques and temples ; but it is such a fine place, so like Aladdin's magic city, and you so often hear the jingle of coins and the jangle of jewels in Udaipur, that you turn away from dark slum-corners and think instead of the great royal palace that is spread over a rocky headland that juts out into the lake.

Beside the blue waters the home of the Prince of Udaipur looks like twenty or thirty palaces thrown into a vast heap ; and that's what the palace of Udaipur really is, because every prince who has dwelt there has built a fresh bit on to the palace and now the innumerable white towers rise like a snowy forest and the countless white domes look like giant mushrooms scattered over the headland.

White marble courts and pavilions rise one behind another, and towering terraces and balconies and galleries look as if they were made of purest pearl as they shine in the sun. Inside dwells the prince, ruler of Udaipur, in his rooms which have walls of lovely glass mosaic or sheeny porcelain.

Amid what splendour the prince lives ! See him go forth through the streets of Udaipur in a grand procession, to the wonder of the people. He is seated in his " howdah " or pavilion strapped to the back of the most royal of his elephants ; and his elephant is covered with ornaments and decorations made of gold and silver and studded with gems of different shapes and colours. Most glorious of all is the prince himself ablaze with jewels and the finest silks. Solemnly and slowly treads the huge elephant, as if aware of the might of the prince who is riding on his back.

Other gorgeous elephants are in the procession, and camels, and carriage and chariots ; and strings of nobles proudly seated on their steeds. And how many royal attendants there are !—silver-staff carriers, gold-staff carriers, flag-bearers, arms-bearers, water-bearers, and perhaps singers and dancing girls as well.

Why should not the prince display his power and wealth ? Is he not ruler of all Udaipur, is his word not law in that State ? Yes, it is so.

But you ask me : Is not India a part of the British Empire ? Does not Britain rule India through the Parliament at Westminster ? And you wonder, then, where the mighty prince of Udaipur comes in ?

As a matter of fact, Britain does *not* rule all India. Britain only rules a little more than half of India ; and the rest of India is cut up into separate States ruled by Indian princes. Udaipur is one of the Indian States.

The Indian States are not quite free and independent, as States like Germany and Japan are ; because the army of Great Britain in India defends their borders against foes, and in other ways Britain looks after them. For instance, a little while ago in the great Indian State of Kashmir trouble arose between Moslems and Hindus. Most of the people in Kashmir are Moslems, but the prince is a Hindu ; and the Moslem people rose against their prince, rioting, and the British soldiers came in from outside to keep the peace and settle the quarrel. Sometimes, in other ways, British officials will come in to settle matters of justice.

Although the Indian States are in these ways under Britain, it is true that they are independent States all the same ; for the British laws are not obeyed in the Indian States. The ruling princes with their advisers make all the laws for their States. This is the case in the State of Udaipur.

And in thinking of this, let us for a moment remember the fairy-like city of Udaipur, the pantomime-like people dwelling therein, and the magnificence of the ruling prince. How different is Udaipur from London or New York ! It looks like a coloured picture out of a story-book ; and as we stare at all its strangeness, we have to ask ourselves : Does it really belong to our world of to-day ?—our world of ocean liners and railway trains and factories and telephones ?

Yes, the pearly white palace of Udaipur is as real as Lots Road Power Station, from which London gets its electricity ; and that splendid prince on his blazing elephant is as real as any New York business man going to work in his automobile.

The difference between Udaipur and New York is not only in the things we see, but in the things the people think, in laws and customs. We have looked at Udaipur only, but the other Indian States—Kashmir, Hyderabad, Mysore, Travancore, and many more—are every bit as fairy-like and strange. And in all these places where the princes rule, the laws and ways of men are as different from our laws and ways as chalk is different from cheese.

In these States is much misery and poverty, as there is in all of India ; and in some of the more far-away States the village dwellers are poorer and more unhappy than those villagers we looked at in the last chapter.

Many of the villages far away in the hills or tucked out of sight of the world against thick belts of jungle are like nothing so much as groups of pig-sties. Here the poor workers have to do everything roughly and clumsily with their hands, building mud-huts with no builders to help them, making such pots and pans as they need without aid from a potter.

Ranging over these far-away country-sides are bands of robbers, so that sometimes workers who have been in the fields all day will come home tired at night to find their food and belongings gone. To keep their cattle safe at night, they often bring them into their tiny mud-huts to sleep.

These workers (peasants) live poorly indeed. For breakfast they take porridge with skim-curd, for lunch they will have bread made of coarse and cheap corn, in the evening bread with a little salt and with any boiled vegetable they can get from their kitchen-garden.

When we think of the Indian States it were best to think of some splendid city like Udaipur and of hundreds of miles of poor villages spread around. Very often the glorious princes do little or nothing to aid their people. They will not allow schools for the people ; and they do not try to make roads or build railways.

In many Indian States, too, the princes make harsh laws and harsher punishments. They put people in the stocks,

as was done in England in the Middle Ages, and make many of their people work without pay or freedom, like slaves.

Yet we must not get the idea that all the princes of India are bad kings. Only some of them are.

A good prince is the ruler of Mysore, who makes every boy and girl in his State go to school, and who is now planning to put up radio sets in every village so that teachers can talk to the older peasants. In Mysore, too, a great electric power station has been set up at the Kaveri Falls, and the electricity made there lights up twenty towns. In Mysore just laws for all men are being added to year by year, and trade is being got going by mining in the gold-fields which have been found there ; and irrigation is being spread to bring richness to the dry lands of the villages.

A fine young prince, twenty-one years of age, is ruler of the State of Travancore, which lies in the furthest south of India ; and in this State, too, modern ways of civilization and justice are spreading among the people, like a tide spreading over a beach. Railways and roads are made, all sorts of plantations and trades are flourishing, and just laws are established for the good of the people. There are schools for the young, nurses and doctors for the sick.

But one of the great evils in India is very powerful in Travancore—the evil of the caste system : even the Christian Indians¹ look down upon the people of the lower castes, while among the Hindus the different castes keep savagely apart. When a low-caste man walks along the public road he must keep shouting to warn the higher castes of his approach. When he comes near high-caste people he must get off the road and walk through the fields. The rice-fields of India, you know, are often kept full of water, because rice-seeds need it ; and such fields will be like muddy swamps, and the poor low-caste man or woman will have

¹ In very early times the great Christian saint Francis Xavier (lived 1506–1552) came to southern India and made many Christians.

to struggle through, knee deep in mud, until he had passed the high-caste people. On certain roads which the high-caste people of Travancore use often, low-caste people are not allowed at all. In the next chapter, though, we will look at the latest thing about castes.

CHAPTER 18 : BRITISH INDIA

IF WE ARE to understand India, we must remember the days when we dug sand-castles down by the sea and watched wave after wave dashing up, each wave altering the shape of our castle.

From the dawn of history, wave after wave of conquerors have dashed up against India. In the beginning, powerful trickles of dark Davidian people and yellow Mongols found their way over that gigantic mountain wall which cuts off India from the rest of the world on the north and west. These people poured down among the black aborigines.

Then came a mighty wave that broke over all India. This was the wave of the Hindus, which brought the caste system and the Great God Brahmah into Indian life : that began the real India with its countless customs and ceremonies.

For nearly two thousand years the Hindu way of life sank into India, hardly disturbed by such waves of invasion as that of Cyrus, King of Persia, in Bible times, and the invasion of Alexander the Great—the invasion of Alexander was a strong swift stream of warrior-Greeks bringing with them many ideas from the glorious civilization of Greece.

It is said to have been the Greek wave that brought into India the beautiful art of sculpture which adorns so many of the temples. But the Greek wave did not stop : it seeped out again, and India was left high and dry for nearly a thousand years.

Then another fiercely rushing wave came up—the Muhammadan wave. This was really a piled-up series of waves, like a very mountain of water. It began to break in in the year 971 when Mahmud the Idol Smasher swept in with his warriors. Mahmud swept in seventeen times in thirty years, and when he was dead, the great wave of the

Moslems kept on smashing and smashing at India, until the piled-up water roared down in the torrent that was the invasion of Babar, the Great Mogul, in 1525.

These waves of Moslems brought in the mosques and set them down over most of India side by side with the Hindu temples ; and they began the great feud between the Hindus and the Moslems. To this day, bitterness and hatred exist between Hindus and Moslems, and as I am writing these words in this book, Hindus and Moslems are fighting one another with sticks and stones, and even with bombs and guns, in the streets of the city of Bombay.

Then last came the wave from Europe. We have seen in Chapter 10 how the British, the French, the Dutch and the Portugese invaded India. They did not come like a wave of conquerors. They came pouring in steadily at different points like a rising tide, and in the end the British swamped the others out. (Though small settlements of French and Portugese traders still remain here and there along the coast.)

What have the waves done to India ?

Why, much as the sea-waves used to do to our sand-castles. They have smashed and torn and broken up the people of India into endless divisions. To-day *two hundred and twenty-two languages* are spoken in India, so that Indians in one part of the land cannot talk to people from another part.¹ There is as much difference between the people who live in the city of Peshawar on the north-west frontier, and the people of the city of Madras on the south-east coast, as there is between the people of London and the people of Rome.

But we have said British civilization is spreading through India like a tide ; and a tide levels all things, leaving no great differences between people ; and so let us now glance at that bigger part of India which is ruled by Britain : let us see what Britain gets out of India and what she gives to India : let us see how she rules India.

To begin with, Britain has just made a new capital city

¹ In British India the English language is often the only means of communication for Indians coming from different parts.

from which to rule her part of India. She has made it at Delhi.

Delhi is one of India's very old cities, with beautiful temples and mosques ; but a little way outside Old Delhi the British are building "New Delhi" as their capital. They have blown off the top of some rocky hills to make a high level platform of rock for the new capital city. Here at times nearly 30,000 men have been employed—labourers, artists, craftsmen, engineers—building the new parliament house, a pillared circle *half a mile round*, and the stately mansions of the Indian Civil Service. The bricks used in building the city would, if laid end to end, girdle the earth four times.

From this new capital, laws go forth to the eight "Governor's Provinces" into which British India is divided. These provinces are : (1) Madras ; (2) Bombay ; (3) the Punjab ; (4) the "United Provinces" ; (5) the "Central Provinces" ; (6) Bihar and Orissa ; (7) Bengal ; (8) Assam.

The biggest province, Madras, is larger than Italy. The smallest, Assam, is as big as England. In British India live *twice* as many people as there are in the United States of America.¹

The parliament at Delhi has two "chambers," or gatherings of members ; and each province, too, has its parliament, with a Governor appointed by the King of England. Over all stands the Governor-General, who is called the *Viceroy*.

Now, the Viceroy of India is not like the Governor-Generals of Canada, Australia and the other Dominions. The Viceroy is much more like an old-time king than that ; for his word *can* be law. If he does not think the decisions of the Indian parliament are good, he not only can but does say "No !" to them. And he can and does, if he thinks fit, make the people of India obey his own orders from time to time, no matter what the parliament at Delhi may say.

The Viceroy lives in regal splendour, and receives homage

¹ In British India : 247,000,000 people. In the Indian States : 71,900,000.

from the people, and even from the ruling princes of the Indian States. But he has to obey the orders of one of the members of the British Cabinet at Westminster in England. This "Cabinet Minister" is the Secretary of State for India, and he is the head of the "India Office" in Whitehall, the office which looks after all Indian affairs.

So, you see in this how closely bound up India is within the British Empire. But if we are to see clearly what British rule in India is, we had better take a lightning tour through one or two of the most important spots in British India.

We have glanced at Calcutta in Chapter 16. Let us return there for a moment. You remember it is the second biggest city in the British Empire. Let us now ask : Why ? Calcutta is a huge and wealthy city because nearly all the trade from all the western parts of India comes pouring through it.

For instance, *half the world's supply of tea* comes from India ; and Calcutta is the shipping port for most of India's teas.¹ Beside the quays at Calcutta you see the tramp ships loading up with tea leaves from Assam, from Darjeeling and from other parts of India.

Tea plantations, started by Britishers on which Indians work, are one of the very biggest businesses in India. In the province of Assam, for example, great fields of tea meet the eye, covering miles of flat land—rows and rows of tea bushes two or three feet high, in which hundreds of Indian girls and women are working, plucking the tea leaves ; and strings of women carrying baskets of tea leaves to the tea factories to be weighed and sorted.

All this mass of tea for the world to drink is gathered at Calcutta, where the buying and selling of it, and the difficult business it involves, is carried out ; then away go the tramp ships, across the seven seas of the earth, packed with chests of tea.

When you drink tea to-day, it is likely that it has come from India, and perhaps it has passed through Calcutta.

¹ A great deal of Indian tea, however, comes from Ceylon : see Chapter 20.

Does this give you some idea why Calcutta is an important city? Let us take one more example of Calcutta's work. Calcutta is the main jute port of the world. Jute is a plant rather like the cotton plant, only coarser. Out of cotton we make sheets and clothes: out of jute we make bags and sacks, carpets, mats, rugs.

India is the main jute-growing country in the world, and out of the wide jute-fields this product comes to Calcutta. Along the banks of the river at Calcutta are more than sixty great jute-mills. In these mills are nearly 60,000 looms, in which are over one million spindles. Thousands of Indian men and women are daily employed in these mills by Britishers: a few wealthy Indians own some of the mills.

When we think of Calcutta, we think of tea and jute; and this brings to our mind a picture of mighty mills and factories, throbbing, thumping, roaring, in which many thousands of brown Indians are working for their white masters. Jute and tea are not the only sources of Calcutta's wealth; but they are enough to go on with.

Now supposing we go by railway right across India from side to side, from Calcutta in the east to Bombay in the west. It is forty hours' railway journey, 1,400 miles. Cities are few and far between. The only big city is Naghpur, capital of the Central Provinces. For the most part, the country is laid out in villages and fields, as we have seen in the last two chapters.

Out of the window of the train all day long we see thin brown bodies toiling, toiling, toiling. Thousands of the toilers are poor peasants working on their own scraps of land; and we are struck by the fact that they have to use very primitive tools. They have none of the fine machines our farmers have, to help them with their work, no motor ploughs or steam reapers, like the farmers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. Every job of work in India has to be done by hand (or feet), sometimes with the slow help of cattle or elephants. Thus it will take an Indian perhaps six weeks to do what a Western farmer can

do in one day.¹ But in the big plantations where the brown folk work for white masters, we see signs of bigger and better organization.

At length we reach that other vast modern British city in India—Bombay ! In Bombay we see a forest, not of trees, but of factory chimneys, with their clouds of black smoke floating beneath the sun. If we go and stand on Malabar Hill, above Bombay, we look down on the roofs of the greatest cotton spinning and weaving centre in Asia. Beneath those roofs a quarter of a million Indians are at work in over eighty mills. Many of the mills are owned by Indians, but a good number are run by white people.

The people in those mills are finishing the work begun by their brothers and sisters out on the wide cotton-fields far from the city : it is all a part of that world trade which we see everywhere we go ; and in the great harbour of Bombay are black and brown tramp ships, many rusty-coloured and weatherbeaten after their voyages across the great oceans, whither they are setting off again in a day or two with cargoes from India.

You remember the British Empire began with trade, and trade is to-day the bond that binds it up into one great whole. We have only to remember that the trade of India is one of the most valuable on earth, to see how important India is to the British Empire.

India has been called “ the brightest jewel in the British crown.” This is because of the vast trade with which Britain deals in India. Not only do the British merchants carry away from India tea, cotton, jute, rice and wheat, but also much fine cloth and silks, ivory work, gold and precious metals ; and besides all these *exports* from India to Britain and other parts of the Empire, Britain *imports* into India masses of things made in British factories for the Indians to use. In all, Britain sells to India every year

¹ It takes forty days of one Indian peasant's labour to raise an acre of wheat. On a modern farm in the United States of America, less than one day is needed for the same work.

goods to the value of nearly one hundred million pounds.¹

Let us get this clearer in our minds. Up in the north of the little island of Britain is the town of Dundee. Dundee is the main jute-manufacturing town of the world, and *all the jute used at Dundee comes from Calcutta*. In Lancashire, too, in the north of England, are big towns which turn Indian cotton into cloth for clothes ; and a great deal of this cloth is sent back to India to be sold to the Indian people.

The bright prosperity of those towns in far-away Britain comes from the work of Indians in the Indian fields and factories. If jute were no longer to be sent from Calcutta to Dundee, Dundee would fall into ruin ; and so it is with the towns of Lancashire as well. The great British statesman Mr. Winston S. Churchill has said, " If Indians ceased to buy British cloth, it would mean the final ruin of Lancashire."

India, you see, is one of the biggest foreign markets Britain has ; and this is the reason why Britain holds and rules India. But holding and ruling India is not only a matter of trade : the people of India have to be cared for, peace and justice and civilization have to be given them. And these things the British rulers are doing.

No longer can waves of invasion dash against India, for Britain keeps in India an army of nearly 100,000 men. And justice and civilization are being given to India by the British rulers, too. We have glanced at " New Delhi " where the laws are made for British India ; and beside that gathering of law-makers is a special Indian Civil Service.

There are about 3,000 Britishers in the Indian Civil Service, and they serve at places all over India. In the service, too, are many Indians, trained for their jobs in colleges and universities in India and Britain. There are, of course, law-courts and judges to dispense justice.

Let us in a few words sum up some of the good which Britain has brought to India. The judges who give justice do not, of course, take account of castes, nor of differences

¹ The latest estimate—£91,548,000 or \$400,000,000 worth of goods.

between Moslems and Hindus : they treat all Indians as being equal before the law, and this is a thing which the Indians cannot do themselves.

The making of railways and roads, the building of schools and hospitals, the digging of canals for irrigation, and a thousand and one things like that, are making for the progress of all India.

There are Indians who do not like British rule. These Indians say the British are in India only to make money. They say the British get rich on the cheap labour of the coloured Indian workers while the Indian workers stay poor and ignorant.

Let us be sure there is some truth in these complaints.¹ Though how much truth there is I would not like to say. One chief complaint is that the British tax the Indian people to pay for the army which keeps out invasion, and to pay for the Indian Civil Service which gives justice to the land. This, they say, is a sad burden for a land of such poor people. One of the people who complain in this way is Mr. Gandhi, whose adventures we watched in South Africa.

Now, Gandhi, you remember, is looked up to by the people of India, who call him a saint ; and whether or not he is a saint I shall leave you to judge in a moment. Let us know, first, that there have been times when the British were brutal and unjust to the Indian people. But I think Britain means well, and is not merely greedy and grabbing. She means well, I think, because during the Great War, when thousands of Indians were helping Britain, fighting in the British army against Britain's foes, Britain said that as a reward she would work to make India a Dominion of the Empire.

A Dominion, you know, is really a State on its own in the Empire ; and thousands of Indians now want their land to be as free as that. But it is difficult.

¹ It is a sad sight to see, in a huge wealthy city like Calcutta, hundreds of ragged Indians sleeping in the streets at night. Of those Indians who have homes, many hundreds live in crowded, dirty, tumbledown slums you would think unfit for human beings.

How can the Indians rule themselves when millions of them cannot read or write? How can the Indians rule themselves when they are split into divisions hating each other, like the division between the Moslems and the Hindus? How can these people rule themselves when they are divided into castes? How can they be free when they have 222 languages and cannot talk with one another?

Gandhi wants India to be free because, he says, "India is less manly under British rule than ever she was before"; but he sees how difficult it is for India to be free; and ever since he came back from South Africa he has been fighting against these divisions and this ignorance among his own people. In this book we have only time to look at one of Gandhi's fights: his fight against the caste system.¹

Not long ago, Britain was trying to lead the Indian people towards freedom. She was trying to make more and more of the poor Indian people vote for Indian members of Parliament so that justice and prosperity should spread further over India. Britain said that the untouchables must vote separately from the caste Hindus. Britain said this because she knew the caste Hindus would not vote with the untouchables.

This troubled Gandhi, for he saw that when all the problems of government came to be decided by the millions of voters, the groups of untouchables and the groups of caste people would have fresh causes for hatred: so he said, "*All Hindus must vote together*. There must be no separate groups. I will stop eating food and will die of starvation unless you can all agree to vote together."

Gandhi stopped eating; and all the people of India, who looked on him as a saint, trembled. The high and haughty Brahmins trembled. They dare not let Gandhi die, because the people loved him. The hearts of the untouchables leaped for joy, because they knew the Brahmins must give way and treat them in this one thing as brothers.

¹ Gandhi was born into the Vaishya caste (merchants and farmers); but he dresses like an untouchable, to show his sympathy with the out-castes.

Days went by and Gandhi grew weaker and all the heads of all the castes and men of the untouchables met together and tried not to hate one another. When nearly a week had gone by they agreed to vote together and sent post-haste to Gandhi, who was very weak, to tell him. However, there was yet another thing to be done. The British Government in London must agree to the new plan, or all would be in vain.

A cable was sent to England and a hurried meeting of the Cabinet was held in Whitehall in London ; and the Ministers agreed that all the castes should vote together. This decision was cabled back as Gandhi was in danger of death, and when he read it, Gandhi smiled and said he would eat again.

It seems that because of all this, the great split and hatred between the people who belong to castes and those poor despised wretches who have no caste, may be healed up ; for when they have to come together to vote to decide who shall go to Parliament for them all, they must gradually learn they are brothers, one people of the same religion and the same land.

With this true story, we must leave India behind us. I think in these three chapters we have gained some small idea of this big land and its many millions of people so different from us—though we have had to leave out a great number of important things.

CHAPTER 19: BRITAIN'S AFRICAN POSSESSIONS

THINK of a black ocean, black under a moonless night sky, with a high wind running, and waves breaking here and there into white foam. Only just here and there can you see any foam. Most of the heaving waters are black. That black ocean is like native Africa, and those few white waves are like the white men in their few and far between settlements in Africa. There are more than two thousand tribes of black men in Africa. Each of these tribes speaks a different language from all the rest ; and each tribe has customs and ideas which differ from the others.

How varied are the black peoples of Africa !—black skinned and light-brown skinned, curly-haired and straight-haired, flat-nosed and pointed-nosed, black-bearded men and men who can never grow a beard, tall brave warriors of the plains and tiny timid pygmies of the forest. And they vary, too, in their culture and intelligence—there are, for example, the men of the Hausa tribe who dwell on the south edge of the Sahara : they cultivate the soil, make glass, weave mats and baskets and make their own clothes, and fashion all sorts of useful and beautiful things in leather; and they trade with the white men, and rule themselves, carrying out their laws through their own courts of justice. They make good stout buildings of stone and earth. In contrast to the Hausa are the Naron tribe of Bushmen who live in the jungles far to the south. The Naron live on fruits and roots they gather, and on small bucks and hares, the only animals they can hunt or trap. Their little clusters of huts are set up not more than an hour or two's walk from a water-hole, where they share the water with the beasts of the jungle. They cannot live too near to a water-hole for

fear of frightening the animals away, and then they would get no meat at all.

The Naron live very simply. If a family is too crowded in a hut the bigger boys have to sleep out under the trees. Ostrich-egg shells and rough wooden bowls are all the furniture they have. No family can have more than its members can carry about with them—for they wander off to a fresh water-hole when the fruits and roots are all eaten up in one place. The men make the simple clothes out of animal skins. The women build the rough huts out of tree branches and grass. The only weapons the men have in their hunting are small bows, and arrows tipped with bone. These people do not know how to cultivate the soil, nor how to keep animals for use. (Of course the Hausa have plenty of cattle, sheep and goats.)

There are some African tribes who are even simpler than the Naron—the forest pygmies, for instance ; but in that black ocean of natives most of the tribes have much more culture than the Naron Bushmen. In Chapter 14 we glanced at the Hottentots with their flocks of sheep, and at the Kaffirs with their cattle and their kraals : we watched the white men, Dutch and British, spreading their civilization through the Union of South Africa.

But the Union of South Africa is only the tip of this vast continent : it is only like the sharpened end of a lead pencil, while the rest of the pencil, the part you hold in your hand, stretches back many times as big. In the same way, from the northern border of the Union of South Africa, the land stretches back many times as big—Africa spreads out, more like a vast rough pear than a pencil, until it is nearly 5,000 miles broad from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, and 5,000 miles long from Cape Town to the Mediterranean Sea.

Let us gain some idea of how big Africa is.

A train takes nearly four days from Cape Town to the northern border of the Union of South Africa. Then :

Of all the land *north* of the Union of South Africa *one-third* belongs to the British Empire. That one-third is **LARGER THAN ALL INDIA.** *But*

An *even bigger* part of Africa belongs to the Empire of France.

And Belgium rules another three million square miles.

And Portugal and Italy each rule three-quarters of a million square miles.

The remaining nine hundred thousand square miles of Africa belong to Egypt, Abyssinia, Spain and Liberia.

In this chapter we are only going to look at the British possessions in Africa. We can best see how the British bits are dotted about by looking at our special little map (in Chapter 14).

Now, before we come to study the facts of these British possessions in Africa and see how they are ruled, I want us first to get in our minds a clear picture of Africa as it is to-day—I mean the real black Africa with those few streaks of white men ruling it.

If I ask you : How do you think it is that so few white men can rule so many black men ? I expect you will answer : Oh, it's because the white men are civilized and the black men are not, the white men have guns and books—that is, power and learning—and the black men have not. Your answer is quite right.

The black folk of Africa are very different from the brown people of India, who have a civilization of their own and a long history they look back upon in the past. The Africans have no civilization and no history. Their past is a blank to them, and their religions are full of magic and fear. They had no reading and writing of their own when the white men came, and they most easily expressed their feelings in dances, in war-dances and dances of joy. Many of them were cannibals, and their ideas of goodness came mostly from bravery in hunting and fighting enemy tribes. Their heroes were mighty hunters and warriors, wise chiefs and witch-doctors.

In fact, the African natives are rather like children—grown-up children, with grown-up naughtiness and hatreds and cruelties, but with smiling sunny natures in their hearts as well. Of all the two thousand tribes “ it is true to say they

are a simpler people than those of Europe and Asia. Their languages have words only for simple things. They are like the language of a little child, who understands *things* but not *thoughts* and *ideas*.”¹

They take much of their nature from the savage land in which they live. Supposing you and I lived in tents under the sky in a land where we had to make war against the great beasts, the lion, the rhino, the hippo, the elephant, the crocodile, and the vast herds of less fierce creatures. Suppose our homeland was a land of rich deep thick forests and wide wild vast plains—forests where giant strangling snakes coiled in the trees, where massive hairy gorillas lumbered savagely by, where myriads of monkeys leaped and chattered in the branches : forests where in the heat of the tropical noon, when the hottest sun on earth blazed down, it was dark like a dim cellar under the trees because the greenery was so thick overhead. A land where burst upon us storms so sudden, so terrific, that the mightiest forest trembled all about us and echoed with the roaring of the thunder. And where, if we came out on the wide sweep of the open plains, we would see mighty armies galloping by—armies of wild animals, thousands strong : herds of elephant, zebra, wildebeeste and a hundred other kinds.

In such a manner and in such a land lived the blacks before the white men came ; but remember there were two thousand tribes of them in the enormous continent of Africa, and that many, many, many of the tribes had systems of justice and laws of peace upon which they were agreed together. Many weird ceremonies of theirs meant as much to them as the Opening of Parliament at Westminster means to a Britisher.

In times of peace life could be happy in Africa.

If ever any of them thought of other lands beyond the seas, it was with fear and hatred ; for all through the ages civilized peoples had come into Africa to capture black men for their slaves. Even when the white men came, they came

¹ Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher, *A Brief Survey of the British Empire*, pp. 84-5.

to carry off millions of blacks to be sold as slaves over the seas.

Black warriors were conquered by white soldiers because the bow and arrows and spears are no match for firearms. But now, to-day, peace reigns over all Africa ; and the blacks are being conquered slowly in a new and peaceful way. Slowly the black men are being brought from savagery to civilization.

All over Africa are dotted Christian missionary schools. In many parts the only education the natives get is from the missions, though some of the separate white Governments are now building schools for the blacks.

"We can see whole villages of black folk listening to a white man sent down into the wilds by the Government to tell them of new ways to avoid old illnesses. We can see boys at a Government school being given, and having explained to them, tools, like the plough, which they can use at home. We can see tiny black children in a far-away jungle school growing up with the idea that reading, writing and arithmetic are useful, natural things, not strange white man's magic. We can see girls being taught how to keep their homes clean and healthy ; and grown men sitting round after their day's work on a plantation, poring over the spelling book which will open out to them the great world of ideas in the white man's newspapers and magazines."¹

Educating the Africans is a very slow work ; and millions of them to this day are living in an almost savage state. In some parts educated Negroes dressed in European clothes are working as doctors among their own people ; and a few miles away other Negroes dressed in paint and feathers are working as witch-doctors for some savage tribe. In the same land are Negroes working as lawyers and statesmen, while others are still cannibals, roasting their fellow-men over the fire in the way in which we read of in adventure story-books.

But all through Africa the white men's ideas are gaining on the old savage ways. When we see a railway train puffing

¹ Paraphrased from Julian Huxley's *Africa View*, pp. 317-18.

along some lonely line through the jungle, when we hear gramophones playing in mud huts in the forest, or when we see nearly naked black boys riding along elephant tracks on bicycles made in England, we feel the time is not far distant when the whole of Africa will be civilized. Bicycles in Uganda are almost as common as automobiles in the U.S.A. The British advertisement showing a lion chasing a black man on a bicycle, and then giving up the chase, has made thousands of natives buy the machines of the Raleigh company.

In a great many places the white men rule the black strongly and well. They hold courts of justice at which a white man acts as judge : the white man will have been chosen and sent out as judge by the people of the Colonial Office in Whitehall. Yet in other places the black men are allowed to carry on their own systems of justice with their own chiefs as judges. Generally in these cases a report will have to be written out for each case dealt with and these reports will have to be sent in to the white Government.

Let me quote for you a description of a native court of justice which I read in the newspaper the other day. This is a description of a court in Tanganyika Territory.

"The Court House is open to the winds and to the public. On the platform, each in his own carved chair, sit the chiefs. Four on one side are dressed in European fashion : one, who speaks English, was educated at the Tabora School for sons of chiefs.¹ On the other side sits Wamba, wearing a blue and purple cloth in toga fashion, with the sandals of lion-skin and the anklets and bracelets of shells of a chief. No Chief Justice ever looked his part more than Makwaia. He is dressed in a royal blue robe, heavily embroidered with gold ; the King of Great Britain's Medal for African Chiefs hangs round his neck ; and his head is bound with a turban of multi-coloured silk. Beside him sits a chieftainess, Nzile of Saluwe, in a toga of striped silk and an orange turban. She has the royal shell on her neck,

¹ Tabora is the largest town in Tanganyika. The school for the sons of chiefs is run by the British Government. It is a sort of African Eton.

but on her feet she wears not lion-skin sandals but men's golfing shoes and socks."¹

The men and women accused of crimes come up one by one and face the platform ; and their cases are heard and sentences pronounced by the chiefs. Those who have disputes come up two by two and argue the rights and wrongs of their trouble, and justice is decided for them. At smaller courts only one chief will sit on the platform and judge his people.

You will see from this that the British rulers of Africa are letting the natives rule themselves as they have done for so many centuries in the past. In very serious cases, though, like murder, the prisoners have to be brought before a white judge for justice.

The British possessions in Africa are of different kinds. Some of them are colonies. Some are called " protectorates." Tanganyika is called a " mandated territory." And Southern Rhodesia is a Dominion with its own parliament.

We know what a colony is : it is a part of the British Empire ruled from the Colonial Office in Whitehall. A Governor is sent out by the King of England to carry out the laws, and a system of civil servants is sent out to help him. Sometimes a council of men voted for by the white settlers is set up to advise the Governor.

A " protectorate " is in many ways rather different. It is ruled by Britain ; but the people in a protectorate are not thought of as British citizens. A " mandated territory " is a country handed over to the rule of another by the League of Nations.

We can best understand " protectorates " and " mandated territories " by looking upon the white man's rule in these places as being a *helping-hand government*. You see, when white men come along with their civilization and find a " backward " country which is not a part of their Empire, it is not safe or wise to leave that land to itself. When you have got several well-ruled colonies near by, you don't want a savage land as a next door neighbour : so the white folk

¹ *The Times* (London), article by Miss Margery Perham.

as a rule walk into the savage land, to give it civilization. They don't want to *rule* that land, but only to *civilize* it, in order to make their colonies safe, and so that they can trade with that land and deal with its people.

All these differences, of "colonies," "protectorates" and "mandated territories"¹ are rather muddling especially as, when we come to look at them closely, we find all the colonies have different forms of government one from another, and the protectorates are all different, too, and so are the mandated territories. Let us escape from the muddle and once more look real Africa in the face.

KENYA COLONY

In Kenya live 15,000 white settlers, twice as many Indian, and nearly 200 times as many African natives.² At the head of the Kenya Government is the Governor, who has a "legislative assembly" to help him. "Legislative assembly," you remember, means "law-making group of people." Most of the assembly are men sent out from England by the Colonial Office ; but eleven of them are

¹ THE BRITISH COLONIES IN AFRICA are : Gambia, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Kenya and Basutoland. Kenya was a "protectorate" until 1920, when it became a colony. The little colony of Basutoland is tucked away inside the Union of South Africa ; but unlike most colonies there are no white settlers : Basutoland is a black man's country ; and the blacks largely rule themselves under guidance of white officials and advisers.

THE BRITISH PROTECTORATES IN AFRICA are : Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, British Somaliland, Uganda, Zanzibar and British Bechuanaland. British Bechuanaland is, like Basutoland, inside the Union of South Africa ; and its government is very like that of Basutoland, though there are a few white settlers there. Zanzibar is an island off Tanganyika (see our map in Chapter 14, p. 111) and it has its own ruler, called the Sultan, who also rules a bit of the Tanganyika coast. But British law and British rulers prevail for the white folk who live and trade there.

THE MANDATED TERRITORIES are : Tanganyika ; South West Africa, Togoland and Cameroon ; and we shall say more about these places when we come to our chapter on the League of Nations. Southern Rhodesia is a free Dominion, like the Union of South Africa.

² You remember in Chapter 14 we dealt with the Indians who live in Africa. In Kenya there are about three million black men.

voted for by the white settlers in Kenya, and five are chosen by the Indians. One Christian missionary works on the assembly for the African natives.

The rulers of Kenya have two main ideas in mind : to help the white settlers to make a good living out of their plantations of tea, coffee, cotton, etc. ; and to help the natives on towards civilization. The King's Government in England has said that in all troubles, the good of the black men must come first.

There are troubles in Kenya, as there are everywhere else in the world. Some of the natives are not happy because the white man's Government makes them pay taxes, and they say most of the money paid in taxes goes to help the white men more than the black. Sometimes, too, it seems as if the poor blacks cannot pay their taxes unless they go to work on the white men's plantations and so earn enough to pay the tax. Many of these blacks do not want to work on the plantations.

This, of course, is the old, old trouble of "coloured labour": it is the trouble and problem all over the east and south of Africa. In the west of Africa there is no such trouble, as we now shall see.

NIGERIA AND THE GOLD COAST

The west coast of Africa has been called "the White Man's Grave" because the climate is so unhealthy for him that he can only live safely in very tiny groups here and there. In this part of Africa, therefore, the black men are left very much to themselves, though it has not always been so ; but now in the British possessions, white Governors with their civil servants and soldiers carry on the business and the chief laws of the country.

It is the land of fevers and sickness (like the dread "sleeping sickness" carried by the tsetse fly), of great storms and great heat and great jungles. Three-quarters of the *Gold Coast* is covered with savage jungle ; and yet the natives of the Gold Coast produce *nearly half the world's*

supply of cocoa. They do this without aid from the white man ; the black villagers grow the cocoa on their own farms. Their produce is carried along the winding paths through the forest to the stations of the white man's railway, which carries the cocoa to Accra, the port on the coast.

The *cacao* tree, from which we get all our chocolate and cocoa, at first grew only in South America ; and it was brought over to Africa and planted there by the white man. And now the black men prosper so well by the trade that in return for their export of cocoa they buy more goods from Britain than do the inhabitants of the United States of America.

Some mining, especially for gold, is done by white men on the Gold Coast. It is from the gold mines that the country got its name ; but there used to be more gold in the land than there is now.

Nigeria, again, is largely a black man's country, though with white Governor, civil servants, etc. Here the people grow cotton and other things ; and the trade done by some of the native villages is so rich it would put many towns in England and America to shame. Yet it is half a savage land, and in the hot Nigerian forests dwell cannibals. Many of the tribes of Nigeria are highly civilized, though, and white men's ways are spreading. Take, for instance, the town of Kano, in the north.

For ages Kano, like most native towns, was a mass of dirty mud-houses and tiny streets that twisted like a maze. You could not build drains in such a town, and it was easy for robbers to escape down hundreds of tiny streets ; and when trade grew with white men it was found to be a slow business to carry goods along the alley-like streets and round hundreds of corners. So the people of Kano called the white men in to plan their town anew. And British architects built proper straight streets and pulled down hundreds of rickety native houses, and built drains for the health of the people. Now you can see steam rollers in Kano keeping the wide streets in repair, and motor lorries lumbering through with the goods of trade.

The story of Kano is the story of all Africa to-day. Slowly Africa is being "cleaned up"; and if here and there trouble comes along, that is bound to be. We have no space in this book to say much more about British Africa—though let us glance at one more thing which shows us what white rule has done to Africa.

Before white men came, the two thousand tribes were ever and again going to war with one another. Now peace is over all the land; and in some places sports meetings take place between the tribes instead of battles. In Tanganyika, for instance, it is a fine sight to see the black chiefs who were once such deadly enemies that they would not enter the same room, now meeting in the sports pavilion in friendly rivalry. There they watch their teams competing in archery, spear-throwing, running and wrestling.

These teams of athletes once were armies of warriors who went out to kill one another!

CHAPTER 20 : OTHER BRITISH COLONIES : I

RIGHT across the north of Africa, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, stretches the dread Sahara Desert—three thousand miles of it, fifteen hundred miles broad.

Had we time enough in this book, we could hunt out many tribes of very strange people who dwell in oases, in those few watered districts which remain scattered over the Sahara : we shall just take a peep at one or two odd groups of these people when we visit the French African possessions in Chapter 38. Our business in this chapter must begin with the great Nile Valley which cuts right across the Sahara from south to north like a long narrow oasis.

Everybody knows that the Nile Valley is generally called Egypt, and that one of the earliest civilizations in the world flourished in this valley.

Memories of the splendour of that long-vanished civilization remain throughout Egypt in those huge ruined temples, like that at Karnak, the colossal statues, like those at Abu Simbel, and the wondrous tombs, like that of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor. The modern natives of Egypt, the *fellahin*, are descended direct, it is said, from the men of Ancient Egypt.

Something of Ancient Egypt seems to linger even in the modern capital, Cairo, city of palaces, mosques, minarets, flat-topped houses, palm trees, and modern European boulevards, lighted by electricity, served by tramways, lined with hotels, shops, government offices, barracks, theatres, cinemas. Beyond the city, over the Nile bridge, a broad motor road leads to the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Here holiday makers from Britain, America and other parts are shown through the ancient Eastern bazaars where

men in flowing robes and turban or fez and veiled women in white are about their business.

Egypt is not a part of the British Empire, but she has agreed to remain a friend of Britain for ever (a *permanent alliance*) and Britain has agreed to do for Egypt many of the things she does for those Indian States which are ruled by Indian princes. Egypt is to-day a separate and independent nation, ruled by her own King and Parliament ; though a British *High Commissioner* is adviser to the King of Egypt ; and Britain is allowed to keep soldiers there in order to defend the land from foreign foes.

This special friendliness between Britain and Egypt is because Britain has done a good deal for Egypt, and there is in Egypt something which is of great value to Britain.

For a long while Egypt was very badly ruled by native princes ; and various nations from Europe, chief among them France and Britain, stepped in and tried to bring law and order into the land. Britain in the end took the chief part in these actions, and it was Britain that saved Egypt from invasion by wild tribes from the Sudan : in these wars the British General Gordon was killed at Khartoum ; and Khartoum and the Sudan were regained by the British under General Kitchener.¹

The Sudan is now called the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and is governed jointly by Britain and Egypt with Britain as the chief power.

Egypt has other reasons to be grateful to Britain. British engineers have done almost as much in irrigating the dry lands on the banks of the Nile as they have done on the banks of the Ganges and the other rivers of India. Chief of these works on the Nile is the Assouan Dam in Upper Egypt. This dam, stretching a mile and a quarter from one bank of the Nile to the other, has 180 sluice gates, which are opened when the great river rises in flood, and are then gradually closed, in order to hold back an immense volume of water which is let out as required instead of running

¹ The Sudan is as large as British India. It stretches from Upper Egypt to Uganda. See sketch-map in Chapter 14.

uselessly away to sea, as was the case before the dam was built.

The vast lake of water held back by the dam is let out in the dry season into a system of canals which carry the life-giving liquid to the thirsty earth many miles from the river. In this way hundreds of thousands of acres of land, which before could not be cultivated, are now made to bring forth crops, especially crops of cotton. Egyptian cotton is in many ways the finest cotton in the world ; its threads are long and silky ; and most of it goes to Lancashire, to be added to the Indian cotton and the cotton from the United States, which is made up in the Lancashire mills into cloths and articles of clothing. From this item of cotton we can see that British merchants do business on a great scale with Egypt ; and this is one reason why the Assouan Dam was built, and one reason for the friendliness between Egypt and Britain. Another reason for this friendliness is the *Suez Canal*, which runs from the Mediterranean Sea to the Red Sea across land belonging to Egypt.

The Suez Canal was opened in 1869 ; but three thousand years before that, a smaller canal was cut across the same neck of land by one of the Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt. From round about 1380 B.C., and perhaps much earlier, the boats of the wonderful Egyptian civilization passed from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea on their way to old Babylonia, to India and to the Queen of Sheba's land of Abyssinia ; and returned from these places, bringing goods, news and ideas.

Somehow or other in the course of time—owing, I expect, to wars which stopped the people trading—this very old canal got filled up with sand and forgotten ; and when, at the beginning of our own age, the Merchant Adventurers began to bind the world together by trade routes, the stout sailing vessels of the age had to go all the way round the Cape of Good Hope in order to reach India. We saw that they began Cape Town as a farm to give them fresh food on that long voyage. Soon after the invention of steamships it seemed to men that it would be a good thing to open the

canal again ; but all trace of the old canal of the Pharaohs was gone, and the great French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who undertook to make the new canal, had to plan the work as if there had never been one before.

Even then it was not easy to get started, for the rulers of Egypt did not want a canal very much, and it would have to go through their land ; and the States of Europe who wanted the canal began to squabble about it because each of them wanted to control it. They all wanted it very much because it would be a wonderful short cut to their colonies in the East.

What with all this, twenty-five years of argument went by before de Lesseps could turn a spadeful of Suez sand ; but at length the work was begun, and in 1869 the canal was opened. The work cost £20,000,000 and employed 250,000 men for ten years.

The effect of the opening of the canal was to shorten the voyage to India and the East by four thousand miles—over a fortnight's steaming by the fastest vessel of those days. The voyage to Australia was made shorter by one thousand miles.

You can understand that the trade of the whole world was quickened ; and to-day, if you stand on the deck of some great liner as it is passing through the canal, with the yellow sandy desert on your right hand and on your left, you will see ships of many nations carrying goods of all sorts. That thin blue ribbon of water laid across the yellow desert, is the high road from Europe to India, China, Japan, Australasia and the Pacific Islands. One bank of the canal is Asia, the other bank is Africa ; and you might really call the Suez Canal the great main road in the middle of the world, where ships from all parts meet and pass.

One of the strangest and most beautiful sights on earth is to stand in the desert, a little way from the canal, and to watch the vessels moving by. At a little distance you cannot see the blue water, and it looks as if the towering liners, with their hundreds of portholes and windows, were gliding magically over the yellow sand, like real ships of the desert.

Suppose you and I were to stay for a week at Ismailia or one of the other towns which have grown up beside the canal,¹ if we were to go out every day and lie down in the hot sand near the canal, and watch the big vessels drifting by, we should see ships filled with tea and coffee and cotton from India, with rice and silk from China and Japan, with oil from the Persian Gulf, with rubber from Singapore.

We should see boats coming and going between the ports of East Africa, of Kenya and Tanganyika, and the ports of Europe, we should look at liners bound to and from Hongkong, Yokohama and Sydney. We should watch vessels on their way from North America to India, boats from Amsterdam and Rotterdam going to Java and Borneo. We should begin to feel we were watching the shuttles of a giant's loom that was weaving a world-wide carpet.

Britain now controls the Suez Canal, the British Government having bought from Egypt more than half of the shares in the Suez Canal Company : we have seen, too, that Britain is allowed to keep troops in Egypt to defend that country from any enemies ; and these troops are for the defence of the Suez Canal also.

During the Great War of 1914-1918, the 85 miles of the canal were one long armed camp, where thousands of British soldiers were on duty to defend the canal against the enemy Turks. Only once, in 1915, did the Turks get near the canal, and for a short time then the canal was closed.

We must not imagine that the canal is part of the British Empire. From the beginning it was agreed that the canal should be "open in time of peace and war to all vessels of commerce or war without distinction of flag" ; and it only so happens that Britons are in control of this great waterway for the time being ; and indeed they make very good profits out of the "dues" which have to be paid by all vessels passing through the canal.

¹ Port Said is the town at the Mediterranean end. The town of Suez is at the Red Sea end.

More than half the ships using the canal are British, and the canal is one of the main links between those parts of the Empire which lie in the West and those situated in the East. I want us now to take a lightning trip round the world, from West to East, to visit a few of those colonies we have not looked at yet. We have no time to pay long visits, but just enough time to gain some idea of the extent and variety of these British possessions. There are more than fifty such places left, so we cannot possibly visit them all : some of these are huge areas, like Burma ; others are tiny dots, like Gibraltar. They are all parts of what has been called the *Dependent Empire* : that is to say, they are not free, independent nations, most of them having Governors sent out from Britain. We shall understand better the way in which these places are ruled when we have visited some of them—we shall see then that there is no unchanging plan for ruling them, though all are in general under the Colonial Office in Whitehall.

If we steam south from Britain, in a fast modern liner, across the Bay of Biscay down the coast of Spain, in three days' time we reach

GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar is not, strictly speaking, a colony at all. It is a fortress and harbour at the narrow sea-way between Europe and Africa, where the Atlantic and the Mediterranean meet. The Rock of Gibraltar, 1,400 feet high, looks like a lion resting : it is riddled with fortifications and bristles with guns : the little British town that snuggles at the foot of the rock has a large number of soldiers in it, and in the broad blue harbour usually one or two grey ironclads of the British Fleet are lying. Gibraltar is ruled almost as a town in England is ruled, though the Governor has the real power in law-making. Gibraltar is rather like a sentry-box on one of the main sea-roads of the Empire.

If we turn east and steam on for another two or three days we reach the island of

MALTA

Malta is first and foremost a fortress and a naval base. It is the headquarters of that section of the British Navy known as the Mediterranean Fleet ; and there are always three regiments of soldiers stationed there, as well as Air Force men with their war 'planes.

But Malta is not merely a fortress like Gibraltar : it is an island 17 miles long and half as broad, with some natives who live by cultivating the soil. The natives of Malta, the Maltese, are people of a very ancient race, the *Phanicians*, who had one of the oldest civilizations in Europe. These people have their own Parliament and make their own laws, though the British Governor of Malta can say " No ! " to what that Parliament says, if he thinks fit.

One of the things of great value in Malta is the deep, wide sheltered natural harbour of Valetta, which the largest vessels can enter.¹

If we went on straight from Malta to Suez we should miss another British colony which lies off the beaten track of the Mediterranean steamship lines, the beautiful island of

CYPRUS

" The first sight of Cyprus from the sea. . . . That is something to remember all your life . . . as you come slowly towards the land you see the mountains, half in cloud, with the foothills below, standing up in cones, and squares, and curious steep peaks ; then the dotted green of the carob trees ; patches of barley ; and then the little red-roofed houses of the port . . . with a high Greek church and the dome and minaret of the mosque rising side by side . . . and the cypress trees stringing along the roads and peering above the houses."² It is the country of the ruined castles of the old Crusaders, a land of beautiful flowers and sunny

¹ On the farthing stamp of Malta is printed a view of Valetta harbour. This is one of the very few farthing stamps in the world.

² Gladys Peto, *Malta and Cyprus*, p. 111.

skies, and of dark Greek people and dark Turks : the population of the island¹ is mainly made up of people of these two races, and of course these two sets of people have different ideas in many things and both carry on largely in their own way. The Greeks are Christians, the Turks are Moslems ; but there is not active hatred between them as there is between Moslems and Hindus in India. Yet although in many things, like education, the people of Cyprus choose their own teachers and rulers, the British rulers, the British judges and the Civil Service help to hold the people together in one State. The Governor is helped by Executive and Legislative (law carrying-out and law-making) Councils ; and Greeks and Turks may become members of these councils.

The large liners miss Cyprus and steam straight to Alexandria, in Egypt, or to Port Said and through the Suez Canal : then down the Red Sea, a long narrow passage of water² which stretches south-eastwards for 1,250 miles, then takes a sudden turn north-east, when it becomes the Gulf of Aden. On the map, these two sheets of water look like a bent arm, with a very thin elbow called the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb.

ADEN

Aden is in a sense rather like an eastern Gibraltar, another sentry-box of soldiers, guarding the " elbow " where the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden join. Aden itself is a strongly fortified town on the north coast of the Gulf, which happens to be the most southerly tip of Arabia. Before the Suez Canal was opened, Aden was a tiny trading station of no importance, but now nearly all those stately vessels we saw passing through the canal stop at Aden to fill up with coal and oil, and perhaps to do some business in a small way, before setting out across the Indian Ocean, to Bombay or Colombo, or before starting on the 6,000 mile

¹ Cyprus is about 140 miles long and roughly 50 miles across.

² The Red Sea varies in width from 250 to 130 miles.

voyage to Western Australia, or turning down the east coast of Africa.

Opposite to Aden, on the southern (African) shore of the Gulf is

BRITISH SOMALILAND

This colony is a wild, desolate place, lived in by woolly-headed blacks, some of whom live in settled towns, others being nomads who travel and trade with Abyssinia. The chief wealth of these people is in their flocks and herds. A range of mountains comes up to the Gulf of Aden at one point, then leans back leaving a sandy plain between the mountains and the sea. It is on this plain that most of the natives live. The only town of any size is the port of Berbera, a quiet place most of the year ; but at certain times the natives gather here in one vast market, to trade. There is a native Camel Corps, 400 strong, commanded by British officers, and a local police force of 500 men. There are no railways and few roads in this out-of-the-way place.

Steaming out of the Gulf of Aden into the Indian Ocean we pass the little island of *Socotra*, a British protectorate lived in by Arabs and Hindus, and journey 2,100 miles over the waters to Colombo, the chief port and capital of the island of

CEYLON

Ceylon, a large island at the tip of India, is not a part of India, but is a separate colony of Britain, with its own Governor, and Executive and Legislative Councils.¹ Ceylon is the home of about five million people of many races, ranging from the almost savage Veddahs, who dwell without culture in the depths of the jungle forest, to the educated Moslems and Hindus. The staple food of all these native peoples is rice, but in their thickly wooded and mountainous little island they cannot grow nearly enough rice for their own needs : they have to import a great deal of rice from India and Burma. Rice has to be grown in very

¹ It is almost pear-shaped, having a length (north to south) of about 270 miles and a width of 140 miles at the broadest part.

wet, almost flooded, lands (remember how the "untouchables" and the low-caste Indians of Travancore had to wade knee-deep through the muddy rice-fields in order not to pass too close to high-caste Hindus !). For a great deal of the coast-line in Ceylon, thick forests of palm trees crowd down to the yellow beaches by the blue sea, and steep tree-clad hills rise up beside the waves. Wherever there *are* open and level places, there you will see rice-fields ; but the farther you get inland the more mountainous the country becomes, and miles of hill and vale are covered with thick jungle forest, through which wind a few motor roads of a reddish colour (much of the soil of Ceylon is red) and many native paths and tracks and native villages of mud-huts and wooden shacks. In the heart of these forest jungles live elephants and other beasts, and there are ancient buried cities, ruined temples and palaces of ages gone by (not so old, to be sure, as the ruins of Egypt ; but old enough to be forgotten), many of them richly and marvellously carved, but now cracked, crumbled, moss-covered, and overgrown by the forest.

In quite a number of places, however, we find large tracts of land cleared and laid out as plantations of tea, rubber, tobacco, cacao, sugar-cane, coffee, and other things. The largest plantations are those for tea. Ceylon grows as much tea as the rest of India put together. Thousands of acres of land in Ceylon are covered with even rows of carefully tended tea bushes, often grown on a series of terraces cut in the sides of the hills. These hills rise up into the middle of the island where, on the summit of the mountain called Adam's Peak, there is a rock which has a hollow in it that resembles a *footprint*. This "footprint" is a sacred thing to people believing in the three great religions of the East. The Buddhists say that it is the footprint of Buddha,¹ the Hindus say it is the footprint of Siva,² and the

¹ Gautama Buddha lived in India round about 600 B.C.

² Siva is one of those Hindu gods who are thought of as being partly played by the One Great God Brahma. Siva is the destroyer-god, or Brahma in a destructive mood.

Moslems believe it to be the footprint of Adam. The footprint is jealously guarded by Buddhist priests who live in the monastery on the mountain-side, and the footprint is visited every year by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the East.

But the most sacred place in Ceylon is the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy. Kandy, among the hills in the heart of Ceylon, was the ancient capital of the native kings, and to-day it is a mixture of old and new, a place where the white planters of tea, rubber and coffee can live, and where Buddhist pilgrims gather for the Procession of the Tooth, a town of modern hotels, white men's bungalows, and ancient grey-stone temples, beside native huts. In the Temple of the Tooth is preserved a piece of ivory said by the Buddhists to be a tooth of Buddha, and once every year this is carried through the streets of Kandy by processions of priests in long yellow robes, and the celebration and ceremony is attended by thousands of natives and pilgrims from Eastern lands.

Colombo, the capital of Ceylon to-day, is a big modern city : it is the heart and life of present-day Ceylon, the home of the Governor and his councils, the centre of justice and trade. It is one of the great meeting-places of the ocean steamships ; and from Colombo we take ship 1,000 miles across the Bay of Bengal eastward to Rangoon, the port of Burma.

CHAPTER 21 : OTHER BRITISH COLONIES : 2

BURMA

BURMA lies between India and China, with Tibet far away to the north of it and Siam joining it on the south. It is one of the most cut-off lands on earth. Like Egypt, it is a country made by a river ; but instead of flowing through a desert, like the Nile, the Irrawaddy, the great river of Burma, flows through jungles so thick that the river itself is almost the only means of getting about : for nearly a thousand miles fairly large craft can sail up the Irrawaddy, and steamships can go up for six or seven hundred miles.

Like the Ganges, the Irrawaddy splits into many " mouths " before pouring into the Bay of Bengal ; and on one of these mouths stands the seaport of Rangoon, the capital, and the largest city, of Burma.

Rangoon is an up-to-date city with wide tree-lined avenues, tramways, hotels and all that we connect with Western life ; but the first thing you notice about Rangoon as your ship approaches it up the river, and the last thing you see as your vessel steams away, is something that looks like a frozen flame over the roofs of the town. This is the vast golden spire of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda glittering in the tropical sun.

The word " pagoda " comes from the Persian, and means " the home of the idol " ; and it is the name used for many shrines and temples in which are idols of the Hindu and Buddhist faiths. The religion of Burma is Buddhism, and Burma has been called " the land of pagodas " because of the many thousands of them throughout the country. The pagodas of Burma are made of wood wonderfully and delicately carved into thousands of miniature

spires, small overhanging balconies, and a profusion of carven figures ; the oldest and most famous of all is the Shwe Dagon at Rangoon : this is the most sacred pagoda of Buddhism, and pilgrims come to visit it from all over Burma, from China and Japan and the islands. The spire of Shwe Dagon is shaped like a gigantic bell, and has a base of solid gold, being covered with gold leaf to the very top. It stands on a high platform above Rangoon, surrounded by many smaller pagodas, each richly carved, each with one or more statues of Buddha. The insides of these pagodas as a rule are dim and thick with candle-smoke, the Buddhists burning candles before the idols as a ceremony of their religion.

Rangoon was built up on the rice trade. For mile after mile on all sides round Rangoon the low swampy land is given over to the cultivation of rice. We have seen that some of the rice eaten by the natives of Ceylon comes from Burma ; and rice from Burma is exported also to parts of India, and to Europe.

If we journey up the Irrawaddy, the wet level rice-fields come to an end and the jungle forests begin. The most valuable tree of the Burmese forest is the teak, which is cut down every year by the hundred, and its hard wood is sent abroad, like the wood of Canada. Other products of Burma are rubies, jade, gold, silver, lead, tin, iron and petroleum. There are petroleum wells some hundreds of miles up the Irrawaddy, and a pipe runs beside the river, carrying oil from the wells to Rangoon.¹

Most of the work in Burma is done by foreigners, because the Burmans are rather lazy and gay people. The Burmans are much paler than the Indians, and many of the girls are almost as white as Europeans : they are fond of bright-coloured clothes ; and other lands, including Britain, do quite a trade in selling them richly coloured silks and stuffs : a trade in such things is carried on with China, the goods being brought over the wild mountains by strings of mules.

¹ For *petroleum*, see Chapter 23.

Because of the character of the Burmese people we see Indians labouring in the rice-fields, in the teak forests, in the mines, and Chinese working in the gardens and elsewhere, whilst all the growing trade and industry is directed by British foremen, business-men and merchants.

Foreigners are taking the riches of their land, though there are fourteen million Burmans living in the country.¹ Most of the Burmans live scattered in small villages and towns in the forest, in many small places strung along the coast of the Bay of Bengal where the rice-fields and the fishing give them their livelihood.

A year or two ago the Burmans began to kick against the way in which the foreigners were running away with the country's wealth. There were riots in 1930 and something like a rebellion in 1932, when Indian troops had to be brought in : fighting took place, villages were burned, and in the savage riots in Rangoon many Indians and Chinese were killed by the Burmans.

Burma was until 1931 ruled as if it were a province of India, and it was decided at a big conference that there had better be a separate Burmese Parliament, with some members elected by the people, to look after the special problems of Burma. So Burma was separated from India, and it may become the Dominion of Burma. At present Burma is not a free Dominion like Canada and Australia, because her people are as yet too poor and ignorant to rule themselves ; but it is believed she will in time become a free Dominion, and until then, the Governor and his advisers must keep some power in guiding the Burmese Parliament.

BRITISH MALAYA

From Rangoon we set sail again, this time heading south down the western coast of the thousand-mile long Malay

¹ Burma is about 1,200 miles long and nearly 600 miles across ; but there are many places where no man knows the border of the country, in the thick mountainous forests which lie for miles between Burma and India, on the uninhabited mountain ranges between Burma and Tibet, and between Burma and China.

Peninsula. There are several British colonies in this peninsula and some free native States. The British possessions are : the Straits Settlements, a colony ; the Federated Malay States, protectorates ; Native Malay States, ruled by their own sultans, with British advisers ; and a number of islands scattered along the coasts (settlements).

Let us gain a rough general idea of British Malaya from the deck of our liner :

White beaches with ranks of stately palm trees along the shore. Behind the belt of palm trees, rice-fields and villages of wooden huts, forests, higher hills, range on range of hills in ever-rising steps until they are lost in the misty sea-haze. The seacoast very uneven, jutting out, curving in, ever changing its direction, with here and there small seaports and fishing villages, each with a fleet of strange little boats bobbing on the waves, Chinese junks riding at anchor, and fishing stakes standing half above water, the fishing nets draped from them into the sea. Everywhere along the coast clusters of blue islands, and then some great giant of a liner looming through the blue-gold mist gliding to continents beyond the oceans. . . .

Here we stop at Georgetown, a British place on the island of Penang, then on we steam until we come to " the Gateway of the East," a thundering British town built where the Strait of Malacca divides the Indian Ocean from the China Sea—the port of Singapore.

Singapore " . . . the wonderful harbour, half circled by a sunlit shore . . . red rocks, green water, countless green islands . . . lines of wharves, ships flying every known flag, but mostly the red ensign of Britain. The wharves, the warehouses, the docks, the coal-sheds, where men of every colour, in every garb, load and unload, gather and stack and store every human production, from locomotives and lanterns to mail bags and matches, pianos and pickaxes. Behind the ships and wharves and docks and warehouses, are roads with a ceaseless traffic of people, carts and carriages."¹

¹ Sir Frank Swettenham, *British Malaya*, chap. i.

If we were to land in Singapore the first thing we would be likely to see is a big traffic block in which scores of vehicles, ranging from high-powered modern automobiles to rickety native carts, are held up by the policeman at the corner, to allow another stream of vehicles to thunder across.

The European quarter of Singapore has broad well-kept streets, good hotels and shops, and is filled with Britishers and Europeans from many States, and countless coloured peoples. Beyond the European quarter are miles of narrow streets bordered by semi-native houses and bazaars, gay with banners decorated with dragons, elephants and countless strange devices, and thronged with *hundreds of thousands* of coloured peoples—Chinese, Malays, Dyaks from Borneo, Siamese, Indians, sailors from Java, Burmans, Arabs—and how many more ?

Beyond and around the town are the hundreds of pleasant villas belonging to the Europeans, each surrounded with its gay garden, many built upon the hill-sides overlooking the harbour.

The town of Singapore is built upon an island of the same name at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, and the harbour is formed between the island and the mainland : as a seaport, this harbour is second only to London and Hongkong in the number of ships calling there and in the volume and value of the trade. It is the third port of the British Empire. It is the great stopping-place between China, Japan and India, Europe ; between the lands of the yellow men and Australasia.

But the importance of Singapore is not only due to its being a port of call. It is the first rubber port of the world and the greatest tin port. The Malay Peninsula is one of the world's greatest areas for the production of rubber, and *nearly half the world's tin* comes from here.¹

¹ Malaya produces over 45 per cent of the tin of the world ; but tin is at present second to rubber in the industries of the country. Singapore is also an important British naval base : a huge floating dry-dock, made in Britain, was towed out to Singapore two or three years ago, so that naval boats in Far Eastern waters might not have to return to the West when they are in need of serious repairs.

Many sorts of trees provide the kind of juicy sap from which rubber is made : " the most important has leaves and bark something like those of the ash and grows to a great height before throwing off branches. The man who collects the sap goes to the tree and makes cuts in the bark. The juice oozes out and is collected in cups of tin or clay. The next day the juice is heated, and so hardened."¹ Much has to be done to it then in factories before it is of use to us.

Vast stretches of thick forest in the Malay Peninsula have been turned into rich rubber plantations ; and in the rubber woods you can see hundreds of men tapping the trees for the juice which will be made into our motor tyres, our indiarubbers, our garden hoses, the insulating bands for our electric wirs, our rubber heels and soles, our rubber raincoats, and the hundred and one things in which we use rubber.

Many Indians and Chinese are employed on the rubber plantations, in the tin-mines, and upon the other works which Britishers have started. The natives, the Malays, are brownish people with black thick straight hair, dark eyes and rather thick lips, and they are inclined to be dreamy and lazy, which may be due to the climate : Singapore is only a few miles off the Equator, and all Malaya is in the tropics ; but because of the wide stretches of ocean all around, and the sea-mists along the coasts, it is not so hot as you might imagine, and is quite pleasant for white people.

Many good motor roads connect up the different plantations and mines and the separate British possessions in the Malay Peninsula ; and the people are used to the motor 'buses which take them to and from their work. There is also a system of railways, the main line running up the peninsula like a backbone : this line is being extended further north, and it is planned to join it with the railways of Burma, so that one day people will be able to travel, and to send goods, by train from Singapore to Rangoon.

British Malaya seems, in parts, to be so well kept, so up

¹ J. Fairgrieve and E. Young, *Human Geography ; The World*, pp. 46-8.

Bahamas, an archipelago of coral islands and rocks lying to the east of Florida and the north of Cuba. There are about seven hundred islands and two thousand rocks in this archipelago. Twenty-five of the islands are inhabited ; and the collection of sponges and the cultivation of sisal¹ are the two principal industries of the Bahamas.

The most southerly of the British West Indies is *Trinidad*, off the coast of Venezuela. Sugar and cacao are the chief products of Trinidad ; oil and asphalt are also obtained in great quantities ; more and more of the land of Trinidad is being planted out with sugar, cacao and other products, and the oil wells are growing in number.

On the mainland of South America, tucked in between Venezuela and Brazil, is another colony, the last we shall have time to visit—

BRITISH GUIANA

A great deal of British Guiana is covered with tropical jungle ; but the land is being slowly opened up, and many industries and trades are growing. The famous Demerara sugar comes from here ; it is cultivated chiefly in the valley of the Demerara River. The River Essequibo has a great natural wonder—the marvellous Kaieteur Falls which plunge over a cliff 194 feet wide into an abyss 820 feet below, a drop four times as high as Niagara and double the height of the Victoria Falls in Central Africa.

And so we find ourselves at last upon the broad billowing swells of the Atlantic Ocean, heading for that little island off the north-west coast of Europe from which we started on our trip round the world.

¹ The leaves of sisal-grass, or sisal-hemp, are used for making ropes and cords.

CHAPTER 22 : THE DEPENDENT EMPIRE

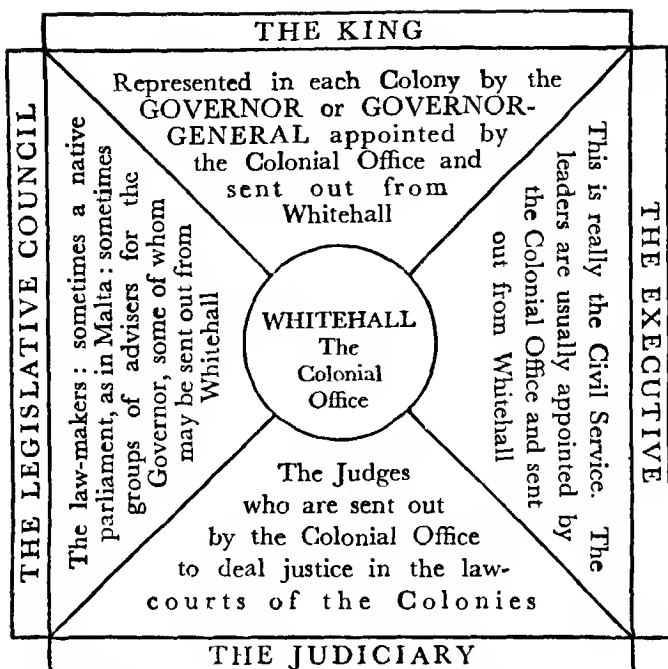
WE HAVE not visited all the British possessions ; and those we have seen we have looked over so swiftly as not to have noticed a quarter or a tenth part of the truth about them. All we have been able to do, really, is to group in our minds a few main ideas in regard to them.

And now we only have time to gain a slight idea of the way in which these colonies are held together under the Colonial Office in Whitehall, at the head of which is a British Cabinet Minister, the Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies.

We can best do this by reminding ourselves that *the general pattern of British rule* is stamped upon all British possessions. We must know that pattern by heart now ; but let us see the pattern once more quite clearly as it is applied in the Dependent Empire. The pattern is a square, as shown overleaf.

We see from this that the Colonial Office in Whitehall is the centre of everything, like the axis of a wheel of which the far-flung colonies are the spokes and rim. The Governors, the judges, many of the law-makers (but not all) and many of the civil servants (but not all) are chosen in Whitehall and sent out to rule the colonies.

Do not, however, imagine that every colony is ruled exactly like every other colony. We have already seen that this is not the case ; and inside our square pattern we are reminded that Malta, for one, has her own parliament of law-makers. If we look back through this book, we remember that the coloured peoples sometimes have their own judiciary : we saw, in Tanganyika, native judges applying native laws.



The fact of the matter is that the general pattern of British rule can be turned upside-down and shifted about in so many ways that it is true to say there are no two colonies of Britain with exactly the same laws and ruled in exactly the same way.

Even in those colonies where the Governor is the only law-maker, so that he is almost like an old-time king, it is his duty to think out the special problems and needs of the people in the land he rules ; and since the problems and needs are different in many things in every colony, so in every colony we find many different laws.

Yet the pattern remains like the rules of a game which may turn out in different "play" every time. The pattern of the judiciary, for instance, rules that in cases of criminal law the British *jury system* must always be used, and strict rules are laid down in regard to punishment for crimes, so

that no man can be given a big punishment for a little offence, the *kinds of punishments* for *kinds of crimes* being part of the unchanging pattern of British justice.

Because of this pattern, it has been said that the British Empire "has brought one quarter of humanity under a single law."¹ Yet how difficult it is to do this! Do not imagine there is peace and happiness always and everywhere under the British flag. The population of the British Empire is about 440 million, of whom some 380 million are coloured peoples. We remarked in our chapter on India that many of those millions of brown folk had little save hatred for their British rulers, and not altogether without reason. When the Viceroy of India goes abroad through the streets he has to be closely guarded against attack from his enemies among the natives he rules.

In many colonies there is trouble now and then among the natives. In 1932 there was a rebellion among the Greeks in Cyprus, who wanted that island to become a part of the Greek nation and no longer to be ruled by Britain. There was a good deal of trouble with the natives in Malta in the same year; and as I am writing this chapter it is feared by many that the white-folk of Kenya are treating the black natives unjustly because gold has been found on the land where the natives have their homes. There is a "gold rush" to this place, and there is a threat to turn the natives off their land—and then they would have nowhere to go.

Whether these troubles are settled justly or not, they serve to remind us that most of the British Empire was won by force: and now that it is ruled in peace it is difficult sometimes for the white men to deal justly with the conquered races. A great English writer, John Stuart Mill, once wrote, truly, that government *by* a people must be government *for* that people, and need not be for the good of the people who are governed.

Why should white people go to live in hot countries and

¹ Professor Alfred Zimmern in a lecture at Columbia University, New York City, January 1925.

rule coloured peoples save to obtain those riches, like rubber and rice and tin, which can only be produced in hot countries with the aid of the coloured men's labour?

Yet when we have said the greedy white men rule the coloured men by force for the sake of profit, we are only looking at one side of the question. Let us remember that the white men's civilization, with its conquest of nature, is a very wonderful thing, and that white men are teaching and healing and enriching coloured men through all this work : they are bringing them justice and peace and all that we mean by civilization.

The white men have these things in their hearts and have called them " the White Man's Burden " ; and in so far as the British rulers, the law-makers, the civil servants, and the judges, are doing these things for the coloured races, the British Empire is a good thing.

We have now to turn to a very great land that was once a part of the British Empire, but which rose up against Britain in rebellion, and broke free, becoming a new independent State.

CHAPTER 23 : THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Constitution and Government

THE UNITED STATES really united to fight Britain. As we saw in Chapter 9, they fought Britain because of unjust laws in regard to trade, made by their British rulers ; and we saw that, when they had won the war—called the American War of Independence¹—they made themselves a “federation,” which we called a “civilization club.”

We now want to look much more closely at the United States of America—we'll call it U.S.A. from now on. We want to see, first of all, its form of government, and then we want to look at the civilization which its citizens have raised up in their rich wide land.

In the first place, when the War of Independence had been won, the leaders of all the States got together and wrote out the rules of their civilization club. Those rules are called the *constitution* of the U.S.A. They are rules which the Governments of all the States must obey ; and they are rules which the *Federal Government* (the big central Government at Washington) must obey, too.²

The constitution of the U.S.A. was written out in the city of Philadelphia in 1787 by the leaders of the thirteen American States. To-day there are forty-eight American

¹ American War of Independence fought 1775–1781. Peace signed 1783. The French nation was the ally of the Americans in this war : one hundred years later the French gave to the U.S.A. the great statue of “Liberty” in New York Harbour, as a memorial of the war.

² One difference between the British form of government and the government of U.S.A. is that the British make up their rules as they go along.

States, each State having its own laws and law-makers ; but they are *united* by the Federal Government, which spreads certain laws over them all to hold them together, in accordance with " the rules of the club."

The Federal parliament is called *Congress*. Like the British Parliament, Congress is divided into two " houses," an " upper house " called the *Senate*, and a " lower house " called the *House of Representatives*. The members of both these houses are voted for by citizens of all the States ; but the *Senators* (members of the Senate) are as a rule older and wiser men : two Senators are voted for by each State, and they hold their places as law-makers for six years. There are 435 Congressmen (members of the House of Representatives), each holding his place for two years.

The idea behind all this is that every new idea for a law must be talked about, argued about, from every point of view. New ideas for laws go through three " readings " in the House of Representatives (just as they do in the House of Commons in England) and then if that House has agreed upon the law, it goes to the Senate, and is talked over again. If the Senate does not want it, it does not become law. Nothing can become a law unless both Houses have agreed in every word of it. If they agree, and the President signs it, we say " Congress has passed a new law." Even then, though, that law must not be against the " rules of the civilization club " : it must agree with the ideas in the constitution.

The writers of the constitution divided up the officers of the " club " into three groups—the law-makers (Congress), those who will carry out the laws (the " executive," such as the Civil Service) and those who will judge of the rightness or wrongness of the way in which the laws are carried out (the *Judiciary*—that is, the judges and lawyers of the law-courts).

If we look at the " executive " we find it in many ways quite like the Civil Service in Britain. It is divided up into ten " Departments " : the Department of State, the Department of the Treasury, the War Department, the

Post Office Department, the Navy Department, the Department of the Interior, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labour and the Department of Commerce. The tenth is the Department of Justice, which is really the Judiciary.

We are not going to look closely at the work of these Departments because they do work very like that which we saw being done by the British Departments in Whitehall. But we must remember that all the Departments do not rule the U.S.A. in the same way as the British Parliament rules Britain. In a vast number of things the forty-eight parliaments of the forty-eight States rule themselves. Of course we have not room in this book to look at all those Governments: though we may pause and think about them for one moment.

To begin with, remember the U.S.A. is not a tiny island: it is a vast continent twenty-five times the size of Britain, and having three times the number of citizens—123,000,000 people. It would be very difficult for one parliament to make all the laws for so large an area, and for one Government to see that all the laws were carried out. We shall see in the next chapters how one part of the land of the U.S.A. differs from another and how varied are the people who live there. For them all to be divided up into forty-eight States and make their own laws is a good thing: it is perhaps the only possible way of carrying on such a huge country.

Indeed, when the *Senators* and *Congressmen* are elected and gather at Washington to make laws for the whole, they sometimes spend their time in trying to get special laws made which will help the separate States. But there is one man voted for by the people of the nation whose duty it is to think always of *all* the States. He is the President.

If we are to understand the President we must glance at the "parties" in Congress. The two chief parties are the *Republicans* and the *Democrats*. These parties are not so clearly divided in their ideas as the Conservatives and the Liberals in Britain; but we can say that the Republicans

are a little bit conservative and the Democrats are a little bit liberal. There is also a Socialist Party ; but it is not very big or powerful.

Now, the President of the United States is always the leader of one of these parties ; but he is not tied up so closely to his party as the Prime Minister of Britain is. As a matter of fact, there is a special and separate election in U.S.A. for the President, millions of people voting for the party leader they like most.¹ As I am writing this chapter I hear that Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt (Democrat) has been elected President in succession to Mr. Herbert Hoover (Republican). Most of the Presidents have been Republicans. The last Democrat was Woodrow Wilson the great war-time President who started the League of Nations.

The position of the President is one of the most important posts in the world of men. In a way of speaking, in some things the President is the U.S.A. In dealings with foreign nations, it is the President who speaks for the 123,000,000 citizens of U.S.A. He makes agreements with foreign nations—though Congress has to agree to those agreements before they become law. He is the head of the U.S. Navy and Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He cannot make laws, and he cannot even take part in the talks in Congress, as the British Prime Minister can ; but even when both Houses of Congress have agreed on a law, the President can say “ No ! ” if he thinks it is not a good law. If he does not sign the new law, it does not “ pass ”—that is, it does not become a law at all.

All sorts of important tasks fall to the lot of the President. He chooses most of the men who are to direct the Civil Service. He can pardon criminals, even criminals condemned to death by law. When foreign statesmen or ruling Kings or Princes visit the U.S.A. he has to entertain them and look after them, as Kings do in their palaces.

Sometimes—as when the U.S.A. is at war with a foreign

¹ They vote for him in a roundabout way, actually voting for other men who will vote for him ; but it comes to the same as if they voted for him themselves.

country—the people allow the President to make what laws he likes for the time being ; but in general, the President himself must obey “ the rules of the club.”

Now we only have time to look at one thing more in the government of the U.S.A. At the head of the Judiciary—that is, at the head of all the lawyers who settle disputes among the people, at the head of all the judges who try criminals—is the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Supreme Court consists of nine judges who meet at Washington, for very special purposes. One thing the Supreme Court does is to hear and judge any very difficult case which people think may have been dealt with unjustly by judges in the courts throughout the land. Another job—and this is one of the hardest and most important of its tasks—is to decide, when there is a doubt about it, just what the “ rules of the club ” are. The Supreme Court decides points about the constitution ; and when it has decided, neither Congress nor the President himself can go against them.

The last work of the Supreme Court at which we can look is this : it settles any troubles there may be between any of the forty-eight States ; or any quarrel any State has with the United States as a whole—indeed, it runs a sort of thread of law through all the separate laws of the forty-eight, in any case where those separate laws clash together or become confused with the main laws of the Federal Government.

Now and again it so happens that most of the citizens of U.S.A. feel that some new law must be added to the club rules ; and this can be done if the parliaments of three-quarters of the States agree upon the new law : that is, if thirty-six parliaments agree. Then, if two-thirds of the people in Congress agree also, they will pass a law adding to the rules of the club. This is called *amending the constitution*. The verb to “ amend ” means “ to change for the better.”

Having now glanced swiftly at the constitution and government, let us turn to look at the people who are governed and the land in which they live.

CHAPTER 24 : THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Land

THE LAND of the U.S.A. lies on the south of Canada. Its eastern half stretches from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. From Lake Superior to the Pacific an imaginary line, 1,500 miles long, divides Canada from the U.S.A. From this line, the land of the U.S.A. stretches away south as far as Mexico.¹

In this land are the forty-eight States and their one hundred and twenty-three million people. In coming to look at this land and this people, let us first remember that it is only 150 years ago that they broke away from the British Empire. In those days there were only thirteen States with about three million people.²

From that day until this, the people spread across the whole continent, making one new State after another ; and to-day, in a short 150 years, they have made the U.S.A. the richest and most powerful nation on earth. It is not surprising that they have done this.

Look at the map of the U.S.A. Look, to begin with, at all the land which stretches between the wild west and the eastern States. Spreading over the whole of the middle of the U.S.A. we see the Mississippi River and its tributaries. On the map, the Mississippi and its tributaries looks like a tree and its branches. The longest " branches " (tributaries) are the Missouri, which flows from the north-west, rising in the Rockies, and the Ohio, which flows from the north-east, its waters running from New York State and the district

¹ Area of U.S.A. : Atlantic to Pacific = 2,800 miles : Canada to Mexico = 1,600 miles.

² For the growth of the country through immigration, see Chapter 25.

round. The Mississippi itself rises in the centre, a few miles from Canada.

From the source of the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Mississippi in the Gulf of Mexico is 4,200 miles, making the longest river on earth.

All the area of the Mississippi and its tributaries is generally called "the Mississippi Valley." This "valley" makes up one third of the U.S.A. In this "valley" lies one half of the wealth which the whole land has to give ; and here live one half of the people.

We can best begin to understand the riches of the U.S.A. by thinking of the Mississippi as a tree, with its tip-top branches waving up towards Canada and the Great Lakes. Round and about the tip-top branches, under the ground on the south of the Great Lakes, lie huge sheets of iron ore which men are everywhere digging up to make into iron and steel. Up the Ohio branch, too, rich beds of iron and coal lie under the ground, and everywhere thousands of men are digging down and bringing up the metal which makes machinery and the fuel with the aid of which machinery is made.

We can gain some idea of this region if we note that *nearly half the world's iron and more than a third of the world's coal is produced here.*

Now, let your eye travel a little way down the tree, and we come to what is called the Corn Belt. This is a level land, stretching almost from one side of the "Mississippi tree" to the other. Here the land is rather like the "prairie provinces" of Canada—only even bigger than the prairie, being broader from north to south. And here the "Mississippi tree" is hung with mile upon mile of golden grain. The land is so flat it is said that a plough or a reaping machine could go on and on for 1,000 miles without having to climb any steep hill (though the rivers have cut deep valleys across it).

In this area *three-quarters of the world's corn is produced.*

Now, follow the "Mississippi tree" down towards the south, where the branches join it and it thickens out into the "trunk." The further south we get, the warmer it

becomes, until we are in the land the popular songs call "Dixie." Here we see black faces looking out of cottage windows, black men and women working in the fields. The grandfathers of these "blacks" were the slaves of olden days, brought over from Africa by force, to work on the white men's cotton plantations.

Cotton ! See the cotton-fields spreading to right and left, big plantations, little farms in hundreds, a mass of cotton plants and busy workers as far as eye can see !

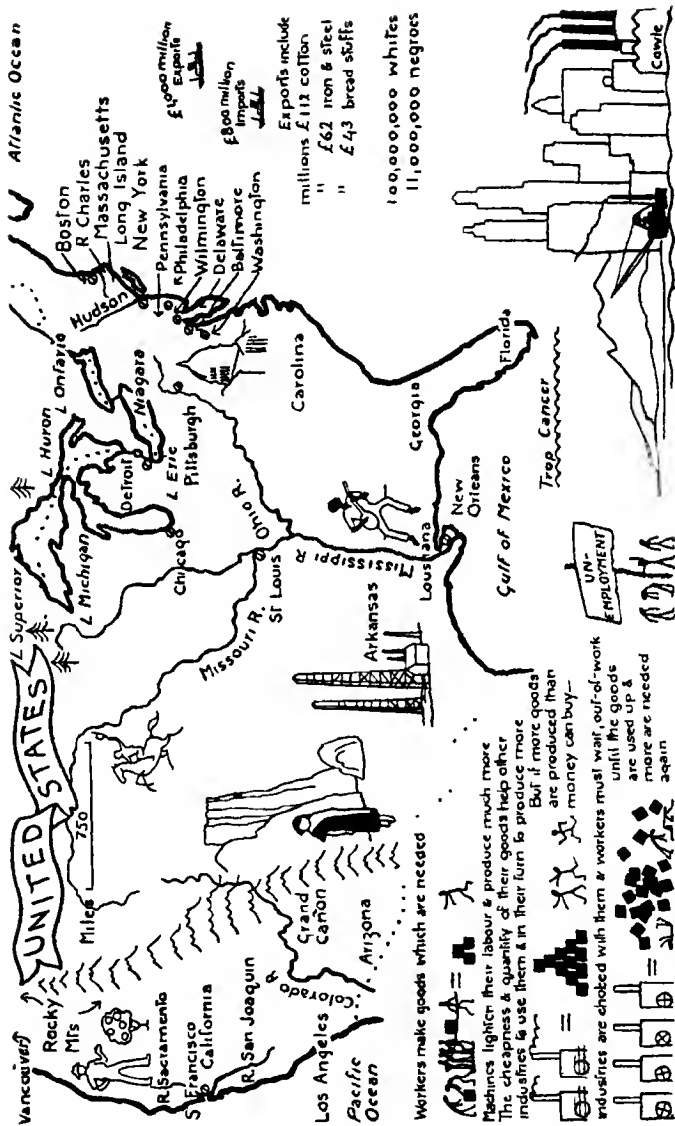
From this land comes *more than half the world's cotton*.

Now, are we beginning to get some idea of the richness of the land? Sheets of iron ore under the ground, from which men get nearly half of all the iron that is got in the world. Reefs of coal producing more than a third of the world's coal. Thousands of miles of level land covered with rich soil which produces three-quarters of the world's corn. Wide warm lands on which more than half the world's cotton is grown.

Do you want any more facts and figures ? What about oil, you say ? Oh, certainly !

Dotted about all over the U.S.A., not only in the Mississippi Valley, but beyond the mountains in lovely California, in the wilds of Texas and even in the rich and varied lands near the east coast, there stand what look like forests of towers made of steel girders. These steel-girder-towers are called *oil derricks* and from each one of them a well sinks down to a lake of oil beneath the land. In each oil derrick is a pump, pumping the oil up from the subterranean lake into a pipe which travels along under the ground. . . .

But think for a moment of the water pipes of a great city, which we looked at in Chapter 1. In the same way, oil pipes are laid under the country-side for *hundreds of miles* in the U.S.A. Through these oil pipes the oil flows to far-away factory cities, where it is turned into petrol or gasoline for motor cars, and into many other useful forms : or it flows away to ocean ports where it is shipped to foreign lands. This oil is generally called petroleum ; and it is petroleum which runs all our motor cars, aeroplanes, submarines, many of our huge ocean liners and tramp ships



tall ones, and some specially beautiful buildings here and there : look at the Chrysler building, shining out in all the beauty of its stainless steel ; and the Empire State building, the tallest house on earth, rising from the rock of Manhattan for 85 floors.

In between these cliff-like buildings are streets that look like gorges, with thousands upon thousands of people pouring along them like rapids. When you are in a deep-cut street in New York City, to look up at the tops of the skyscrapers is almost like looking at the peaks of mountains. When you are on the roof of one of the skyscrapers, people look like ants or midgets as they scurry in their thousands through the narrow streets far below.

What kind of people are they who live in New York City ? What do they do with their lives ?

To understand that, let us remember that New York is the second city of the world, only a little smaller than London.

Men of every race and tongue on earth dwell in New York—not in twos and threes, here and there ; but in groups and districts of their own. There are districts called “ Little Italy,” “ Little Slovakia,” “ Little Lithuania,” and so on, because only Italians, Slovaks, Lithuanians live in those districts. There are groups of streets in which you can only hear German spoken, districts lived in by natives from Poland, districts of Greeks, Russians, Czechs, Armenians, Yugo-slavs, and many other races. There are more Irish people in New York than there are in Dublin, more Jews than there were in Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon’s glory, more Italians than there are in Rome. The district called Harlem is like a big Negro city in the heart of New York. The Chinese quarter in the neighbourhood of Chatham Square might almost make you think you are in the Far East.

There is no room to tell in this book of all the races and tongues and cultures in New York City ; but one thing we can see at once on the faces of all of them—though they may speak with many tongues, and keep, among themselves, their many different customs and cultures, they all think

of themselves as being citizens of the U.S.A. and people of New York City. They no longer feel they belong to those foreign lands whence they or their fathers or their grand-fathers came. We can best understand this if we turn for a moment to history.

Think of the 150 years since the War of Independence ; and of how during all that time this vast land of the U.S.A. was filling up with people. From all over the world men and women came to the United States to make their homes and begin new lives as citizens of this great new nation. Mostly they came from Europe, and especially from the British Isles, but there was hardly a land on earth from which some families did not come, to settle in the U.S.A.

You can understand why *millions* of people left their own homes in their own countries to come to the U.S.A. if you remember what we saw of the country in the last chapter—we saw it was a land of riches, a land of opportunity for the strong and adventurous : untold wealth lay waiting for any man who was willing to toil.

And now remember what we looked at in Chapter 23, the constitution and government of the U.S.A. When *immigrants*¹ came to the U.S.A. they knew what sort of civilization awaited them : it was all written out in the constitution—justice, peace and culture were there, such as many of them had never known in their own lands.

So men from all over the world came to the U.S.A. in their millions ; and they became citizens of the new nation, and they worked to make themselves rich. To-day, one in every six people in the U.S.A. was born in a foreign land ; one in every ten is black, brown or yellow in colour.

That is why in New York City you can see men of every race and nation ; and that is why they all think of themselves as being " New Yorkers," in spite of their many differences ; and call themselves " 100 per cent Americans."

¹ The word " immigrant " comes from the Latin *migro*, " I move from one home to another." An " immigrant " is one who comes in to a land from abroad, to make his home. An " emigrant " is one who goes out from a land to make his home elsewhere.

New York City is the greatest seaport of North America ; and so it is the greatest gathering of people in the U.S.A. It just so happened that in this city most of the wealth of the whole land gathered, and so of course the people gathered here, too, and it grew into the second city of the world.

The chief wealth of New York City is *money-wealth*. It is the place where money as capital is put into companies and where companies are formed for carrying on the work throughout the land. For instance, most of the great cotton fields of the south are *financed* from New York : that is to say, in the Cotton Exchange, in Wall Street, men who never saw a cotton plant in their lives, buy and sell cotton which they never see. The same is true of many other industries in the U.S.A.—the money side of the work is carried on in New York, hundreds of miles, perhaps thousands of miles, from the fields and mines and factories where the productive work is done. Thus, in New York, companies are formed and money paid for the production of motion pictures in California, on the other side of the continent. Money flows out from New York to start and keep the work of the U.S.A. going.

But of course it is not *only* money-work that is done in New York City. New York City is packed with factories of every kind. Actually many hundreds of thousands of men and women work every day in factories in New York, in clothing factories and cigar and cigarette factories especially. If I were to go through a list of the real toil done in New York I should fill up many chapters of this book before I had come to the end. So I will only mention one more item—the work connected with the port.

If you fly in an aeroplane over New York, you see that the main city, on Manhattan Island, is shaped like a ship ; on both sides of this gigantic “ ship of skyscrapers ” are many miles of quays and wharves, where scores of the world’s largest ocean liners and tramp ships are tied up, with passengers pouring in and out of them, and goods of every kind being loaded and unloaded. It is an amazing sight.

It looks as if all the commerce of the world were brought here. As a matter of fact, nearly half of the commerce of the U.S.A. pours through the port of New York. If you recall the richness of the land, you can see what that is likely to be.

From our aeroplane over New York we see that the city is not confined to the island of Manhattan which lies snugly in the River Hudson. On both banks of the Hudson, for mile after mile, are unbroken masses of buildings, alive with millions of people, throbbing with factories of every kind. Many vast bridges are flung across to connect Manhattan with those other parts of the city on the east ; on the west, where the river is wider, tunnels under the river-bed carry railway lines and roads to the mainland, and many ferries plough their way across the water.

Now let us swoop down from the air over New York into the heart of the city. We land in Fifth Avenue, in that part where the skyscrapers stand on both sides, before Central Park is reached. Of course no aeroplane could ever land there, for the sidewalks (pavements) are two black streams of hurrying people, more crowded than any sidewalks in any other city, and the roadway between is crammed with motors—those motors charge along, like an army charging into battle, then they stop, as if at a word of command, because the traffic lights are against them.

The traffic in New York, as in all big American cities, is regulated by signal lights, like the signal lights on railway lines. When the lights are against them, the hundreds of cars stand with their engines panting until—flash ! the red light changes to green, and like a wave breaking they surge forward with a roar down the street.

Will facts and figures help us to get in our mind a picture of the traffic ? One day in 1926 some people counted the number of automobiles which streamed up and down Fifth Avenue. The number was twenty-four thousand one hundred and seventy.

As you watch those thousands of motors roaring by, you will do well to think of those lakes of oil beneath the

ground, those forests of derricks, those miles of pipes through which the oil flows to cities like New York. This thought reminds us how a city lives upon what it gets from the country. Now turn from the roadway to the sidewalks, watch the thousands upon thousands of people hurrying by from morn till night. Think of one thing—anything—which every one of them needs every day. They all need water to drink and to wash with, every day. Well, here are facts and figures to make you understand how much water New York City uses.

Every day the people of New York use more than a *billion gallons* of water : the reservoirs and pipes used for carrying all this water into the city, drain nine hundred square miles of the country round !

Close your eyes for a moment and think of other everyday needs of those six million people—food, clothing and so forth ; and imagine, if you can, the coming and going of goods which this means, the work in mines, fields and factories, the steaming back and forth of trains and ships, to maintain the life of the second city of the world !

If we walk a little way, to Park Avenue, we come to the huge mansions of the millionaires, the rich merchants and manufacturers, the mine owners, the oil-field owners, the clever Wall Street men who finance “ Big Business.” These mansions are the last word in luxury.

Of course, not everyone in New York lives like that. There are slums in New York more crowded than in any other city in the world, slums where 650 people live on each acre of land¹; and if we were to go into the poorest quarters, if we were to go to see the poorest workers and those many ragged men and women who can find no work to do and so can get no pay, I think we should grow sad and begin to feel that all was not well in New York City.

Let us stick to facts and figures. It is a fact that in the U.S.A. more people live a fine and civilized life than are to be found in any other country. More people can afford to

¹ They do not live in skyscrapers, either ; but in quite ordinary houses, in which very often one room is the home of one family.

buy comforts and luxuries, like motor cars and radios, than is the case in any other country. Great numbers of the vast factories in the U.S.A. are turning out goods which can be sold so cheaply that even the very poorest can afford to buy them ; most of the people in the U.S.A. can afford to buy for themselves goods which the poorer people of other lands can never dream of having for their own.

In the next chapter, and a little further on in this chapter, we will begin to gain some idea what the civilization of the U.S.A. has done for its citizens, though we shall have to glance at the crime and poverty there is in the land. But let us finish up our short stay in New York by looking at one or two of its special features.

The winters in New York are often very cold : icy blizzards from the bleak north blow through the streets, so the municipal authorities have laid down hot steam pipes under the pavements to keep the people warm.

This sort of thing makes New York very expensive to run. It is the most expensive city to run in all the world, and every year it costs \$525,000,000.

Although London is larger than New York, it only costs a third of that amount. You can see from this that rents and taxes must be enormous in New York ; but when you think of the enormous skyscrapers with thousands of people living and working in them, you can see how the money for the rates and taxes is collected.

The municipal authorities in the U.S.A. are voted for and run in much the same way as in Britain, which we looked at in Chapter 5 ; so we need spend no time looking at them again now. We will only state that in some things the American municipal authorities have more power than the British ones have ; and the elections for the municipal councils, with the Democratic Party fighting the Republican Party, are quite as exciting as the elections for the parliaments.

In New York City, the Democratic Party has for long "ruled the roost" : their organization in New York is called "Tammany Hall."

Now, we shall have to leave New York, and must begin our grand tour of some of the other great cities of the States ; but before we go, let us glance at two things more, at the culture and pleasures of the people of this city.

As in England, so in the U.S.A., every child has to go to school. No country in the history of the world ever educated so many children. Never in history were there so many different kinds of schools. There are, for instance, the ordinary State schools which the poorer children attend. Every day, more than twenty million children go to these schools in the U.S.A. There are also hundreds of colleges and scores of universities, throughout the land, for the children of the richer people. In New York is the famous Columbia University, which has more than *two thousand teachers*.

Every college and university, and many of the schools, have their sports organizations, and are specially keen on the " national game " of baseball. The stadiums where the sports meetings are held and the baseball matches are played are far larger than the amphitheatres of ancient Greece and Rome, where the Olympic Games and Roman circuses used to be held. Great numbers of sport stadiums in the U.S.A. seat more than 100,000 people.

When we think of these places, echoing with the roar of thousands of excited watchers, as the athletes and players compete in the centre of the stadium, it were well to give a thought to those slum streets of New York where " hundreds of thousands of children have no place to play but the street where they must dodge pedestrians, push-carts, wagons and automobiles."¹

Yet the people of the U.S.A., rich and poor, young and old, are mostly very keen on education, and their civilization gives them opportunities for culture few other lands can rival. The great libraries—like the Public Library on Fifth Avenue, New York, which has 2,500,000 books—the big concert halls and music houses—like the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, the finest opera house in the

¹ J. Russell Smith, *North America*, p. 143.

world—the picture galleries, and so forth, are there to hand in every big city, for the serious person who wants to improve his mind.

And as for the amusements of New York, I do not think any other city in the world has so many theatres and cinemas. It is said that ten thousand actors and actresses are working every night to amuse the people of New York ; and the cinemas are the largest in the world : the largest cinema, the Roxy, holds 6,000 people, and about 30,000 people go to “ the pictures ” every night in New York.

The street of theatres and cinemas is Broadway, and one of the strangest sights in America is Broadway lit up at night. At night on Broadway all around you are fountains of coloured lights spouting into the air, like a blaze of brilliant fireworks. These coloured lights are only advertisements for soaps and cigars, matches and movies, and every kind of article the manufacturers wish to sell ; but to see those walls of coloured lights changing and dancing, leaping and fluttering, running and flickering against the black buildings and the starlit sky, is a beautiful sight.

New York City is the money-centre of the U.S.A., the biggest seaport, the second city of the world ; but it is not the capital city. The capital of the U.S.A. is the city of Washington, which is a very different sort of place. Washington, indeed, is like no other city of the West : for one thing, the people of Washington pay no rates and taxes, and have no municipal authorities ; and they cannot vote for any Government, nor take any part in politics.

You know that the flag of the U.S.A., the “ star-spangled banner,” sometimes called “ Old Glory,” has forty-eight stars on a blue background. Each of these stars represents one of the forty-eight States. But the city of Washington is not in any of those States. It is said to belong to all of them and is kept by all of them, out of the Treasury of the nation. Washington is the home of Congress.

There seem to be more marble pillars in Washington than in any other city on earth—rows of beautiful marble pillars running down the sides of the great Government

Departments, rows of marble pillars rising along the tops of wide flights of steps, holding aloft the domes and towers of the legislative and executive offices : in the middle of them all rises the huge dome of the *Capitol*, which is the "Houses of Congress"—a big white dome standing on a circle of pillars, with a smaller circle of pillars on top of it, on which stands a colossal statue whose head is 288 feet above the ground.

The Capitol looks rather like a giant's armchair, one "arm" being a great pillared wing for the Senate, the other "arm" a similar wing for the House of Representatives, with the great central doorway under the dome in the middle. The Capitol stands in a fine park of its own, with green lawns and green shrubs on all sides, and paths and drives leading to the building. Two big buildings stand in the park, one being the offices for the Senate, the other the offices for the House of Representatives. In all, the Capitol cost \$16,000,000 (£3,200,000) to build.

Not far away from the Capitol is the marvellous Library of Congress, built to hold five million books. Many of the buildings in Washington are in the style of Greek temples, but the Library of Congress is built in the Italian style of the Renaissance period : its golden splendour reminds one that once Italy was the most civilized country on earth—though now it seems that earth's greatest civilization is growing up in the U.S.A.

In Washington, too, is the White House, home of the President ; and the whole of this gracious city, with its long wide avenues with shady trees on both sides, its buildings that are like temples and palaces, its crowds of government officials, its floods of motor cars, is very unlike the hubbub and rush of New York. Washington is unlike most American cities, for it lives only for the government of the whole of the U.S.A. Most other cities live upon trade and commerce, as we now have to see.

CHAPTER 26 : THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Cities and the People : 2

THE STREETS in the early American cities grew from trails, in some instances trails made by the "Red" Indians. Few of the earliest American cities had what is known to-day as a *city plan*. The old part of New York, down at the "prow" of the "ship"—that is, at the sea-end of Manhattan Island—is filled with little streets that twist in a tangle together, and have names of their own. But a little way further back, the city is *planned* : and from here the streets are straight and cross each other like the ruled lines in an arithmetic exercise-book, and are numbered or lettered instead of having names. We can see from this that the American citizens early began to *plan* their cities ; and they saw it was best to have straight streets instead of crooked ones, because a straight line is the shortest way between two points, so traffic and trade would travel more quickly.¹ It was easier, too, for people to find their way from Fifth Avenue to First Avenue than from Oxford Street to Piccadilly, as strangers have to do in London. In order to find your way about in an American city, all you have to be able to do is to count. Some American cities are planned out in squares or oblongs, like New York. Others are planned wheel-shape, with avenues radiating out from a central square, like spokes of a wheel, with cross-streets cutting regularly from spoke to spoke, rather in the fashion of a spider's web.

Washington is the best planned city in the world,

¹ Remember we saw, in Chapter 19, how the old native city of Kano in Nigeria was made modern by Britishers at the request of the black peoples : this will remind us of many good reasons for having cities *planned*.

combining both the arithmetic-exercise-book plan and the wheel-shape (or spider's-web-shape) plan. The main plan of Washington was thought out by a Frenchman, Major Charles Pierre L'Enfant,¹ who made a plan of straight streets crossing one another to make squares of houses in between ; and then he put a number of wheels or spiders' webs in different places over the squared plan. The centres of these " wheels " are big open spaces, like the park in which the Capitol stands. The White House stands at the centre of another " wheel," and long avenue " spokes " extend out from it across the city.

It is the older cities, such as Boston, which still have parts that are not planned. The narrow, twisting streets of old Boston grew in some cases from paths made by cows before the city was built ; and from these winding paths and around them the muddled mass of pretty but awkward streets grew up. Before it was too late, the people of Boston began to develop a plan : the result was her present-day Back Bay section, with the park-like Commonwealth Avenue running down the middle.

Boston is one of the oldest and, in its own way, one of the most beautiful cities in the U.S.A. It has quiet old streets of private houses which are built in the Georgian style ; but the real heart of the city is Boston Common, the city park, where many elms grow, and on one side of which stands the State House, the building of the parliament of Massachusetts,² under its great gilt dome.

In the beginning, Boston was built on a narrow nobbly finger of land pointing out into the waters of the Charles River. Since then, on all sides it has been pushed out, and the river pushed back, so that it is now a very fat finger indeed, with its best-planned part lying where once the river flowed, on land reclaimed from the waters. Many splendid promenades are laid out between the streets and houses and the river.

It does not do, however, to think of Boston as being

¹ Lived 1754-1825 : he got many of his ideas from the plan of Paris.

² Boston is the capital of the State of Massachusetts.

nothing but a stately old city with beautiful new sections : it is a very busy place, with docks and wharves along the Charles River and a great ocean traffic : it has many factories, too, and many much-used bridges connect the fat peninsula with spreading masses of houses on the other banks of the river.

One of these bridges leads to Cambridge, where the University of Harvard is situated—the oldest, richest, most famous and most beautiful university in America. There are many other universities in and around Boston, which has thus become a great centre of learning.

After Washington, perhaps the best planned city in the U.S.A. is Philadelphia.

Philadelphia has 2,000 streets, but it is hardly possible to get lost there. It was planned two hundred years ago by William Penn ; and it is one of the most interesting cities in the States—it was the capital city of them all until 1800 : it was here that the constitution was written out and agreed upon. It is now the second port of U.S.A.

Philadelphia is the greatest shipbuilding city in the world—I mean, of course, *steel ships* : it is here that the ships of the United States Navy are made, and one great district of the city forms the largest naval station in the world. Philadelphia also makes most of the steam-engines (locomotives) that run on the U.S. railways. The steel-yards and engine-shops of Philadelphia are a truly wonderful sight ; but steel ships and railway engines are not by any means the only products of Philadelphia. Listen to this :

“ Some of the world’s essentials are turned out in stunning quantities. In a single year this city has produced 45,000,000 yards of carpet, 6,669,600 hats, 180,000,000 yards of cotton goods, 400,000,000 cigars, 250,000,000 pairs of stockings, 10,000,000 saws, 83,862,700 false teeth,”¹ and many other goods as well.

It will be worth our while to try to think for a moment of what all this work means. Think first of the workers

¹ *Philadelphia : Past Achievements, Present Greatness and Future Possibilities* (Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce).

employed in the factories of Philadelphia. These workers are said to earn twice as much money as the workers in the same kinds of factories do in London : they get three times as much as workers in Paris (France), four times as much as workers in Brussels, Rome and Madrid. Nearly half the workers in Philadelphia own private houses as their homes ; and because of this, Philadelphia has come to be called " the city of homes."

The different industries are grouped in different districts. The great factories of carpets and cloth, for instance, are grouped in one district that is almost a city in itself : then there are the leather district, the metal district, and so forth.

Then there are miles of pretty villas where the workers live, and districts of fine avenues flanked by great shops and hotels, concert halls, theatres, picture houses. Big beautiful parks lead down to the riverside far from the noisy docks where the ships of all nations are loading and unloading and the noise of the steel-yards makes a clangour in the air.

Some American cities are not so well planned as Philadelphia. There's Pittsburg, for instance.

Pittsburg, the city of iron and steel, is nearly always capped by a cloud of smoke from a hundred factory chimneys. The city is set in the beautiful Pennsylvania Mountains, but the hills all round are torn and gashed by iron-ore mines and coal mines, and the city itself is packed with factories making chiefly heavy machinery and glass.

" Pittsburg and the mill-towns in various valleys within thirty miles contain 1,200,000 people. Study the Pittsburg district, and you will have a picture of miles of coal cars, of burning coke-ovens, smoke, dust, sweat, black hillsides, coal mines, railroad tracks, flaming furnaces, white-hot metal pouring, red-hot metal cooling, heavy rolls pressing red-hot plates with roaring noise, shears cutting the plates into pieces, giant cranes lifting and dropping them with a clang. . . . As one rides through at night the fires from countless coke-ovens make it a land of fire."¹

¹ J. Russell Smith, *North America*, p. 225.

In glancing at Philadelphia and at Pittsburg we have begun to see the people of the U.S.A. at work. We have begun to see how they are making their wonderful land bring forth its riches for their use.

With the exception of Washington and one or two more, every city in the U.S.A. has grown up because the country round about is rich in certain "raw materials." Philadelphia is great because it is near to rich lands of many kinds : just outside it are sheets of iron ore under the ground, and this made a centre for the production of steel : it has a fine deep river harbour beside it, and so of course it became a place where the steel could most easily be turned into steel ships. Every article Philadelphia produces has the same story to tell : the city is easily reached from the tobacco plantations of Virginia and Kentucky, and that is why it is such a centre for the making of cigars. Pittsburg has grown simply because the hills all round are stuffed with coal and with iron ore.

The second city of America is Chicago ; and Chicago is growing more quickly in size than any other city in the land. The people of Chicago say that in a few years their city will be the largest in the world, larger even than London or New York. I would not be surprised at that at all, because Chicago happens to be in the very centre of North America, and all around it are riches of the soil of every kind.

Chicago stands near the southern tip of Lake Michigan. If we imagine once more the "Mississippi tree" we can say that Chicago hangs in the middle of the tree like a very special present in the middle of a Christmas tree.

These are the special advantages of Chicago :

South of it, to east and west for hundreds of miles, stretches the "Corn Belt" ; and Chicago has therefore become the chief grain market of the world : the prices for wheat (corn) for the whole world depend upon the price at which the great merchants of Chicago sell the grain they have bought from the farmers. Chicago, being in the very

middle of the rich north part of the Mississippi Valley, is the place to which the cattle of the farms and the western ranches come, so that it is the most important meat market in the world : miles of farm lands that border the Great Lakes bring their pigs to Chicago market, and the dairy-lands send their butter, eggs and milk. Right outside Chicago, too, are some of the largest and richest iron and coal mines, so that machinery, and the power to work machinery, are ready to hand, and have made Chicago a city of factories as well as a city of markets. There are large oil-fields, too, near Chicago ; and last, but not least, the Great Lakes stretch away from the skyscrapers of Chicago to the far St. Lawrence, and so a host of ships gathers at Chicago's quays and makes it look almost like an ocean port. An ocean port in the middle of a continent ! That is what Chicago will soon become, if the plan to make deeper canals round the Niagara district and the rapids between New York and Canada is carried out. Then the largest ocean liners will steam out from Europe up the St. Lawrence, across the lakes, to berth at Chicago to export grain and wheat more cheaply than before.

Let us not carry away the idea that Chicago is an ugly smoky city : it is true there are miles of it crammed with hideous noisy work ; but much of it is wonderfully beautiful. A great broad avenue stretches along in front of Chicago by the blue waters of Lake Michigan for miles, and the stately skyscrapers proudly raise themselves up beside that inland sea to look out to the far horizon.

There are many splendid buildings in Chicago, and buildings devoted to art and culture, like the great opera house, the libraries, art galleries, and so on. Chicago prides itself on its beauty and culture quite as much as it does on its wealth and trade.

Perhaps we should remind ourselves here that in every American city live all sorts of different races of men. We looked at these different races in New York ; Philadelphia and Pittsburg have many races, too ; and in Chicago there are said to be forty different languages spoken :

certainly there are almost as many big foreign districts as there are in New York.

Three hundred miles or so from Chicago stands a city made famous and rich by the work of one man. You cannot think of Detroit without thinking of Mr. Henry Ford. Thirty-seven years ago there were

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automobiles in the U.S.A. To-day there are

20,000,000

To-day one in every six people in the U.S.A. owns a motor-car. This growth has been largely due to Mr. Ford, who designed and made the first cheap motor car on the market. In Detroit is Mr. Ford's main factory, where 1,000 cars can be made in a day, where it takes 28 hours 20 minutes to turn the raw materials into a finished Ford car. In this factory is an immense power station, great blast furnaces, the largest foundry in the world, the largest steel-rolling plant, a great glass factory and other wonders. Perhaps the greatest wonder of all is the great sheds where the products of all these buildings are fitted together (*assembled*, as Mr. Ford says) and come rolling out as automobiles. Cranes and conveyors carry the parts of the cars to these sheds and dump them down on a moving band beside which many scores of men stand ready to fit everything into place as the cars move along on the band. This *moving assembly* is what has enabled cars to be built so quickly in the Ford factory; and its method has been copied by many other factories making many other kinds of goods. Because he makes so many cars, Mr. Ford can sell them cheaply, as he finds it *pays* better to make only a small profit on each of a great number of cars than to make a big profit on cars which only a few people could afford to buy. This is called *mass production*. We shall glance a little more widely at mass production when we come to Chapter 28; for the moment it is enough if we realize that around the Ford factory there grew up the crowded roaring city of

Detroit. Here and round about are Ford coal and iron mines, a Ford railway, Ford ships.¹

When Detroit began to grow, many other manufacturers flocked there, many other factories were begun ; but although these other firms and works cover miles of land and produce much of Detroit's wealth, Mr. Ford still "rules the roost." One of Ford's latest and greatest doings is the mass production of tractors.

Tractors, as you know, are motor vehicles for pulling heavy loads over rough ground ; and they are made especially to haul farm machines, like huge modern ploughs and reapers, over the bumpy soil of the fields. Soon the farmers of the Corn Belt were buying up tractors made by Ford and by other firms, and now all over those hundreds of miles of corn-land there is hardly a horse to be seen at work. Everywhere the motor tractor is ploughing and reaping ; and I think this is a good moment for us to slip away from the big industrial cities to look at the "wide open spaces" of the corn-lands.

Although the American cities are so huge, it is not to be supposed that most people in the U.S.A. live in them. Fully half the people are country-folk, living in small country towns, in villages or in farms of their own far from the dust and clatter of city streets.

¹ Detroit stands on the bank of one of the two short rivers connecting Lake Huron with Lake Erie.

CHAPTER 27 : THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Middle West and the Far West

RIGHT across the Corn Belt are hundreds of small towns, what in Britain would be called "market towns," though in U.S.A. they call them "cities." Many of these cities are a hundred miles or more from the next city ; and they are therefore the centre of country life, the place to which the farmers and field workers for miles around come to sell and buy.

The life in these cities may seem a bit slow to the stranger from Chicago or Detroit ; but they are more lively than places of the same size in Britain or in most other countries, and this is because, as we have seen, the Americans are "go-ahead " people, and are not likely to be content if they are not progressing.

Indeed, many farmers of the " Middle West " sell up their farms after years of hard work, when they have made enough money, and then take train with their families to one of the really big cities, to go into business, or they give up their farms and go to live in retirement on the pleasant Pacific coast or in sunny Florida.

You see, the small Middle West cities cannot grow beyond a certain size, because their wealth is all from the fields around, and the fields can never produce more than a certain amount of corn, nor their farms give them more than a certain amount of vegetables, meat and dairy produce.

In spite of their small size, these hundreds of Middle West cities are as up to date as New York itself, or Chicago, or Philadelphia. The main streets may be short and not very broad, but at night they are ablaze with electric signs,

reminding one of Broadway ; and in the daytime they are lined with so many cars it would seem as if every man, woman and child owned an automobile.

The shops, too, sell the latest of everything—and maybe cheaper than New York. Nor are these millions of Middle West folk a rough lot of wild people : they are educated and cultured men and women, for the most part, though there are still too many people in U.S.A. who cannot read or write. Every farmer who makes enough money sends his sons and daughters to college, and, if possible, on from college to one of the big universities. There are all sorts of clubs and gatherings of cultured people in these far-away cities.

Perhaps the only fault these cities have is that they are so *far away* from the rest of the world ; and that is a fault they cannot help. More than a thousand miles of land lies between them and the Pacific Ocean to the west : more than a thousand miles of land cuts them off from the Atlantic to the east : so the people are apt, quite naturally, to forget the rest of the world, even though they supply so much of that world with corn.

In ordinary times, life in the Middle West can be as happy as any life on earth : the climate is wonderful, sunny but not too hot, with enough rain to bring forth the crops, and with plenty of work for all—and never too much, thanks to the help gained from the use of machines. In ordinary times, too, the millions of farmers in the Middle West know how much money they are going to make each year, because they know how much their fields will produce, and they know the cities need this corn to make bread.

In return for bread, the cities supply those bright shops in the Middle West with the latest clothes and inventions, with radios, gramophones, and all the comforts and aids of civilization. We see here the real harmony of American life—in ordinary times. As I am writing this book the times are far from ordinary, and all through the rest of this little volume we shall have to keep looking at more and more of the reasons why the times are not ordinary.

For the moment, let us look at the sad things which are happening in the Middle West. Just now, the farmers cannot sell their corn at good prices, because the great wide world outside their land is short of money and cannot pay good prices for bread. Because of this, there is poverty in the country-side and unemployment. In some places, they are using ears of corn as fuel instead of coal : they are burning bread in the fireplaces because they cannot sell the bread and make enough money to buy coal.

Let us not linger on the sorrows of the farmers, though we must look again at them before we end our book ; and we shall see in the next chapter, too, that the marvellous cities of the U.S.A. are having even worse trials than the people in the country.

Let us pass on now, westwards over the Rockies, over the wild western plains of the cowboys, into the peach-land and vine-land and apple-land of California. In California are the largest fruit orchards on earth, supplying oranges and lemons, apples and pears, grapes and raisins, and numerous other kinds of fruit to the whole of the U.S.A. and to distant countries beyond the oceans.

The great seaport city of San Francisco, with its towering skyscrapers ranged along its vast natural harbour, stands where the rich fruit valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers meet, and is easily the world's greatest fruit market.

What strange beauty and what many contrasts California offers !—desolate deserts and snow-capped mountains, bare foot-hills and hills covered with dense forests, wild cattle ranches and miles of sweet-smelling fruit orchards, lovely mountain lakes and glaciers, and the tremendous forests of the redwood trees, the largest living things on earth : some of these trees are more than two thousand years old : and four trees have been found that are more than three thousand years old : they were a thousand years old in the time of Christ. These trees may reach a height of 300 feet or more, with trunks 30 feet round near the base.

It is not possible for us to picture forests of these trees in

a book. They have to be seen to be believed ; and a man wandering among them, with only seventy years or so to live, is like a butterfly whose life is over in a day. They are solemn and wonderful places, the redwood forests of California.

The roaring cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles seem like a brief cinema picture when you have stood and watched the silent giant redwoods ; but it is with the swift beating of human affairs that we are concerned in this book, because our life is woven into the civilization of our time, our minds and bodies are given their texture by the playing back and forth of trade and culture in the daily happenings of mankind.

So we rush over to Los Angeles, the mightiest city of the west, that has grown up in a flash, as it were, among the rolling hills near the Pacific coast. If we watch Los Angeles, we can almost see it growing—it is fourteen miles from the ocean, but in the last few years it has spread over seven of those miles, and in ten more years or so, they say, it will touch the breaking waves of the Pacific, and double its present population of a million.

A glance at Los Angeles, however, reminds us of another of those solemn wonders of the American west—the Grand Cañon of Arizona. We are reminded of this because they are now blowing tunnels through the mountains to draw water from the Colorado River to Los Angeles, to supply the needs of this growing city.

The Colorado River roars its way between the rocks more than two hundred miles west of Los Angeles : it divides the State of California from Arizona, and it flows through one of the most barren lands of the world. It is especially barren around the Grand Cañon : hereabouts the river flows through a high-up rocky plateau ; but it has cut itself a deep gorge across this plateau, a gorge that twists and turns like a snake, a gorge that is in some places *one mile deep*.

If you have ever thought about water wearing away rock, you may be able to grasp what it means for a river to cut a plateau of rock to that depth—a sudden gash one mile deep

in a rocky desert. There is something awful about the depth ; and when you think of the time it took the Colorado River to cut its way down, it seems as if even the giant redwood trees have lived no longer than a butterfly. You begin to understand the age of the earth.

When a rambling European philosopher, Count Keyserling, looked down into the gaunt beauty of the Grand Cañon, he comforted himself with the thought that men can accomplish things as great in much less time and for a useful purpose.

Look down there into the cañon of the Colorado River near that place where the States of Arizona, California and Nevada come together—here the river still roars through a desert, but we see men like flies clinging to the mighty cliffs, men hanging by thread-like ropes upon the sheer walls of rock, clusters of men digging at the rocks with pickaxes and sending boulders and rubble hurtling down to the racing waters below. Look there at those men in a cage, swinging across the yawning gulf, suspended on a frail-looking rope. Look there at that steep winding road they have made up the side of the cañon : look at that endless procession of motor lorries carrying rocks and stones from the gorge to the desert on top ; day and night the procession never ends. Listen to that *boom* ! echoing up the gorge, the blast of dynamite where they are blowing out tunnels in the cliffs. Here we see a camp of wooden huts beside the whirling stream, there a mighty scaffolding growing up the cliffs with men crawling over it. . . .

These men are at work on the " Hoover Dam," one of the biggest jobs men have ever attempted, almost as big a job as the building of the Panama Canal. The Hoover Dam will rise up from the depths of the gorge to the very top, and will block up the cañon completely. At this point the cañon is a quarter of a mile deep, so that the dam will be 1,320 feet high when it is finished. It will be completed in 1937.

When it is completed 500 square miles of the Colorado Desert will be watered by canals and trenches drawn off from the river. Five hundred square miles of barren desert

will be turned into garden land and orchards and plantations ! Men will come to live there, new towns will arise, and Los Angeles will receive a new supply of fresh river-water.

This work is in its way no less of a wonder than the work of nature upon the Grand Cañon itself ; and it is the problems raised by the use of machinery by man in his conquest of nature with which we now have to deal.

CHAPTER 28 : MACHINES

MR. HENRY FORD says that when he was a boy working on a farm he realized the curse of heavy labour, and began to dream of lifting the burden from the shoulders of men and women by the right use of machinery.

In no country in the world is machinery more used than in the U.S.A.

It is said that in the U.S.A. every man, woman and child has at his and her command power equal to the work of twenty slaves. This is especially important for workmen, who, you can see, have the strength of twenty workmen because of the aid given to them by machinery.

For instance, about 75,000,000 tons of iron ore are dug out of the earth in the U.S.A. every year. Some of the ore lies near the surface, being covered only with a thin skin of earth and rock. In such places the earth is taken off by steam shovels and hauled away on trucks. One shovel can do as much as many hundred men and a car of fifty tons can be loaded in a few minutes. It only needs a few men—half a dozen or a dozen—to control the shovel and the car ; so we see that ten or twelve men can do the work of one hundred men ; and can do it far more quickly, through the use of machinery.

All through the process of “ mass production,” machines aid men in this way ; and so, manufactured articles like electric irons or automobiles can be turned out in hundreds where before they were turned out in tens ; so they can be sold more cheaply, and hundreds of people can buy them to-day, where only ten or twelve people could buy them before there was “ mass production.”

It is as well to get this “ mass production ” into our minds, because it is one of the main causes of the richness of the American people and the high standard of their

civilization. Of course, it would not be so easy to "mass produce" if their country was not as rich as it is. Nature, as we have seen, has been kind to the Americans, and has strewn riches in the soil and under the land. Take coal.

A coal miner in Britain digs about one ton of coal each day. The American miner digs three tons. Don't imagine from this that the Americans are a race of giants. The fact is that coal in Britain is mostly buried very deep and is difficult to get, while coal in the U.S.A. is near the surface of the land, and often crops out bare and open on the sides of the hills ; and so in America big machines are used for the purpose of digging out the coal, while all the digging in Britain has to be done by hand because it is not possible to get heavy machinery down the pit shafts and along the narrow galleries of the British mines.

We may think the Americans are lucky to live in such a land ; but however rich the land, it would have been of little use to them had they not been "go-ahead" people. The American Indians lived for thousands of years in North America without knowing anything about coal and iron and oil and corn and cotton ; and to-day these Indians are pushed back into pleasant "reservations" where they live the simpler life their natures fit them for.

The white citizens of the U.S.A. have pushed their machines to every part of the land and so have made the land bring forth its abundance. It is strange to view the rice-fields in the States of Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas and elsewhere, to see monster machines at work on the swampy ground—tractors, "road graders," steam pumps, reapers and threshers. Watching these machines at work one sadly thinks of the millions of brown workmen toiling by hand in the rice-fields of India, where only the most primitive tools are used, and where the men use their weary arms for fourpence (ten cents or so) a day. What a blessing American machinery would be to India !

Yet there are one or two evil results of machinery. In some instances the dream of Mr. Henry Ford has been so well realized that the use of machinery has lifted the

burden of work from many millions of people and has left them to wander the streets idle. As I am writing this chapter there are said to be at least *twelve million unemployed* in the U.S.A.—12,000,000 men and women who can find no work to do and so can earn no money. These men and women would starve and die if they were not fed and clothed by the State, and by richer people out of charity. We have seen what the British Government has arranged so that the unemployed of Britain shall not starve and die. There is no such scheme in America ; but from time to time Congress votes to set aside several million dollars to give to these people until happier times come, when work can be found by all.

The use of machinery is not the only reason for *unemployment* ; but it is one reason. We shall glance at some other reasons a little further on in this book ; at the moment we must look at one more sad fact about the poorest people of all in the U.S.A.

You have heard about crime in America, about gangsters and gunmen ; perhaps you have read somewhere that Chicago is the wickedest city in the world, where one murder a day is committed, and all sorts of swindles and robberies take place. We must not get excited about this nor imagine it is quite true : numbers of detective story books, and crime films and plays make out the life of American gangsters to be one of the most exciting lives on earth, and successful criminals to be almost heroes. We learn most about the gangsters from made-up stories, that are not true.

The fact is that nearly every criminal is a failure : he is a man who has not " got on " in business or trade, in art or the professions, and so he feels " fed up " and turns to live the most miserable life that any man can live on earth. The life of a criminal is always miserable because his life is always in danger : you may think it is exciting to be in danger sometimes ; and so it is ; but it is not exciting to be in danger *always* ; and that is the fate of the criminal—for the police are always after him and every honest citizen is his enemy. The more successful the criminal is, the more

he is in danger ; and the most successful criminal in America, Alphonse Capone (" Scarface Al " to his pals) is now spending ten years in gaol.

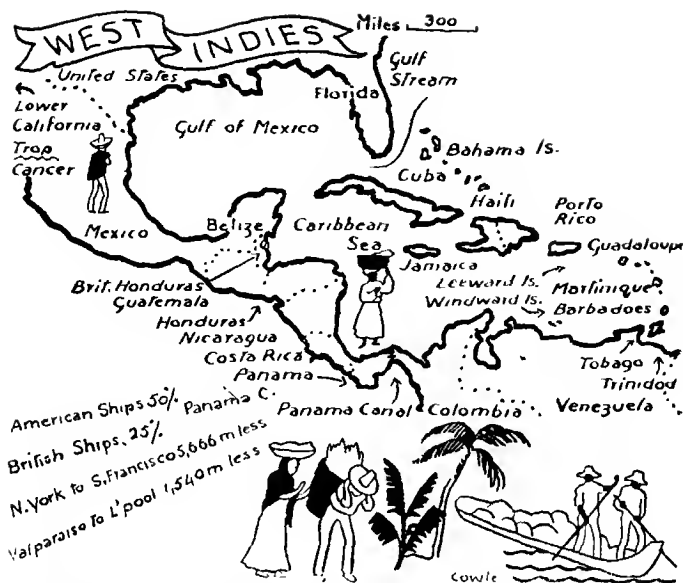
When we looked at crime and prisons in England, we saw that the criminal is an ignorant man who does not know his debt to the millions of workers who make our civilization ; but we saw, too, that so long as there are slums and miserably poor people, there will always be some criminals for whom we must make excuses (though they must be sent to prison just the same).

It is an evil thing in American civilization, as it is in British civilization, that there should be so much poverty and unemployment ; and it is from the ranks of these millions of poor and idle people that the criminals come. One day, Parliaments will find out a way of getting rid of unemployment, and Governments will see that it is got rid of. When there are no poor and idle people there will be no excuse for crime.

That is one thing to count against machinery, it has lifted the burden of work from *too many* people, and has left these people poor and idle. Machinery, too, has brought new problems into civilization : for instance, when hundreds of factories are making millions of the same article very quickly, the shops and markets of the world sometimes become too full up of these articles, and they cannot be sold. This is called *over-production* : when masses of articles cannot be sold, of course the factories that made them cannot make profits ; and so the factories have to cut down their work, they have to let many of their machines stand idle, and many of the men who work the machines have to be turned off ; and these men swell the ranks of the unemployed.

This is another evil brought about through the use of machines ; but we shall look at this evil more clearly and in a bigger way soon. Let us for the moment keep on looking at the achievements of the American people and at the good things their use of machinery has brought them.

North America, you know, is shaped rather like a



spinning-top. It gets thinner and thinner towards the south until at the Isthmus of Panama it is less than 50 miles across, "as the crow flies." Long before we reach Panama the U.S.A. has come to an end, and foreign countries,¹ cover the land from east to west. Panama, the land at the narrowest part, where the little isthmus joins vast North America with the mighty South, is a free country; but a narrow strip of land in Panama, running from ocean to ocean, belongs to the U.S.A. Through the middle of this strip runs the mightiest work of engineering ever performed by man—the Panama Canal.

Before the Panama Canal was cut, vessels sailing from the east coast of North America to the west (or the other way of course) had to go on a voyage not far short of nine thousand miles round the south of South America, braving the terrible gales of Cape Horn or passing through wild Magellan Strait. Now vessels do the same trip by taking a leap 85 feet high into the air and 56 miles long, from the Atlantic

¹ Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama.

to the Pacific. This is such a wonderful thing it is worth while viewing for a moment the thrilling history of the canal.

Three nations helped to make the Panama Canal. First came the French, under that famous engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had planned and directed the cutting of the Suez Canal. But the Suez Canal had been cut across flat desert land—and along Panama ran a range of mountainous hills : the land round Suez was healthy—whilst Panama was haunted with malaria and yellow fever.

For years the French worked mightily to cut a passage through the Isthmus of Panama. Thousands of French workmen died of malaria and yellow fever, hundreds were drowned by a wild mountain river that often rose up without warning and flooded out all their works. At last, when sixty million pounds had been spent, de Lesseps gave up in despair and thousands of French people who had invested their money in the business were ruined.

People thought the canal could never be made ; and indeed it could not be made until men had found out how to conquer malaria and yellow fever : the conquest of these diseases was the work of many scientists, French, American and British ; and the final stamping out of them from the Isthmus of Panama called for heroes who gave their lives willingly to make the land fit to live in.

Two British scientists, Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Patrick Manson, and a French doctor, Alphonse Laveran, found out how the little insect, the mosquito, carried the germs of malaria ; and it was seen that if all the mosquitoes in Panama were killed off, there would be no more malaria there. But what about the deadly yellow fever ? Were the germs of yellow fever carried by the mosquito, too ? It was the Americans who found this out. They decided to build the canal which de Lesseps had given up in despair. They wanted that canal so that their merchant vessels and the ships of their navy could get quickly from ocean to ocean.

So the U.S.A. paid £2,000,000 for the works which had been done on the canal, and another £2,000,000 for the

strip of land ten miles wide and fifty miles long, where the canal was to be built. And they sent down their engineers and their doctors to conquer the mountain and the river and the fever.

First they had to conquer the fever ; and in order to learn whether yellow fever was carried by mosquitoes, they had to have men who were willing to risk death by being bitten by mosquitoes. Four men came forward. " Every man knew that he was likely to die, but he also knew that in so dying he might save thousands of his fellow men from death." ¹ The four men let themselves be bitten by mosquitoes which had bitten yellow fever patients. One of them died, two got well after a dreadful illness, the other was paralysed for life. " Do you recognize the names of James Carroll and Walter Reed and Jesse Lazear and Private Kissinger ? They saved mankind from yellow fever. For many a long century it had taken its toll of millions. It never will again. They stopped it." ² For of course when malaria and yellow fever were conquered in Panama they could be conquered in other parts of the world, too. The conquest of malaria and yellow fever in Panama was one battle in the great war against illness of all kinds which is always being waged by mankind.

But when the Americans had killed off all the mosquitoes and made Panama fit to live in, they still had to beat the mountains and the floods. They beat the mountains by making locks big enough to lift the largest vessels that had ever been built ; and now ocean liners of every sort are lifted over the mountains in this fashion.

They beat that rushing mountain river by throwing a dam across the valley inside which a great lake formed. Into this lake the worst flood of the river would flow gently. That dam, the " Gatun Dam," is a true marvel of engineering. " What do you think of a great wall of earth and masonry 9,000 feet long and nearly 2,100 feet wide at the

¹ Report of the American Association for Medical Progress, quoted by H. G. Miller in *The Isthmian Highway*, p. 18.

² Harry Emerson Fosdick, quoted in the same book, p. 20.

base ? From the bottom it tapers upward 115 feet until it forms a roadway 60 feet wide."¹

Fever, mountains, floods—all had been conquered at last, and the Panama Canal was opened in 1914. The mountain river had been so well beaten that it was turned into a slave of man ; and now its rushing waters provide the power which makes the electricity to work the machinery of the canal from end to end and to light up the houses that are built all along from ocean to ocean.

Before the canal was opened the coastal regions of America were rather like a house that had a front door and a back door but no passage through the house from one to the other. How awkward that would be !—for when dinner was cooked in the kitchen it would have to be taken out of the back door, along the street, round several corners, and in at the front door before it could be served in the dining-room. The opening of the Panama Canal was like knocking a passage right through the house so that dinner could be hurried along and quickly served.

Only it is not dinner, but trade, that hurries along the Panama Canal ; and all day and all night, a never-ending chain of ocean ships passes through from east to west and from west to east. Half the ships passing through the canal belong to the U.S.A. ; and it is the great manufacturing cities of the east like Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Detroit, which are benefited most by the canal—for they can send goods to the west of South America, to Australia and New Zealand, to China and Japan, more easily and cheaply than before.

For instance, most of the automobiles used in New Zealand and Australia are made in the U.S.A. and are sent out to those British Dominions through the Panama Canal : if there were no canal, it would be much more difficult and expensive to get the cars to these far-distant places ; and probably British cars would be used out there instead of American ones.

Very many other manufactured goods pass from the east of America to Australasia through the canal ; and it is the

¹ *The Mastery of Water* (Fitman's "Mastery" Series), p. 130.

same with all the lands lying round the Pacific. Through the canal, too, the great grey warships of America steam to protect both the east and west coasts ; and from the southern tip of Florida, where they have a big naval base, it is easy for the warships to go through the canal to reach the Philippine Islands, the Islands of Hawaii, and other possessions of the American Empire in the Pacific.

For the U.S.A. has an empire, too, though not a very big one. The Philippines are their biggest possession; and the American people so strongly believe in freedom that Congress has voted that the Philippine Islands shall become a free State on its own in ten years' time.

The Americans have agreed that the Panama Canal shall be used by the ships of all nations. When the ships have paid their " dues " they can sail through without let or hindrance ; and half of the ships are foreign ships, nearly a quarter of them flying the British flag. So that the Panama Canal, like Suez, is of use to all the world—which reminds us of a fact with which we may well close our little survey of the U.S.A.

You might think that the mighty U.S.A., with all its corn and cotton and coal and oil, could produce all that its people need. But that is not so. There are many things, like rubber, which will not grow in the U.S.A. And, as you can see, people who ride about in twenty million motor cars, will need a great deal of rubber for their tyres (they need rubber for 101 other things as well). The Americans do, as a matter of fact, use more rubber than any other nation on earth.

Now, three-quarters of the world's rubber is grown in the countries of the British Empire ; and so the bulk of the rubber for the U.S.A. comes from these lands. The great rubber port, remember, is Singapore ; and the rubber ships from Singapore pass through the Panama Canal on their way to the east of America.

Rubber is only one thing for which America has to look to foreign lands. The U.S.A. takes two-thirds of the jute cloth exported from India, and half of that from Dundee.

If the jute cloth imported from India and Dundee to the U.S.A. in any one year were stretched out straight it would lead as far as from the earth to the moon and back again. It is used for bagging to wrap up every bale of cotton produced in Dixie. It is used in the making of carpets, linoleums, etc., also for all the string and twine with which the United States Post Office does up its bags and parcels. It is used in many other things—the stuff for coat-linings, for instance, is made with jute. Thousands of men in the U.S.A. are walking about not knowing that part of their coat-linings have come from Asia. Millions of women in America clean their linoleum without a thought of the Indian workers who produced the jute from which it was made.

There are dozens of other things that come in from abroad. The U.S.A. uses more silk than any other land : three-quarters of the silk comes from Japan, the rest from China and Italy. We have already seen how much wood-pulp for the books, newspapers and magazines, comes from Canada and Newfoundland.

The fact is that “ there is not a man or woman in America whose daily life is not in constant touch with the lives of peoples on the other side of the seas whose customs are strange, whose languages are unknown, of whom they may never have heard, but without whose daily toil their lives would be affected for the worse. No one in America goes through a single day without in some way getting help from all the other continents.”¹

¹ William C. Redfield, *Dependent America*, p. 13. We would do well to remember that in an ordinary year the U.S.A. carries on a trade with foreign countries that is worth about £2,000,000,000.

CHAPTER 29 : WAR AND PEACE

WHAT IS true of the American citizen is true of the citizens of every land on earth to-day. Nobody in any country can go through a single day without being helped by the work of people in every other land. Let us think about this for a moment. A good way to understand it will be to go over the adventures of jute and cotton as we have already watched them in this book.

First the jute is grown in the hot fields of India, tended and gathered by the brown workers : it passes through the mighty city of Calcutta and is packed on to tramp steamers : it rolls and tosses through storm and sunshine on the oceans, and is unpacked at the port of Dundee and taken into factories, there to be prepared for use. From Dundee much of it is sent across the dark Atlantic's heaving wastes to the ports of the U.S.A., to Baltimore, perhaps, or Philadelphia, to be made up into carpets or linoleums for the American homes. Some is sent rocking over the railways to Dixie, where the Negro cotton pickers undo it and use it to wrap up bales of cotton.

And many millions of these bales of cotton are loaded up on tramp ships and sent back to Liverpool in England, where they are sent out to the factory towns of Lancashire. The girls of the cotton mills in Lancashire clatter to work in their wooden clogs with shawls thrown over their heads, and all day long they toil at making cloths out of the cotton from Dixie. A great deal of the cotton cloth made in the mills of Lancashire goes in tramp steamers all the way to—India ! Some of it may be bought by the very same workers who picked the jute in the hot fields ! (Remember in Chapter 19 we heard Mr. Winston Churchill say, " If Indians ceased to buy British cloth, it would mean the final ruin of Lancashire.")

Now, we need not do more than remind ourselves that all this wonderful trade, drawing the whole earth together, does not run by magic. It is run by the power of money ; and millions upon millions of all sorts of people are affected by it—not only the brown workers of India, the black workers of America, the white workers of Britain : not only the people who buy cotton goods in the shops and markets and those that use jute in their clothes and carpets without knowing it ; but also the shareholders in the business companies who own the jute plantations and the cotton plantations ; the people who have put money into the lines of tramp ships ; and the cotton-mill owners of Lancashire, and many others.

I hope your head is not beginning to spin round like the rolling globe on which all this coming and going of cotton and jute takes place. I hope not, because if you really want to get an idea of *international trade*, trade between all the nations of the earth, you have to remember that cotton and jute are only *two items* ; and there are thousands upon thousands of articles and goods upon the high seas at this moment, travelling *from every country to every country*.

Having got this into our heads, let us remind ourselves that it is not only with the things of ordinary daily trade and commerce, like jute and cotton, that the nations of the world are tied up together.

We saw in the very first chapter of this book that you can never pay back the debt you owe to the millions of men and women who have made civilization and who keep it going day by day. In the same way, no nation can ever pay back the debt it owes to all the other nations for the things of culture and art, for the inventions and discoveries which have been made by the men of all nations since the beginning of time.

The Great Men of one nation have always done good, not only to their own nation, but to the nations all over the earth. The great books by the great writers are read by citizens of every State, and their writings have influence even upon those millions of people who to this day cannot

read or write. English people are proud of Shakespeare, Italian people are proud of Dante, German people are proud of Goethe : every land has its great writers—and these writers belong to all the world, their works are found in every land, translated into every language. The ideas of these writers are found inside the heads of citizens of all lands ; and this makes up one item in the debt a nation owes to other nations.

It is the same in every fine achievement of men : the works of the great painters, the great music-makers, the great discoverers and inventors are of benefit to people all over the earth. The great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, who discovered disease germs, has saved millions of lives in every land. The great American, Thomas Edison, has given more power to men of every country. We could easily fill up the rest of this book (and many other books beside) in counting up the unpayable debt that you yourself owe to foreigners. We may think such far-away and different lands as China and India can give us nothing better than silk and rice and jute ; yet it was the Chinese who invented printing hundreds of years before we knew about it in the West, and they invented the mariner's compass, too, without which our foreign trade could never have come about. From India we get our numerals—1, 2, 3, 4—which are so much simpler to use than the Roman figures—I, II, III, IV. I doubt not we could make a book if we were to set down in detail what we owe in art, culture and science to China and India alone.

It is this sort of thing which made a great Italian patriot, Giuseppe Mazzini¹ say " Nations are the citizens of Humanity, as individuals are the citizens of the Nation."

Religion teaches us that all men are the sons of one God ; and yet most of us know so little of the citizens of other nations that we are not aware that the jute in our coat-lining has come from Asia, much less than that we owe most of the finest and noblest things in our lives to great foreigners. We do not think about these things ; which is a pity.

¹ Lived 1805-1872.

If we are going to think about these things, we must get quite clear in our mind what *foreigners* are.

It is quite simple.

There are said to be about 2,000,000,000 men, women and children in the world to-day. Two thousand million people. Now, *every one* of all these people is *different from all the rest*. Any two of them are quite as different as you and your next-door neighbour.

These two thousand million people on the face of the earth are split up into separate and independent States. There are about seventy separate and independent States in the world at the present moment.

Most of these States (or we can call them nations) are far more different from one another than are the forty-eight States of the U.S.A. They are even more separated from one another than are the free Dominions of the British Empire, for they have no king to whom to feel loyal.

Each of these seventy States is just a group of people who have come together in agreement of law.

When they agree together in law, people have to agree in many other things also. Their lives are drawn together in countless ways and they tend to grow more alike in many things. When a group of people grow more alike in many things, they grow more *unlike* other groups. They grow less friendly towards other groups, and they understand other groups less. Each group grows to have its own separate and special arts and crafts and culture.

Now, we saw in our chapter on the Union of South Africa, how white Dutch people and white British people have a "feeling" against each other, because each has stuck to his own language and ways of life ; and we watched the struggle between the brown Indians and the white folk in Natal ; and we glanced at the difficulties arising between black Kaffirs and white folk. There was enough trouble brewing there, we thought, to keep the big Parliament at Cape Town busy for a long while yet. We glimpsed in India, too, the fierce strife between Moslems and Hindus,

and the angry hatreds that have grown between some of the Indian peoples and their British rulers.

In the same way there are often "feelings" and hatreds among the seventy separate nations of the earth—though of course there is no big Parliament of the World to hold them in peace and justice together, and there is no Viceroy of the Earth to make laws which all mankind must obey.

Because there is no great ruler of the world, each nation has made an army, or a navy, or an air force, or all three, to defend its own laws against the laws of every other land. Mussolini, the great leader of the Kingdom of Italy, has pointed out that there are nations in the world to-day which are spending more on *armaments* than half the money they get in taxes—that is, on soldiers and firearms and big guns, and on sailors and armoured warships, and on battle-planes, many of which are specially made to drop huge bombs on enemy lands.

Every day £2,000,000 is spent on armaments by the nations of the world—nearly £800,000,000 a year! The nations of Europe spend more than any other. Every year in Europe £500,000,000 is spent on armaments. Britain spends £120,000,000. The U.S.A. spends more than \$600,000,000 every year. Some countries, like France, make every young man join the army for a year or two so that all the men of the nation will know something about defending their country by force of arms. Notice I say *defending*: all these armies and navies and air forces are said to be for "defence," just like the policeman at the corner of the street, who is there to defend your house from thieves. It is only when a great general like Napoleon arises that an army is used for *offence*—that is, for attacking foreign countries without a cause.

Now I hope these facts and figures about millions of money spent on armaments will mean something to you: they ought to give you a picture of thousands upon thousands of marching men, with their rifles slung over their shoulders, and of thousands of soldiers upon horseback charging over country-sides, and of lines of heavy guns

drawn up in battle array with groups of men beside them feeding them with shells : it is a truly thrilling sight to see a long line of guns spitting fire one after another and to hear the screech of the shells as they fly through the air, and to watch those shells falling and bursting with enough force to blow a farm-house to bits.

This sort of thing takes place every day in some part of the world. As a rule it is only done in practise—though I believe just now in parts of China they are doing it in earnest, and killing men : I know they were, only the other day.

Then of course you must think of the navies of the world—long lines of wonderful grey ships, clad in armour, shooting with vast guns at old vessels which are set up as targets, and submarines gliding beneath the green sea, able to fire off torpedoes powerful enough to sink a stately liner or a tramp ship.

And you can picture the air forces of the world flying in formation across the blue sky : that is one of the most beautiful sights on earth—though it does not look so beautiful to the inhabitants of a city upon whom these war-machines may send down a storm of bombs.

Of many other preparations for war, of tanks and poison-gas and so on, you ought also to think when we consider the armaments of the world.

There are few more stirring sights than to watch the Fighting Forces giving a display. As we watch the troops, the ships or the aeroplanes manœuvring, while the band plays, the flags wave and the bugles sound, we feel keenly about our country : these things make us feel much keener about our country than does Parliament or Congress, or the memory of our great men whose deeds have blessed all mankind. When we feel particularly patriotic we are often remembering the battles which our brave soldiers won.

This is all very right and proper so long as we remember that in being proud of the battles our soldiers won we must know what the enemies were like. If a great army goes forth to do battle with rabbits we would not think much of

the victory. Even if it went forth to war against more savage beasts of the jungle we could hardly feel proud of the conquest. We can only acclaim a victorious army if it has been fighting a worthy foe. Every true soldier knows this, and comes to respect his enemies.

It is only sometimes the people who stay at home and wave flags who think it is a grand thing to call the enemy "names." These people who in war-time know so little about the enemy are the same people who in peace-time know little or nothing about foreign nations, because they have no need to understand other laws and cultures, other ways of life than their own.

Which, as I have said, is a pity ; for if part of your coat-lining comes from the hot jute fields of India you are a partner in life with the brown worker who grew and gathered the jute which you wear on your back. You are just as much a partner with him as are any two men who run a business together ; and we shall see in a chapter or two in what way the buying and selling of such things as overcoats in one country is a matter of life and death to those mostly unknown partners in other lands who have made overcoats possible.

We must not, however, run away with the idea that the nations of the world do nothing but point guns at one another. They do not know much about one another, they don't like one another very much, but because they are all partners in life they have had to agree together in a few laws for their own good. For instance, take the laws of the sea.

All nations believe in " the Freedom of the Seas," which means they all want to have the free use of great waters for their ships. Over and over again we have watched our friends the tramp ships of all nations sailing freely from one country to another for the good of all. These ships have to obey the *navigation laws*, such as that ships must pass one another on the left-hand side, and every ship must have a green light on her starboard (right) and a red light on her port (left) at night so that other ships can tell in which

direction she is proceeding. Such navigation laws, have been agreed upon by all countries.

Every civilized nation keeps up lighthouses, lightships and buoys to warn vessels off dangerous rocks, sandbanks and shallow waters ; and these are for vessels of every country. Certain dangerous parts of the sea are patrolled to keep them safe. Parts of the China Sea are watched for cyclones and pirates. The North Atlantic Ocean route of the steamships between America and Europe is watched for icebergs during certain months of the year by cruisers of the U.S. Navy, who are paid to do so by the Governments of all nations.

If it were not for these agreements between nations, ocean shipping would not be possible between them. In the same way, if it were not for the Universal Postal Union, it would not be possible for the citizens of one land to send letters safely to people living in another country ; but all nations have agreed on certain rules regarding letters and parcels sent abroad by the post. Because of this every postman who delivers letters is really a *Civil Servant of the World*, because he delivers foreigners' letters from abroad as well as letters sent from one part of the same country or town to another.

There are many other ways in which the nations have agreed in order to carry on their daily work together in peace-time ; but there is no organisation called a World Civil Service, and postmen certainly know as little about the peoples across the seas, whose letters they deliver, as we know about the Indian jute we wear in our coats.

Yet there are people whose business is to know what is going on abroad and to see how these separate countries are linked up with one another. Remember in Whitehall we saw there is a Department called the Foreign Office, the business of which is to keep in touch with all foreign lands, and to know the laws and ways of those lands, so that Britain can trade with them.

Every civilized land has an office to deal peacefully with other nations. The office which does this for the U.S.A.

is the Department of State at Washington. We might almost call these offices *peace offices*. I rather wish they were called that ; but they're not. The War Offices, as we have seen, deal with the fighting forces ; the Foreign Offices send out *consuls* and *ambassadors* to foreign lands.

A consul is a man sent out by one State to live in another, in order to care for the people and trade of his own country in the foreign land to which he is sent. He sees that the traders of his own land are fairly treated by the foreign traders, and people of his own land living abroad go for help to the consul if they are in any trouble.

The earliest consuls were sent out to live abroad in the days of the crusades, and to-day every State of importance has *several hundred* consuls living all over the world. Often there are twenty or thirty consuls from one country living in twenty or thirty big cities in another country.

Ambassadors are much grander than consuls. Consuls stand for the *people* of one land in another. Ambassadors stand for the *Government* of one country at the capital city in another. Every civilized State has one ambassador living in the capital of every great foreign nation.

We can see exactly what ambassadors are if we remember how, in days of old, kings used to send messengers of State to one another, sometimes on missions of friendliness with messages of peace and perhaps with a cavalcade of costly presents, sometimes with threats and warnings of war.

Nowadays the Governments of the world keep a messenger in every foreign capital. These messengers are the ambassadors who work in foreign lands in houses called *embassies*. These embassies are looked upon as being a part of the ambassador's native land. For instance, the British Embassy in Washington is looked upon as being a scrap of Britain in America ; and the American Embassy in London is thought of as a bit of America in Britain. Inside the embassy, the ambassador and his staff are under the laws of their own land and are not under the laws of the land in which the embassy is built.

It is through the ambassadors that the Governments of

the world keep in touch with one another. It is the Ambassador's business to know the laws of the land where he lives, especially where such laws affect the trade or customs of his own land. It is the ambassadors who deliver any messages the Government of one land may have for another.

Ambassadors are only sent to more important nations. To smaller States a country's Government sends a *minister*, whose house abroad is called a *legation*. The ambassadors and ministers and all their staffs are called the *Diplomatic Service*.

From all this you can see that the nations know they are partners in life ; and so they have made this organization of consuls, ambassadors and ministers of the Diplomatic Service to help the nations of the world to carry on in friendliness and peace together for the sake of the civilization of the earth. Through such things, many agreements and international laws have grown up in the world.

CHAPTER 30 : THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The Assembly and the Council

WE CAN imagine an Ambassador going round from his Embassy to the Foreign Office of the land where he has been sent to live.

He is a very important-looking man and wears a top-hat and tail-coat and black-and-grey-striped trousers and very clean boots (like the Ministers in Whitehall). He is grave, and full of facts ; and *so* polite you would almost want to laugh at him.

The Foreign Minister is also a grave man with a charming smile and a head full of facts and figures ; and since their countries are friends together they will say things which have this sort of meaning :

AMBASSADOR (*to Minister*) : Hello, old chap ! You're a good fellow, you are.

MINISTER : Yes, indeed ! I'm as good as you, any day !
[*They shake hands.*]

AMBASSADOR : *Splendid fellows, both of us !*

MINISTER : I quite agree. That's why we ought to help each other.

AMBASSADOR : I'm glad you said that, for I was just thinking we really can't get on without each other.

MINISTER : Of course we can't ; and I'll tell you what—
I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU AS YOU CAN DO FOR ME !

[*They sit down smiling and begin to talk in order to find out how much each can help the other.*]

That sort of thing is called Diplomacy. Great professors writing about it in text-books call it *reciprocity, uniformity and*

equality ; but I call it plain good manners. The Ambassador and the Minister may talk about the laws of one land which are a nuisance to the traders of the other ; perhaps the tariff of one land is hurting the trade of the other ; and the Ambassador will ask if a treaty cannot be worked out to alter this ; and the Minister will ask what the Ambassador's country would be able to do in return for the favour of altering the tariff.

Whatever it is they talk about, you can see that the task of the Ambassador is to *find out*, and to *make friends* with the foreign Government ; and if he afterwards tells his Government it looks hopeful for a bargain, probably a bigger meeting, a conference, will be arranged. Perhaps the Prime Ministers of the two countries will meet at the conference and everything may be settled for the good of both lands.

There are conferences about the things of peace, like trade and commerce, tariffs and money : there are conferences about the things of war, about keeping the fighting forces down to a certain number of ships and guns and men so that danger of war may be avoided.

Not so long ago there used to be conferences between four or five nations who would agree to be friends in war and peace—especially in war : in such treaties as these it was a common thing for several States to agree to fight together if any one of them were attacked by any foe. When a bunch of nations became friends in this way, other nations would be likely to have conferences and come to the same sort of agreement ; and sometimes the two bunches would become enemies. It was rather as if two men did not like each other, and felt that one day they might fall to fighting ; but each man was a bit afraid of the other, and so one man took his friends aside and said : “ I say, you fellows, if that Tommy Tompkins ever sets on me, will you come along and back me up and we'll slaughter him together ? ” And the friends said : “ We should jolly well say we will ! ”

And the other man took *his* friends aside and said : “ Look

here, chaps—I believe that Freddy Frampton means to knock me down one day : will you come in with me and lay him out if he begins to show fight ? ” And the friends said : “ Rather ! We’ll all stick together and slosh him ! ”

Then of course one day Tommy and Freddy met in the road and started arguing and Freddy struck Tommy, and Tommy’s friends rushed up, and Freddy’s friends rushed up, and instead of two men having a clean quick fight, twenty men or more engaged in a battle royal.

That was the sort of way in which the Great War of 1914–1918 was fought. May I remind you of the facts by copying a bit out of another book I have written ?

“ Austria had a row with the little Kingdom of Serbia, and got ready to go for Serbia. But the vast land of Russia was Serbia’s friend, and Russia got ready to go for Austria. Germany was alarmed at this because she was a friend of Austria. So Germany declared war on Russia.

“ Now France was Russia’s friend, and could not stand by ; so war broke out between France and Germany. When the German armies marched through Belgium towards France, Britain, who was the friend of France and Belgium, made war on Germany. When Britain declared war, of course all her Dominions and colonies came in to support her—soldiers from Canada, Australia and New Zealand, troops from India and Africa, and others.

“ One by one other nations and kingdoms were drawn into the war.”¹

If you will look at the little world-map with the countries that fought shaded black, you can see people are right to call it the World War (p. 391 : Map of Central Europe).

After the World War, in which more than twenty nations fought one another in many lands, and about eight million men were killed, a few of the leading men in some of the nations that had fought said : “ It would be a good thing if we could find some better way of settling our differences.”²

¹ H. C. Knapp-Fisher, *Outline of World History for Boys and Girls*, pp. 418–419.

² The World War settled nothing.

These men, led by President Wilson¹ of the U.S.A., set up the League of Nations.

The League of Nations is not a new State or a new parliament or anything like that : it is simply a better way of meeting together and working together which the leaders of the Governments of many of the old separate and independent States of the world have found.

The main idea of the League is this : that instead of groups of nations holding conferences now and then and making friends (one group perhaps becoming an enemy of another), at the League *all* nations meet *regularly* and become friends ; and in this way the nations of the world avoid war.

It is the written object of the League to *avoid war* ; and all the member-nations have agreed to bring their serious quarrels to be settled by the League of Nations. If any two member-nations go to war without asking the League to judge of the rights and wrongs of their quarrel, all the other members of the League have agreed not to trade with the warring nations, and even to combine to go to war against them.

It would seem from all this that the fifty-six nations who have joined the League really never wanted to go to war again ; but as we have seen, the world is full of arms, of soldiers and sailors, of guns, bombs, tanks, battleships, war-'planes ; and some of the nations who are spending half their money on arms are actually *members of the League of Nations* !

It is very odd ; but let us look at the organization of the League, and see what it *has* done. There are two regular meetings of the League, the meetings of the *Council* every three months and the meetings of the *Assembly* once every year.

The Council of the League is a meeting of the leaders of fourteen nations—one leader from each. The representatives of France, Italy, Germany, Britain and Japan always meet on the Council : the leaders of nine other nations,

¹ Thomas Woodrow Wilson, lived 1856-1924.

who are chosen by the Assembly, make up the fourteen.¹

The Assembly of the League is a meeting of the leaders of all the fifty-six nations—not more than three leaders from each. Let us imagine a meeting of the Assembly.

Every year the leaders of fifty-six nations meet at the home of the League in the city of Geneva, in Switzerland. Geneva is a beautiful place with wide squares set out with shady trees, with lovely old churches and houses of the Middle Ages, and big modern shops and fine hotels. Broad and pleasant stone promenades are built along the side of the great blue Lake of Geneva. The swift River Rhône pours out of the lake through the city towards France, and over the lake on clear days ranges of snow-clad mountains can be seen : not far away is Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. Over the waters of the lake move pleasure steamers and sailing yachts.

Here on the first Monday in September will be seen as many as ten or twelve Prime Ministers from countries all over the world, with twenty or thirty Foreign Ministers and a score of other statesmen. All together, with their secretaries and interpreters, they make quite a crowd. Hundreds of other workers will come along to Geneva for the Assembly—for instance, two or three hundred journalists, who will write an account of all that is said and done, to be published in newspapers in every land. The big hotels in Geneva will all be crammed full of people at the time of the Assembly. The biggest hotel of all, the Hôtel National, has been turned into the main home of the League, and is now called the Palace of the Nations.

It will help us to gain some idea of how these meetings bring the nations together, if we run through the list of speakers at one Assembly. Let us take at random the Assembly of 1924. This was the Fifth Assembly, the First having met in 1920.

In 1924 the first speaker was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister of Britain, who spoke for more than an

¹ Japan has now left the League of Nations. She left in March 1933 : see Chapter 49.

hour, about the dangers which were arising because, in spite of the League, so many nations were still adding to their fighting forces : he said that some nations still held conferences among themselves and tried to get into friendly bunches which might lead to war, although they were members of the League.

When the British Prime Minister finished amid deafening applause "the discussion was renewed by the Foreign Minister of Poland, an aristocrat of the former Russian Empire, with a name almost unwritable in English, Count Skrzynski," who said that arbitration (getting other nations to judge in the quarrels between nations) was needed if ever there were to be less guns and soldiers, less warships and war-planes in the world.

"The Polish count was followed by an Australian Labour leader, Mr. Charlton, who said in his rougher way what the Pole had said. After Mr. Charlton there came Monsieur Herriot, Prime Minister of France. After France, Italy ; Signor Salandra explained to the world that Italy was ready to play her part in bringing about the scheme of peace to which all their efforts were directed.

"Then came Monsieur Theunis, the Prime Minister of Belgium, who had guided his people through the period of suffering and re-building that followed the departure of the German army from their land ; he had come to Geneva to urge on the world that when one nation attacked another in war without a cause, all other nations should regard it as a crime.

"The Assembly then greeted Monsieur Benes, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia. He might have come as Prime Minister, but he is the only man in recent history who has of his own free will given up being leader of a Government in order to give more time to the relations of his country with other States. There followed the Maharajah of Bikanir, who, with the polished ease of an Indian prince, explained the problem of armaments from the point of view of a country with a long mountainous frontier inhabited by half-civilized tribes.

"After India, the Foreign Minister of the tiny Central American Republic of Panama, and then Monsieur Villegas, until recently the Prime Minister of the much larger and rising country of Chile. Then Monsieur Politis, an ex-Foreign Minister of Greece. And finally, after three days debate, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Monsieur Herriot spoke again, one after the other, to lay before the Assembly plans for a scheme for arbitration and disarmament for which every speaker had said that his country was prepared."¹

We have said that the League of Nations is not like a new sort of parliament. It does not make laws for the nations. It is only a rather closer and better way the leaders of the nations have of getting together to talk and reach agreements among themselves.

When the Assembly breaks up, the Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers and other statesmen enter their railway trains and aeroplanes and start for home; and when they get home these leaders will have to get their different Governments to agree with them in regard to the agreements reached at Geneva; and *it is only when these Governments actually agree that any real agreement is made.*

Certain people have said that the League of Nations is a bad thing in some ways because it allows nations to come along and grumble at Geneva, and even to make quarrels which they would not make if they did not meet. But I like the way in which a great Spanish gentleman has described the League. "It is by rubbing shoulders with each other that we feel our own being," he says. "Children grow conscious of themselves on entering school. Geneva is the school of nations."²

We have seen in this book that all nations are nowadays partners in life, and so it must be a good thing for them to meet and talk, and even quarrel, peacefully, at Geneva.

¹ A précis of the account of the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations given by P. J. Noel Baker in his *The League of Nations at Work*, pp. 24-27.

² Signor Salvador de Madariaga, who is now Spanish Ambassador in the U.S.A.

As it is, the League has settled no less than *thirty serious quarrels* which would have ended in war and bloodshed had there been no League.

When I say "the League has settled" these quarrels, I mean that they were decided by the Council of the League, and the Governments of the quarrelling nations agreed to the Council's decisions. Those fourteen leaders from fourteen lands who meet four times a year to carry on the work of the League are more like real leaders and rulers of the world than any group of men since the beginning of time : let us look over an instance of their work. Let us take the trouble that broke out between two European nations in 1925 ; for this trouble shows us how easily nations can go to war.

High up on a desolate mountain pass, along the crest of which lay the frontier between Bulgaria and Greece, two posts of soldiers, one Bulgarian, the other Greek, were stationed. Each lot of soldiers lived in a wooden hut twenty yards or so on either side of the imaginary line dividing their countries. Always on the border itself a Greek sentry and a Bulgarian sentry stood on guard, each with a loaded rifle.

It was lonely up there in the mountains : the nearest village on either side was some hours' walk away ; and of course the Greek and Bulgarian soldiers got friendly : they met and played cards together, sang together, had meals together—and sometimes quarrelled.

On October 19th, 1925, a Greek soldier and a Bulgarian soldier were on sentry duty : for some reason these two men had quarrelled, and they suddenly began to fire upon each other, and the Greek was killed. The soldiers in the two huts, hearing the shots, both believed that the other side had begun a treacherous attack : they each started shooting at the other, and the Bulgarians drove the Greeks from their post. The firing brought some Bulgarian peasants, armed with rifles, up from their valley. A Greek captain came up to stop the fighting, and advanced with his handkerchief tied to a rifle as a white flag, but he was killed—

accidentally, the Bulgarians said—by a bullet that struck him after he had gone only two or three paces from his shelter. It came about, therefore, that a report was sent back to Athens, the capital of Greece, that the Bulgarians were attacking Greece, and that they had brutally murdered a gallant officer who had tried to stop the fighting under the protection of the white flag. The Government at Athens gave orders that the Greek army was at once to invade Bulgaria.

Meanwhile, fighting was going on in the mountains where the trouble began, and already nearly one hundred men had been killed.

When the Greek army advanced on Bulgaria, of course the Bulgarians gathered their army together, to repel the attack.

A big battle was just going to take place ; but the Bulgarians had sent word to the Council of the League of Nations, telling them that Greece had attacked Bulgaria without a cause. A special meeting of the Council was quickly called, and the president of the Council, Monsieur Briand, of France, sent telegrams to the Governments of Greece and Bulgaria telling them that they were breaking their word by fighting in this way before discussing their quarrel at Geneva, and warning them that all the nations of the League would be against them if they continued fighting.

At once the two armies halted, to await the decision of the Council. The first decision of the Council was that the two armies should go home ; and they sent British, French and Italian army officers to command this peaceful retreat. Later they sent a group of men to visit Sofia (capital of Bulgaria) and Athens, in order to find out exactly how and why the fighting began, and who was to blame. They found in the end that the Greeks were to blame and Greece was made to pay £45,000 for damage done, and for loss of life, etc., to Bulgaria.¹

¹ Paraphrased from P. J. Noel Baker's *The League of Nations at Work*, pp. 51-53.

Several other wars have been stopped in this sort of way by the Council of the League of Nations. The Council has not always been successful—we shall find out when we visit China and Japan that it was not able to stop some fighting in the Far East—but its work has made angry nations aware that quarrels *can* be settled peacefully—which is very surprising to people who believe in big guns, big bombs, and big torpedoes.

The Council meetings four times a year and the Assembly meetings once a year are not the only organizations of the League. In the next chapter we must glance at the Secretariat.

STATES WHICH ARE MEMBERS
OF
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Abyssinia	Czechoslovakia	Italy	Portugal
Albania	Denmark	Latvia	Rumania
Argentina	Estonia	Liberia	Salvador
Australia	Finland	Lithuania	San Domingo
Austria	France	Luxembourg	Siam
Belgium	Germany	Netherlands	South Africa
Bolivia	Greece	New Zealand	Spain
Britain	Guatemala	Nicaragua	Sweden
Bulgaria	Haiti	Norway	Switzerland
Canada	Honduras	Panama	Turkey
Chile	Hungary	Paraguay	Uruguay
China	India	Persia	Venezuela
Colombia	Iraq	Peru	Yugoslavia
Cuba	Irish Free State	Poland	

CHAPTER 31 : THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The Secretariat : The World Court : The International Labour Office

NEARLY six hundred men and women from forty nations carry on the work of the League all the year round. These people are called the "Secretariat" ; and they are the nearest thing in the world to an International Civil Service.

It is the Secretariat that prepares for the Council meetings and the meetings of the Assembly. It is the Secretariat which makes results follow from the decisions of the Council and from the discussions of the Assembly ; for, when the Prime Ministers and the other leaders go home to work for their own lands, the Secretariat stays at Geneva to work for the good of every land.

The men and women of the Secretariat do not feel loyal to their own countries only : it is their duty to feel loyal to all lands.

The Secretariat is divided into "Sections," each having its office in the Palace of the Nations : in the middle of the building, on the first floor, above the great library and conference room, are the offices of the Secretary General, who is the man in control of all the Sections. Round and about him, and on the floors above, are the Sections for working out the problems and decisions on "Disarmament," "Health," "Law," "Mandates," and so forth.

For the moment, we will just look in at the Section for "Law," because through this Section a great new organization of the League links up the nations of the world. This organization is the *Permanent Court of International Justice*, sometimes called the "*World Court*."

This *World Court* does not live at Geneva, but at the town called the Hague, in Holland, a mile or two from the coast of the North Sea. The home of the World Court is a magnificent building called the Palace of Peace, which was built through the gift of the American millionaire, Andrew Carnegie, who gave a million and a half dollars for its erection. This Palace of Peace was opened in 1913, one year before the World War broke out.

The World Court consists of fifteen judges, who are chosen by the Council and the Assembly voting together. They may be judges belonging to any country, but once they are chosen as World Court judges, they (like the Secretariat) must be loyal to the whole world ; for they must serve out *international laws*. They are elected for nine years, and have to live at the Hague.

Perhaps we may liken the World Court to the Supreme Court of the U.S.A. You remember we said the Supreme Court ran a *thread of law* through all the laws made by the forty-eight States, that it settled differences that arose when the laws of the forty-eight got tangled together. In somewhat the same fashion, the members of the League of Nations, and some other nations who are not members, have agreed to take certain kinds of disputes between them to the World Court to be settled in agreement with international law.

Most of the nations who agree to go to the World Court in this way have put in "ifs" and "buts" to their agreement, because, as we know, there is no Central Parliament of the World to pass laws for all nations, and the international laws that have grown up round treaties are not enough to take care of every way in which the nations act with one another.

Let us, however, look at the sort of work the World Court does. Let us take one case which has come up before the judges. In 1922 some trouble arose between Britain and France, in this manner :

In our chapter on "War and Peace" we saw that France is one of those lands which make all their young men serve

in the Army for a year or so, in order that all Frenchmen may be ready to defend their country in time of war. Well, it so happened that certain natives from Malta, the British island, were living on French soil in Africa,¹ and the French rulers forced these men to join the Army. But the men were really British subjects, and the British Foreign Office complained about it, and asked the French to allow these men to return to their homes and to their work.

The French replied that, according to their law, the men were Frenchmen. This trouble was mentioned by the British representative at the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations ; and the French representative agreed that the dispute ought to go before the judges of the World Court at the Hague.

The Court met on January 8th, 1923. A meeting of the Court is always impressive. The judges wear long black robes and have a simple dignified ceremonial of their own : their robes and ceremonies are symbols, to them and to the world, of the greatness of justice. When the British side was stated, the great British lawyer, Sir Douglas Hogg,² said how fine a thing it was that now, at long last, there was a World Court to which disagreeing nations could go to have their quarrels settled. This trouble over the natives of Malta was settled quietly after a few months, the men being allowed to go home.

Many quarrels, which might have led to war in time gone by, have been peacefully settled by the World Court. In 1923, for example, a dispute arose between Poland and Czechoslovakia³ about a bit of land which lay between them. Both of the States claimed this land as part of their own country, and the case was taken to the World Court, for the judges to decide where the boundary between the countries should run. When the judges had decided, the two Governments agreed to make the district in dispute a kind of joint international park and natural reserve for

¹ For French African possessions, see Chapter 38.

² Now Lord Hailsham.

³ See Map of Europe, p. 291.

animals and birds, with a memorial declaring that it was to be a symbol of firm and lasting friendship between their peoples.

Returning from the Hague to Geneva, we come across another important part of the Secretariat, the International Labour Organization—we'll call it the I.L.O. for short.

The I.L.O. is really rather like a little League of Nations inside the bigger one, having an Assembly, a Council, a Secretariat and a World Court all of its own, and having its offices in another building in Geneva, not far from the Palace of the Nations.

The main job of the I.L.O. is to care for the workers in different countries, to see that no nation makes its workers labour for too many hours each day, and that workers are paid enough wages in every land. We have seen already in this book that workers in some lands are paid very small wages indeed : the Negro workers of Africa and the Indians of India being paid the least.

Among white people, too, the ordinary white labourers will be paid much less in some lands than the ordinary white labourers in other lands. We saw that workers in Philadelphia get twice as much money as workers in London, three times as much as workers in Paris, and four times as much as workers in Brussels, Rome and Madrid.¹

We have seen that these differences in wages have made it easy for some lands to produce goods more cheaply than they are produced in other lands ; and the more expensive lands have taxed the goods of cheaper lands, to keep their own more expensive factories going. These taxes on imported goods, we remember, are called *tariffs*.

The I.L.O. has nothing to do with tariffs. It is only concerned with the welfare of the workers in every land. It may be that in some lands there are no good laws to stop rich business men from treating their workers badly and giving them less wages than workers need. It is to look after this sort of thing that the I.L.O. was started.

¹ See Chapter 26.

The "Assembly" of the I.L.O. is called the *Conference*. It meets once a year at Geneva, every member-State sending four representatives : two representatives of the Government, one representative of the workmen, and one representative of the business men (employers of workmen). More than two hundred men, from fifty-five nations, thus meet once a year at Geneva, to talk about the troubles of the toilers, to see if the workers in mines, factories and plantations are getting "fair play" in every land.

The "Secretariat" of the I.L.O. is called the *International Labour Office*, which has offices in Geneva, Paris, London, Rome, Berlin, Tokyo and Washington. All these offices find out facts about the lives of workers in the different countries, and send in reports to Geneva.

The "Court" of the I.L.O. is called the *Commission of Enquiry*. When any injustice to workers is reported, this Commission of Enquiry gets to work to find out the truth. This court has no judges and cannot decide points of law ; but it sends in reports to the Conference, and the Conference decides what is wrong and how it ought to be put right. An agreement at the Conference is very like an agreement of the Assembly of the League : it is only when the Governments of the countries have *agreed to the agreement that any real work is done*.

As it is, by the means we have outlined, the I.L.O. has got rid of evil after evil in factories, mines and plantations, and the general rules for workers which have grown up from all its decisions, have become guides which are followed by many parliaments in their law-making.

We can only glance at one instance of the work of the I.L.O. In Persia not very long ago, children under five years of age used to be employed in the carpet factories ; and they used to have to work from sunrise to sunset in factories that had no windows : they sat on narrow boards with their legs doubled under them, their busy hands binding the coloured strands of the carpet on the frame that stood up before them. They used to sing the song of the pattern of the carpet : " One green, three reds, two blues,

five greys," and so on. At the end of the day the signal was given to cease work. Did the children jump up and run away home, glad to be free? A few could do so. Most of them had difficulty in unbending their cramped limbs at all. Some sat huddled up and helpless, till a father or a big brother came to carry them home. They were crippled for life by the work they had been forced to do.

The I.L.O. took this matter up, and sent men to talk to the Persian Government about it; and because of these talks the Persian Government forbade the carpet factories to employ any children under eight years old; and they said any child under fourteen must not work more than eight hours a day¹; and they made a law saying that back-rests must be put on the boards for all the children, and the factories must have windows or ventilators to let in the fresh air.

In many lands the I.L.O. have helped the workers, men women and children, giving them health and safety, as in the case of the Persian children we have looked at, and also getting them to be given more pay for their work, in some lands where they were almost starved owing to the poor wages they received.

At many other good deeds of the League we have no time to look.

The League, one thinks, might have been a far greater thing in the world than it is, if nations had believed in it as much as they believe in themselves. The English journalist, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, says he wishes the League had a flag, which could excite the cheers of people in the way that national flags excite them; but as things are, the nations believe in their own armies and navies and air forces much more than they believe in the peaceful decisions of the League, as is shown by the fact that the League only costs £1,000,000 a year, against £800,000,000 spent on armaments!

¹ Have you often worked eight hours a day at one thing? When you see Persian carpets in the windows, you might give a thought to the children in Persia who no doubt had a hand in making them.

We must glance at one more Section of the League, and that will lead us on to our next chapter.

In the Great War you know that Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey (known as "the Central Powers") fought against Britain, France, Italy and the others (known as "the Allies"). You also know that the Central Powers were beaten, and that many changes were forced upon them by the victors.

One of the changes was that a great deal of land which had belonged to them before the war was taken from them and given to others. Germany and Austria were cut down very much smaller, and all the colonies of Germany in Africa, Asia and in the Pacific were taken away. Much of the land ruled by Turkey in the east was taken away, too.

What happened to these lands? Well, in Europe, new States were set up, like Poland and Czechoslovakia, which we are to visit shortly. But the colonies of Germany, and the land ruled by Turkey, were turned into *Mandates*.

In order to understand what a mandate is, we must go into a little history.

You remember that, before the war, nations used to make treaties of friendship together; and after the war the League of Nations was formed to stop that. Well, during the war some of the Allies made *secret treaties* among themselves as to what they would do if they won the war. These treaties said that the German colonies and the Turkish lands, like Palestine and Syria, were to be taken over and divided up among the Allies.

Some nations to-day—Germany, for instance—say that these treaties were wicked things, because the war was not being fought about these colonies at all, and the victors had no right to take them.

The League of Nations, too, said that *secret treaties* were wrong anyway and in future all treaties must be sent to the Secretariat at Geneva to be written down for the world to know. The Section which looks after this is called the *Treaty Registry*; and even nations who are not members of the League have sent copies of their treaties, so that nearly

2,000 treaties have been noted and published since the League of Nations was formed.

However, these secret treaties about German colonies and Turkish possessions had been made, and when the war ended it was seen that these lands could not very well be seized by the Allies and added to their empires, because what Germany said was true : the war had not been fought for that ; so it was decided to give these lands to the League of Nations to rule.

We have seen, though, that the League of Nations is not a Government ; and so it cannot rule : so the League handed over some of the German and Turkish lands to Britain, France, Belgium, Japan and other countries, and these lands came to be called *Mandated Territories*. (" Mandated " means " handed over.")

This, however, was not quite the same thing as *giving* these lands as presents to Britain, France, Belgium, etc. ; and in handing these places over, the League said it was not to be for ever but only for a time. You see, none of these colonies was able to rule itself in accordance with the standards of our civilization. In the African colonies live black natives who had become used to the rule of German whites, in Palestine live Arabs who were used to being ruled by the Turkish Sultan. So the League said these lands were to be educated up to that state of civilization when they could rule themselves, at which time Britain, France, Belgium and Japan must come away and leave these coloured people as new, free, independent States.

There were strict rules laid down by the League of Nations as to how the mandated territories were to be ruled. Every year the rulers must send in a complete account of the year's rule, and a report on the condition of the natives and the land ; and the natives were to be free at any time to make complaints to the League of Nations.

To carry out all this work there is a large, important section of the Secretariat at Geneva, called the *Permanent Mandates Commission*. The mandates are divided into three classes : "A," "B," and "C." In class "A" are those lands

which may very well be soon able to rule themselves. In class "B" are those lands where the natives may need many generations before they are well enough educated to rule themselves. In class "C" are those lands which have to have everything done for them. As a matter of fact, those in each class differ almost as much from one another as those in different classes ; but let us visit one mandate of the "A" class before looking swiftly over the other mandated territories.

robes as the people of the Bible. An English clergyman who was in Jerusalem not long ago described how a religious preacher who had achieved fame in the country-side was coming towards the city, preaching ; and his fame had gone ahead of him and the people got ready to welcome him in customary style : they cut branches off the palm trees to strew in his way and they waited beside the road for his coming as the people of Jerusalem welcomed Jesus of Nazareth two thousand years ago.

Yet Jerusalem is a bustling, go-ahead city, sprouting beyond its old and beautiful walls, growing almost as quickly as some of the cities of the U.S.A. Already Jerusalem stretches almost half-way to Bethlehem, along what was a few years ago a quiet country road. To some people it is a shock to arrive at the Jerusalem railway station by train from Jaffa, and to find modern shops, banks, hotels, motor coaches, taxis and even " traffic cops " at the street corners. But this is only the new Jerusalem outside the old walls. Pass through a narrow stone archway, old and battle-mented, and too narrow to allow of motor cars, and you are in the real old city of narrow streets and tiny shops and Eastern people in their bright-hued hoods and cloaks and veils.

Here many of the streets are so over-arched as to be like dim tunnels, where brown Arab shopkeepers squat on the ground beside the piles of wares they have for sale—piles of carpets and cabbages, oranges and bread, sweetmeats and shoes, some of the stuff made in British factories, and some made by Arab craftsmen of Jerusalem or the villages outside. The only traffic in these narrow winding streets between the Arab houses are the big slow proud camels laden with huge crates or bulging sacks, and the little, fussy, quick-stepping donkeys staggering under heavy loads of goods as their Arab owners prod them and beat them to guide them through the surging crowd of people.

Jerusalem to-day is a town of contrasts, as is all the country-side of Iraq, Syria and Palestine. Out in the country, a few miles from Jerusalem, we may come across

a little camp of the old tribe of Samaritans, who wander about with their sheep, not knowing that beside the place where their sheep are grazing there runs a wonderful oil-pipe line through which petroleum is flowing from the far-away Euphrates Valley to the port of Haifa on the Mediterranean.

Or we see a little group of brown-faced people in flowing robes journeying slowly along a road with a couple of lumbering oxen harnessed into a jolting wagon : it looks like a scene from the Bible until a large motor lorry roars over the road and clatters by in a cloud of dust, and when it is gone we hear the heavy purr of the giant air liner that we see in the blue sky on its way from Cairo to Bagdad.

It is somehow fitting that old ways and new ways should mingle in Palestine to remind us of our debt to the past while yet we live in the present ; for at all times man brings forth out of his treasure things new and old. We cannot help being reminded of the solemn past, in Jerusalem, the present capital of Palestine.

Jerusalem is the holiest city of Christians and Jews, and one of the holiest cities of the Moslem faith. "One can imagine a whole procession of notable persons who have helped to stamp it with their characters—David, Solomon, the Maccabees, Herod, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, Titus, Omar, the Crusaders, the Turks. Many nationalities rub shoulders in the streets. Above every other thought is the deep sadness of the fate of the Jewish nation."¹ For Jerusalem, you will remember, was the capital of the Jewish kingdom in the great days of Solomon ; but when the land was finally conquered by the Romans (A.D. 70) the last remaining Jews were driven out from the city to become wanderers over the face of the earth.

To-day there are said to be about 15,000,000 Jews in the world—and they are scattered over nearly every land. There are rich Jews in business and poor Jews in slums in most countries : many clever Jews have been leaders of nations, famous inventors, artists, writers ; the Jews have

¹ W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

taken their place as intelligent, cultured and highly civilized people, among the leaders of mankind. They have remained a separate and distinct people, remembering their own Hebrew language, their own faith with its special houses of worship (synagogues), and retaining in form and feature their own special brand of humanity, or what we call *race*.

For nineteen hundred years the Jews have had no country of their own, though in most places (as we saw in New York) they have gathered in special districts to live. Palestine, once their home, became an Arab land after the time of Mahomet, and from A.D. 1516 until the Great War its Arab inhabitants were ruled by the Turks.

The Turks, you remember, were the allies of the Germans and Austrians in the World War of 1914-1918; and the British forces, under General Allenby, drove the Turkish rulers from Palestine in 1918. In this fighting the British were helped by the Arabs; and the Arabs believed they would become a free and independent nation once the Turks were gone.¹ But you recall the *secret treaties* made during the war, by which the conquered lands were to be divided up among the victors.

Britain seems to have had high ideals in regard to Palestine, for in 1917, during the war, the British statesman, Lord Balfour, said he would work to make the land the "National Home" of the Jews. Palestine, after all, was the only homeland the Jews had ever had; and so Lord Balfour said it was to become "as Jewish as England is English."²

This was going to be difficult to do, because of the Arabs who lived in Palestine, who claimed the land as their own and who believed they would become free after the victory of the World War.

After the World War it was decided by the League of Nations that Iraq, Syria and Palestine were to be given as

¹ Colonel T. E. Lawrence helped to make the Arabs fight on the British side.

² "Balfour Declaration," Nov. 2nd, 1917.

mandates (Class "A") to the more civilized European countries. Syria fell to France ; Iraq, Palestine and a strip of country called Transjordan, next to Palestine on the east, became mandates of Britain.

Here was a nice problem for Britain ! In taking Palestine as a mandate she had agreed to rule the land for the sake of the inhabitants, the Arabs, to bring them up to that state of civilization Britain herself has achieved. But she had promised the Jews to build up a State for *them* in Palestine, too ! What happened ? Britain tried to do both ! She let into the country many thousands of Jews, handed over a great deal of land to them, helped them in every way to cultivate the soil, to build cities and to begin industries ; and she tried also to rule the Arabs in the way they desired.

Of course there was trouble. "Feelings" grew between Arabs and Jews, and in 1930 there were riots in Jerusalem and elsewhere with loss of life, keeping the British soldiers busy.

Let us now look at the way in which Arabs and Jews are living in Palestine, to see why there should be differences between them and what good things there are in the present situation.

Palestine is a tiny land, about the size of Wales in Britain, or the State of Massachusetts in the U.S.A. Along the Mediterranean sea-coast runs a narrow level strip of land broken in one place where a hilly ridge reaches to the sea at Mount Carmel by the seaport of Haifa. Inland from this plain the country is mostly broken into a thousand stony hills and deep warm rich valleys. These hills rise higher inland until they reach the strange valley of the River Jordan, the eastern boundary of Palestine. This valley is lower than the sea itself, and is so rich and warm as to be almost tropical. We see banana groves in the Jordan Valley, while a few miles away, on the stony hillsides above, it is bare and cold so that little save coarse grass and shrubs will grow. Even in its geography, Palestine is a land of contrasts !

The Jordan, you know, runs into the Dead Sea, that most lifeless of all the earth's waters, a grim lake 1,312 feet below

sea-level, surrounded by country in which nothing can live. The water of the Dead Sea is so salt that people can float in it like corks.

But in spite of the Dead Sea and the stony hilltops, the soil of Palestine is rich enough to justify the Bible description: "a land flowing with milk and honey." The Arabs who live there are backward people, and miles of land that might be fertile lie barren. That is where the Jews come in.

If you and I go and stand on the hillside above that part of the low land called the Plain of Esdraelon¹ we see the homes of Arabs and Jews. The homes of the Arabs are on the hills—white houses with flat roofs, small windows and no gardens. The homes of the Jews are on the plain—houses with slanting red roofs with large windows and big gardens.

We see the Arabs in their long fluttering cloaks driving very old-fashioned ploughs through the soil (we will suppose it is Spring-time, the time for ploughing) and as we watch them we think of their life.

"The Arab grows his corn year in year out . . . he possesses at the most one poor worn-down cow, half-starved during the dry season, a few sheep and a handful of chickens. His whole existence depends on whether his corn crop turns out good or bad. Yet in bad years he manages to eke out a living, never able to improve his standard of life. Only near towns does he lead a better life, for there he is able to sell vegetables at good prices."²

When we look down on to the plain and see the work of the Jews we understand that they are bringing progress to

¹ "Open to east and west, pleasantest stage on the highway from the Nile to the Euphrates, Esdraelon was at intervals the war-path or battlefield of empires." Many of the battles described in the Bible were fought in this plain, part of which is called Megiddo, or *Armageddon*, the place where some people say the last battle on earth will be fought. The first known battle here was that between the Egyptian army of the Pharaoh Thothmes III and the army of the Syrians in 1479 B.C. The last battle, to date, was that between the British forces, under General Allenby, and the Turks, A.D. 1918.

² Dr. Arthur Ruppin, *The Agricultural Colonization of the Zionist Organization in Palestine*, p. 17.

Palestine with modern methods, as the wide vineyards, fruit orchards and cultivated fields surrounding their homes can show.

There is a good deal of struggle between Arabs and Jews for *markets*, and in many things like corn, potatoes, honey and dairy produce, the Arabs can get ahead of the Jews for the same reason that the Indians in Natal got ahead of the white men : the Arabs live poorer lives, and need less profits, and so can sell their produce more cheaply. In work that needs more capital and more care, the Jews can romp ahead of the Arabs, as they are doing in the production of fine grapes and fine wine, oranges and bananas.

If we are to gain some idea of the place of the Jews in Palestine to-day we ought to journey south from Esdraelon, make towards the low land along the coast round the seaport of Jaffa. Here we see what is probably the only wholly Jewish town in the world, called Tel Aviv. Its inhabitants are of all types and characters, drawn from the four quarters of the earth. There are merchants from central Asia, western Europe, and Canada, musicians from Russia, social workers from the United States, scientists from England and Germany, craftsmen from Spain and Arabia—doctors, lawyers, professors and rabbis (religious teachers), engineers, inventors and labourers. All of them are Jews, attracted to Palestine by love of the country, by belief in its future, and in the hopes that that future is to be a *Jewish* one.

“Twenty years ago Tel Aviv was nothing but a waste stretch beyond the limits of Jaffa. To-day it is a town of thirty thousand, boasting electric lights, telephones, public parks, a railway station, factories, a power plant and two and a quarter thousand homes.”¹ There are Jewish public libraries, schools, swimming-baths, synagogues and hospitals ; and for miles around are the carefully tended vineyards, plantations of cotton and orchards of fruit, especially groves of the famous Jaffa oranges which are sent off as a special luxury to Britain.

¹ E. P. MacCallum and E. M. Earle, article in *Asia* for September 1926.

If we look at Palestine as a whole I do not see any reason why there should not be peace and prosperity there in the future. Jerusalem is not the only go-ahead city. The sea-ports along the coast, especially Haifa, are being rebuilt so that more tramp ships and larger liners can berth there ; and the Jews are not the only people who are developing the land. The British, as we have seen, are drawing the petroleum from Mesopotamia across Palestine in wonderful pipe lines, and in many other ways they are beginning new trades and industries in the land, such as getting asphalt from the Dead Sea.

How long is Palestine to be ruled as a mandate ? When will the people of the land be able to rule themselves ? That is partly answered already, for the big groups of Jews, such as that at Tel Aviv, have their own councils of rulers and carry on very much in their own way. They will not want any change to come over the land for a long time yet.

For the rest, a British High Commissioner rules the country with the help of an Executive Council (four members) and an Advisory Council (Executive Council + six others) ; all these men are appointed and sent out from Britain. Jews, Arabs and Britishers have no votes in Palestine. The only question that remains is : Are the Arabs happy ? And the answer to that, I am afraid, is : Not very. Many people will answer to that : " Well, it's their own fault for being such backward people."

We would have to leave the subject at that were it not for the fact that events in that other British mandate, Iraq, across the desert, are leading the Arabs of Palestine to think the time is not far off when they will be free from Britain and will set up that independent State for which they have so long wished. That is what has happened to Iraq.

It was only thirteen years ago, in 1920, that the Arabs in Iraq revolted against the British rule, and in the fighting that followed, more than two thousand British troops (Britishers and Indians) and over eight thousand Arabs were killed. After that, the Britishers said : " Let us teach

the Iraqis how to rule themselves. Let us get them together into a parliament, and teach them to argue as we do at Westminster, and teach the common people to vote."

And this they did, even bringing in a king for them, the Emir Feisal, to complete the copy of Westminster. So well has the Bagdad Majliss (Parliament) worked that now Iraq has ceased to be a mandate of Great Britain, and was in 1932 elected a member of the League of Nations.

In one or two things, though, the position of Iraq to-day is rather like the position of Egypt. Britain is allowed to keep troops there to defend the land, though as a matter of fact just now no British troops are there except the Royal Air Force, who find it a splendid land for training.

Now, in glancing swiftly but I hope fairly clearly at Palestine we have left ourselves no time to look at any other mandated territory ; but I don't think that matters very much, for in Class "A," Palestine is much the most interesting and important land, the memories it has for Jews and Christians being one of the strong forces in the western world ; and in looking at the Arabs, we have taken a sort of side-glance at the whole of the Moslem world, to see its backwardness and its ambitions ; for in the same way as some of the Palestine Arabs are thinking darkly that they ought to be free like the Iraqis, so the Arabs who live in all Moslem lands are feeling a bit restless because the Europeans are so powerful ; and indeed as I am writing this chapter there is being arranged a big conference of Arabs from Africa, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and further Asia, to talk over the position they hold in the world and to see if all Moslems cannot make plans together to advance their way of life along their own lines towards equality with the Europeans.

There is one rather difficult thing with which I have to close this chapter ; but before we come to it, let us make out a list of the mandated territories we have not had time to see.

CLASS " B "

(All in Africa)

Togoland, a mandate divided into British Togoland and French Togoland.

Cameroon, also divided into British and French Cameroon.
British East Africa.

Ruanda-Urundi, a mandate of Belgium.

CLASS " C "

German South-West Africa, a mandate of the Union of South Africa.

Samoa, a mandate of New Zealand. (This is an island in the Pacific.)

Nauru Islands, a mandate of Britain. (Pacific islands.)

The German islands south of the Equator were given as mandates to Australia.

The German islands north of the Equator were given as mandates to Japan.

Now, it so happens that Germany, who is a member of the League of Nations, says that it is unfair that her colonies should have been taken from her ; and she is often asking the League of Nations to give her back some of her colonies as *mandates*. She needs colonies for the same reason as Britain, France and the other countries need them.

" Give us back our islands," says Germany. " Give us back our South-West Africa or our Cameroon. Give us back Tanganyika ! Look at Britain, treating Tanganyika as if it were a part of her empire ! It is ours and has been unjustly taken from us ! "

This sort of thing, however, plunges us right into the middle of *European politics* and the problems of those white men who so strangely have come to control so many of the coloured races.

Let us now turn to look at the countries of Europe.

CHAPTER 33 : EUROPE

Reparations and War Debts

BANG ! WENT the explosion that broke up a continent. BANG !—four kings fell off their thrones, and twenty nations split into twenty-seven.

It was the biggest bang in history ; and the whole world shook, as you can see if you will look at our map on page 291.

Even to-day many States of the world are trembling from that explosion. That bang is echoing on every continent, and every life on earth to-day feels the force of it.

The world we live in took its shape anew from the bang of the World War ; and the pain of that bang is perhaps hurting you at this very moment, even if you don't know it.

Any account of the special problems of civilization to-day ought to begin with the World War, because almost none of our troubles can be understood unless we begin with that.

The World War, you know, began in Europe ; and it is Europe that has suffered most from that most terrible of all wars. Some people in Asia and America may say : " Serve Europe right for beginning the war ! " But, as we have seen, the whole world had to take part and to suffer, too.

You remember the war was fought between two sets of nations who grouped themselves into friendly bunches in the way that we saw in Chapter 30.

One group, called " the Central Powers," was made up of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey.

The other group, called " the Allies," was made up of France, Britain, Russia, Rumania, Italy, Serbia, Greece and Portugal.

We are not bothering in this chapter, with the countries beyond the seas which joined in ; but only with those in Europe.

After four years of fighting, the Central Powers were beaten ; and it is with the coming of peace in Europe that our own world began.

You must know that nations do not go to war against one another because they love one another. They fight because they fear and hate one another ; and the longer they fight the more they will grow to fear and hate one another ; and it came about at the end of the World War that the winners hated those they had fought and beaten, and so it was not easy for them to make a just and wise peace.

We have seen already that Germany says it was not just to take her colonies from her ; and on the continent of Europe, too, Germany suffered by having great slices of her land cut off and given to others. One thing was specially hated by Germany, and that was that a part of her was cut off from the rest of her—that part called East Prussia was cut off by a strip of land given to the new State of Poland.

Another thing Germany hated was that she was forced to say she was to blame for the war. It is true that the proud soldiers of Germany were keen on the war, and their keenness made the war as big as it was ; but you might as well say the man who “ kicks off ” in a football match is the cause of that match, as say Germany was the cause of the war.

All the nations of Europe believed that war was the only way of settling differences—the only real way of settling big differences, I mean. Every State and kingdom of Europe had taken its shape because of wars it had fought. The empires of Britain, France, Germany and the rest, had been won by wars. Even the smiling diplomats and charming ambassadors believed that “ the threat of war ” was the final way of getting the best of the bargain with another State ; and they were all well aware of the lines of big guns along the frontiers.

Because the nations believed in war, I expect the World War had to be fought anyway, as there was no common feeling of friendliness among the nations, and time and again a big war had nearly broken out among them.

Somebody had to “ kick off ” some time ; and it

happened to be the Central Powers, of which Germany was the most keen and the best prepared, who kicked off in 1914.

When the Central Powers were defeated in 1918, the Allies said that Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey must be made to pay for the war in hard cash. The statesmen of the Allies began to do sums in arithmetic, saying so many billions of pounds, so many billions of francs, must be got out of the Central Powers to pay for the war.

It was settled in a series of *Peace Treaties*, just how many billions the defeated countries should pay. These payments for the war were called *Reparations*. But the Central Powers had been so well beaten, so much had been sliced off them, and they had become so poor, that they simply could not pay all the Reparations the Allies wanted. Once or twice, the sums of money they were to pay were cut down, and new plans for their payment were made.¹ In the end, the idea of making the Central Powers pay for the war had to be given up. It was agreed, at a meeting at Lausanne in Switzerland, in the summer of 1932, to do away with Reparations.

All the same, somebody had to pay for the war. Wars are very expensive to run. Ammunition does not grow on bushes, like gooseberries. Guns and warships, shells and torpedoes, have to be made in factories and paid for, like motor cars and radio sets and overcoats and chocolate. A country's armaments have to be paid for by a country's Government in just the same way as you have to pay for your overcoat. In the war the German Government had to buy guns from big business firms like Krupp's, at Essen, in Germany, the American Government had to buy from such firms as Du Pont's in the U.S.A., the British Government bought from British firms like Armstrong's, the French Government from the French firm of Schneider's; and so on. As well as all this, the Governments at war found

¹ The "Dawes Plan," 1924, named after the American General, C. G. Dawes; and the "Young Plan," 1929, named after the American lawyer, Owen D. Young.

CHAPTER 34 : GERMANY : I

HOW CAN we know foreign nations? "At best we can never know more than a few of their representatives."¹ In tracing in outline the history of Germany since the end of the war, we must try to understand the German people as we understand our own nation. We must try to see the German point of view as clearly as we see our own point of view.

They were dark days for Germany at the end of the World War. The people were half starved and altogether tired out after four years of fighting. Their Allies—Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey—had been driven back and beaten. At last Germany had to give in. The Kaiser fled for safety into Holland. An agreement to stop fighting (the Armistice) was signed; and a little after that, Mr. Lloyd George, the great leader of Parliament in Britain, promised the British people he would have the Kaiser put to death for starting the war, and would make Germany pay the cost of the war.

But the German people did not feel guilty of starting a war in which most of the world had fought. Indeed, it seemed to them as if most of the world had fought against *them*, and their soldiers were wonderful heroes to have held out against a world of enemies for four savage years.

The leader of the German armies, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, said to Germany: "The Armistice is signed. Until to-day we have carried our weapons with honour. In the east, as in the west, we have held the enemy in check and saved our homeland from the wastage and horror of war. Because the number of our enemies is increasing, because our allies, at the end of their resources, have given up the struggle, because we ourselves are harassed by shortage of the necessities of life, our Government has

¹ Wilhelm Haas, *What is European Civilization?* p. 9.

decided to accept the hard conditions of the Armistice. But upright and proud we turn our backs on the field where, for more than four years, we have fought against a world of enemies."¹

The point of view of those enemies was very different from these ideas of the German people, as Germany learned six months later, when her representatives were made to sign *the Treaty of Versailles* (June 28th, 1919).

By this treaty Germany had to give up her army, all except a very small force, and her soldiers became peaceful citizens. She was also ordered to hand over most of the ships of her navy, but the German sailors had sunk the ships at Scapa Flow, in the Orkney Islands. Her air force, too, had to go, and all her guns were taken out of her fortresses.

In doing this the victors said it was to be the beginning of getting rid of armaments all round : Britain, France, Italy and all the others would give up armies, navies and air forces, too, and it would be the beginning of peace on earth for evermore. This was a very fine idea ; but it seems as if Britain, France, Italy, etc., did not mean what they said ; for we have seen in this book that all these nations are as ready for war to-day as ever they were in the past, in spite of the League of Nations and Disarmament Conferences and so on.

Then, by the Treaty of Versailles, the German colonies were taken over and turned into Mandates, as we saw in Chapter 32. A strip of land between Germany and France, called Alsace-Lorraine, which Germany had taken from France, in another war, fifty years before, was taken back by France. Further north, land was given to Belgium and to Denmark, and in the east that strip in East Prussia was cut off from the main body of Germany by the new land of Poland, and the big German port of Danzig was given to the League of Nations to rule.

In the west a very rich strip of land in the valley of the Saar River, where there were many coal mines, was given

¹ Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, *Army Order of November 13th, 1918.*

there is in the world ; and how could she pay in goods, when her people were starving, when her colonies had been taken away, when much of her goods and ships had been seized by the Allies already ? Moreover, the Reparations the Allies wanted were much more than was needed to build up northern France and Belgium again and to pay the debts to one another and to the U.S.A. into the bargain.

Of course Germany could not pay all that was asked ; but before Reparations were dropped, in 1932, a great deal of terrible misery and strife was to fall upon the German peoples because of them. A certain amount was paid (perhaps as much as Germany could afford) but because she did not pay all that was asked, France, who believed Germany *could* pay, sent her troops marching into the richest and most valuable valley in Germany, the famous valley of the Ruhr River.

The Ruhr Valley is not a pretty place. It is not unlike the "Black Country" in Britain or the Pittsburg district of U.S.A. ; but it is bigger and blacker than either of these places. It is *the largest coal and iron mining area in the world*.

From the furnaces of the Ruhr Valley pour three-quarters of all the steel and iron produced in Germany. From its coal mines pour three-quarters of all Germany's coal. In places more than one hundred tall smoke-stacks (factory chimneys) can be seen at once. Everywhere is molten metal, heaving cranes, mighty machines ; everywhere a network of railway lines ; everywhere gigantic cities.

"Had it not been for the war the Ruhr would have been the largest city in the world. The trains roar in and out of this city of coke and iron, of gas and steel, rattling over the myriad points, whistling past each other. It is one huge confusion of scaffolding and blinking lights, and wires and signals, of railway wagons of every kind and blue coated railwaymen."¹

When the French soldiers marched into this valley and seized these giant works, all work ceased in the Ruhr : the

¹ Eugen Diesel, *Germany and the Germans*, p. 8.

roar and rush of the machines stopped, the chimneys no longer belched out smoke. Squads of angry French soldiers and knots of angry German workmen faced one another ; but nothing was done.

Because of all these things, because Germany had been cut up smaller, because so much of her goods had been seized, because she had paid as much in Reparations as she was able, and finally because the French marched into the Rühr, thus stopping the real heart of Germany from working, the whole German land fell into worse poverty than any modern State has known.

You see, money had been paid, and sent out of the country for safety, businesses were closing down, and in a great effort to stop the death of their whole land, the German Government began to print hundreds, thousands, millions of paper-money notes : of course there was no real gold, no real capital in business, behind these notes, and so the more notes there were printed the less each note was worth.¹

During the time the French were in the Rühr the German money changed in value from day to day, from hour to hour. A reporter of the London *Daily Mail* wrote on July 22nd, 1923 : " I was amazed when I found to-day that I had to pay 24,000 marks for a ham sandwich, whereas yesterday in the same café a ham sandwich cost only 14,000 marks." A gramophone in a shop at ten o'clock in the morning cost 5,000,000 marks but at three o'clock in the afternoon it was 12,000,000 marks.

If a gramophone cost twelve million marks, how much do you think one mark was worth ? Well, before the war one German mark was worth about one English shilling and one American dollar about equalled four marks. When the French were in the Rühr one English shilling was at one time worth about a million marks and an American dollar was worth about four million marks. And

¹ You remember we learned in Chapter 7 that the value of paper money lay in the fact that there was real wealth, real gold and silver in the bank.

CHAPTER 35 : GERMANY : 2

ONE MISTAKE made by nations is to think of one another too *simply*. In the last chapter we had to talk about "Germany" and "France" as if they were two old ladies who had had a tiff. We heard "France" saying of "Germany" : "*She* began the war !"—as if 63,000,000 people could all be lumped together and called "*she*" !

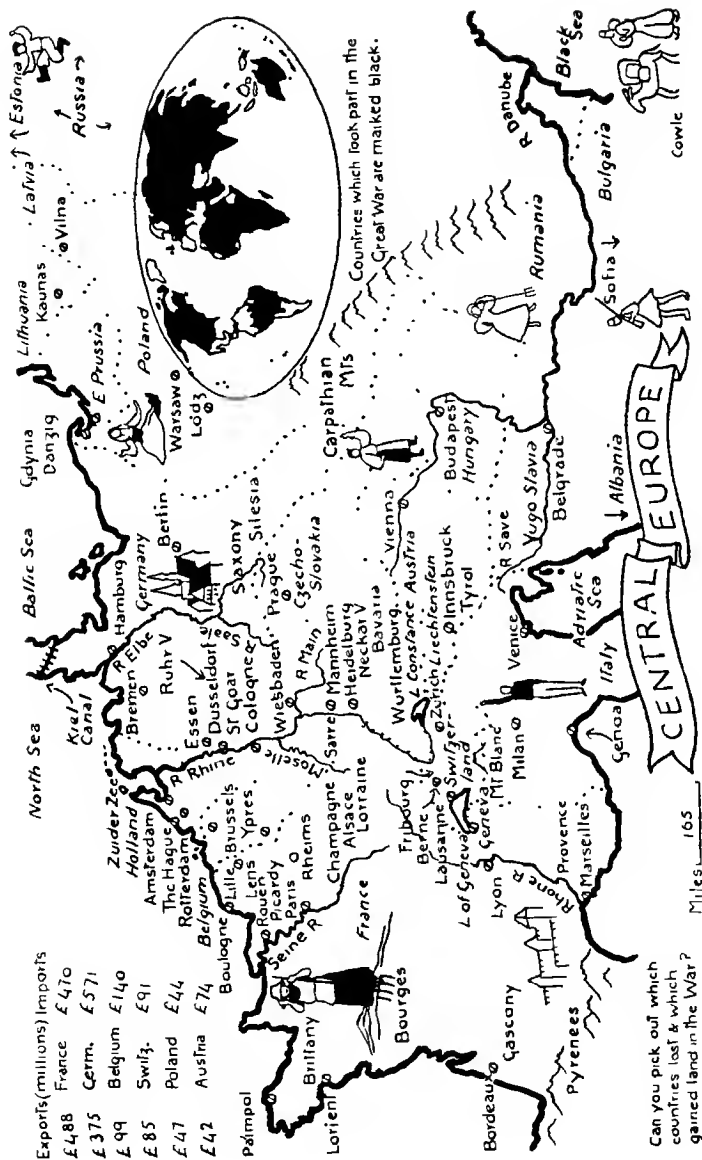
I wonder if you will please turn back and glance over the end of Chapter 8 again ? You will see that you and I were very careful there to find out what symbols are—symbols like the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, or "John Bull" and "Uncle Sam." We saw these symbols are used by nations because people cannot keep in their minds the endless-chain-of-everything-that-is.

Thus, when men speak of "Germany," that word, too, is only a symbol for 63,000,000 people living in the middle of Europe who have agreed together in law for the good of them all. There are dangers in thinking in symbols in this way : it is easy to trump up a picture of something called "Germany" and to hate that something because it has attacked and wounded something we love, called "France." Yet if we would be true and honest people, if we would use that wonderful power of reasoning which has raised men above the beasts, we ought to think less simply than this. Even if we can't hold in our minds the endless-chain-of-everything-that-is we ought to know some facts and figures which will let us into the secret of human life which has made the real living State called Germany or France.

A State is like a journey. A journey is not a roadway or the distance between two places : it is not a vehicle or a traveller. A journey is the movement of a person who takes all these things into account. So a State is not a land

Exports (millions) Imports

£4.88	France	£470
£375	Germany	£571
£299	Belgium	£140
£85	Switzerland	£91
£47	Poland	£44
£42	Austria	£74



or the government of a land or the homes of the people in a land : it is not the people themselves or their laws or culture or trade ; or their King or President. A State is the movement and thought of every man and woman who takes account of all these things.

It is because a State is the doings of all the men and women in it that it is possible for changes to come over a State, like the change from disaster in Germany towards the new Germany of more hopeful people who are living in the centre of Europe at this very moment.

Everything in every State is always changing because men and women are always changing, old men and women are dying and young men and women who are different from their parents are growing up with new ideas and fresh ways, to take hold of the powers of the State.

All these things change—laws and languages, fashions and amusements and hatreds are changing all the time. It is quite hard to understand such things, because a State seems so solid. Look at the earth-face of Germany from our high place half-way to the moon ! The geography of the land is like three doorsteps, three very solid doorsteps running from east to west.¹

The first "doorstep" is quite low down : it is smooth, and runs beside the land-locked Baltic Sea in the north. This is the *North German Plain*, a continuation of the Russian steppes, covered here and there with thick forests, with fir-forests and pine-forests in the east, and in the west with forests of beech, oak, ash and elm. In between and around the forests are open plains of cultivated soil waving with corn and rye, and across big patches of this huge first step are wet swamplands and chains of gleaming lakes and wild moors. Yet again in places the plain stretches out as green as a park, in which parts it is a grazing ground for cattle.

¹ The BANG of the World War has left Germany a very queer shape. The longest stretch of land in it is from the north-east corner near Poland to the south-west corner where France meets Switzerland : that is about 850 miles. From north to south the longest distance is about 500 miles.

Then to the south comes the second "doorstep"—a good steep step up towards the sky it is, too: this is called the *Central Upland*. It is a very rough step, jagged, cracked in a thousand places, with craggy mountain ridges and rolling meadowy hills, with deep-scooped valleys and high flat tablelands, with forest lands and plough-lands rolling away like a wavy ocean for hundreds of miles.

The old Roman historian, Tacitus, called the Central Upland, "the land of a hundred provinces"; and in our day, as in his, the people who dwell here live in many valleys, rich green fruitful valleys, as if each valley were a world of its own.

"The central upland is the feeding ground of Germany's rivers. They flow and ripple and hurry in every direction of the compass: in wide sunny curves like the lovely Moselle, vineyard-fringed; in little loops like the winding Saale; or bent back on itself in squares and triangles like the Main.

"The German loves the romance and mystery of the bubbling spring. The sources of the Danube and the Elbe and other great rivers of Germany are places of pilgrimage, revered by every German."¹

The Danube runs along the south of the Central Upland, flowing across Germany from west to east. This great river divides the Central Upland from the third and still higher step, the massive white step of the Alps, rising like snow-white spires and giant white walls on the edge of Switzerland.

The Rhine, falling down from the white slopes of the Alps in Switzerland, soon runs into Germany, becoming Germany's greatest river. "The Rhine, majestic in its swift and solemn flow, is the only German river which flows from the Alps, through the central upland, to the plain." In its journey from south to north the Rhine passes every kind of German scenery, and on its banks the people live every kind of German life. If we float down the swift broad river we gain a small idea of the variety of Germany.

¹ Eugen Diesel, *Germany and the Germans*, pp. 27-31.

We pass old castles on the cliffs beside the Rhine, places of which German poets and musicians have sung, and we pass near modern spas, like Weisbaden, where the sick and the old go to get cured by the natural mineral waters that well up out of the earth. We pass scores of lovely farms and little villages and small country towns, where we see sturdy German peasants working in fields and orchards and vineyards, and we pass through big black cities such as Mannheim and Düsseldorf: we see the Rühr River pouring into the Rhine on the right-hand bank, bearing its endless burden of bulky barges pressed down into the water by their cargoes of coal and iron and steel: we see countless young Germans swimming in the strong Rhine current or doing physical exercises on the green banks, and maybe we hear a band of students singing the old folk-song-legend of the "Lorelei" Rock, round which the swift waters swing near the town of St. Goar. Where the River Neckar flows into the Rhine we shall almost certainly see parties of students from old Heidelberg University, which stands on the Neckar twelve miles from the Rhine.

At places all along the river we see beer gardens beneath the trees, clusters of little tables like groups of mushrooms, with Germans enjoying their beer in the shade beside the waters. Then we reach lovely Cologne, with the tapering spires of its cathedral standing in lordly beauty above the grey mass of the city: the cathedral is the largest and finest Gothic building in northern Europe, and it was only completed in 1880, five hundred years after it was begun!

By this time we are down on the first of the three doorsteps, and the North German Plain lies flat before us to the distant North Sea and the Baltic, and away out east to the vast cities of Bremen and Hamburg and to the capital city of all Germany, Berlin, the third city of the world, coming after London and New York.¹

Berlin is the heart of central Europe, the meeting place of twenty-five railway lines and twenty air routes. It has

¹ Berlin has a population of about 4,000,000.

one hundred and thirteen railway stations and nine great docks, and its aerodrome, the Tempelhof, is the largest air port in the world.

Berlin is the centre point of the North German Plain, across which all the great German rivers flow, and which is laid out in a vast system of canals. On these canals and rivers inside Germany ply nineteen thousand barges, tugs and steamers. For mile after mile stretch the straight steel-coloured canals with lines of telegraph posts and electric pylons beside them, and sometimes lines of fir trees planted to give a touch of colour and beauty to the long level scene. Listen to the chuff ! chuff ! chuff ! of the steam tugs as they stir the sluggish waters of these inland canals, hauling behind them a string of barges bearing timber, coal, salt, the thousand and one products of German soil and German factories.

The greatest of these waterways, like the Kiel Canal, which joins the Baltic and the North Sea, saving ships a journey round Denmark, are open to the vessels of all nations : this, also, was an agreement in the Treaty of Versailles.

Of course railways are a quicker means of carrying men and goods about than canals, and Germany is not behind-hand with her trains, as we saw when we peeped between the smoke-stacks of the Rühr. As a matter of fact the German State Railways (the *Reichsbahn*) is the largest business concern in Europe. And look at the names on the railway carriages ! Passenger coaches marked Moscow, Prague, Vienna, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, Geneva, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen. And look at the goods wagons with their destinations written on them in large white letters, in Czech, Hungarian, Italian, French, Scandinavian, etc. We are in the middle of Europe ! There can be no mistake about that !

Germany is really a federation of many more or less small European kingdoms, such as Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, etc. One hundred years ago there were thirty-six kings, dukes and princes reigning in what is now

Germany. Many of these rulers were the sole law-makers, like the old-time kings of England.

We can liken these old German kingdoms to a crowd of floating pieces of ice "which, when they collide, sometimes split asunder and sometimes freeze together. They were split asunder by war, politics, religious strife ; they were frozen together by treaties, by tariff unions, by the likes and dislikes of the kings, until Prussia spread its dominion south and westwards."¹

It was only in 1871 that Germany, under Prussia, became one nation ; and when the last Prussian king, Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, Emperor of all Germany, fled to Holland, there was a short sharp revolution before the land came together in federal union, as a "civilization club" wishing to keep one language and one culture and one law.

There are now *seventeen States* in the German Union, many of these States being the same as the old-time kingdoms that once were separate and free. In some ways the union of all these States is rather like the union of the forty-eight States of U.S.A. ; but the Central Government has much more power over the different States' parliaments of Germany than Congress has over the different States' parliaments of U.S.A.

In U.S.A. each of the forty-eight States runs its own law-courts, sets up its own lawyers and judges, to carry out its own laws. In this way in most things in the daily lives of American citizens there are forty-eight different sets of laws ; and for ordinary business in trading between one State and another, and for people who travel about U.S.A., this may cause a great deal of trouble and confusion. Beside these States' law-courts there are the Federal law-courts run by Washington to judge of the laws made by Congress.

In Germany there are no Federal Courts to carry out the laws of the Central Government, and the seventeen States run their own courts, with their own lawyers and judges ; but these States' law-courts and judiciary have, for the

¹ Eugen Diesel, *Germany and the Germans*, p. 8.

most part, to carry out the laws of the Central Government. In regard to crime, and quarrels and troubles between persons in Germany (Criminal and Civil Law), the seventeen Governments are not allowed to do any law-making ; and so there is only one set of laws for these things through all Germany, instead of seventeen, as there might have been, or forty-eight, as there are in U.S.A. In the same way the Central Government makes and controls the carrying out of laws for money-making and industry, for the railways and many other things.

Like Congress or the British Parliament, there are two "houses" belonging to the Central Government of Germany. Neither of these two houses is quite the same as the Senate or House of Representatives or the "Lords" or "Commons." One can hardly say in Germany which is the "upper" or the "lower" house.

The *Reichsrat* is the Federal Council. This is made up of representatives of the seventeen States ; but it has more than seventeen members, because each State can send up one representative for every million inhabitants. There are generally nearly seventy members of this house, although the population is only sixty-three million ; States are allowed to send up another member if they have so many inhabitants over the exact number of so many millions. This *Reichsrat* is not the chief law-making assembly. Like the Senate in U.S.A. and the Lords in Britain it has to agree to the laws wanted by the other house before they can become laws.

The other house, the *Reichstag*, is the real law-making group. Like the House of Representatives and the Commons it is split up into parties of men having different ideas as to how to run the country. There are a great number of biggish parties, which as a rule group themselves more or less together into "Government" and "Opposition."

There are, for instance, Liberals, Socialists and Conservatives ; then there are different brands of these things in the parties called National Liberals and Moderate Liberals, National Socialists and the Catholic Centre Party, which is

conservative in its programme. Beside these are the Communists, with ideas based on the national plans of Russia, the Social Democrats, and several others.

Every German over twenty years of age can vote for which of these parties he thinks will rule Germany best. Unlike Britain and America, the voters do not vote for men who go to each separate district and say "Vote for me for this district to go to the Reichstag as a Liberal!" In Germany you just vote for the party you fancy, not for any particular man. All over Germany at a time of General Election, the parties send out speakers to tell the people their programmes, and, when the people have voted for the parties, the members are chosen by those who organise the parties, according to the number of the votes which the people have given for each party.

As I am writing this, the strongest party in the Reichstag is the National Socialist Party, who are popularly called the *Nazis*. This party has been built up by an Austrian house-painter, Herr Adolph Hitler, who has just been made Chancellor of Germany because of the success of his party over all the other parties. The German Chancellor is rather like the British Prime Minister, and is the head of the Cabinet.

Hitler and his Nazis want Germany to be given as much right to have an army and a navy and an air force as the Allied countries have. He wants the world to admit that Germany was not alone to blame for the Great War. He wants that part of Germany which is cut off from the rest of her by the strip of new Polish territory to be somehow or other joined on to Germany again. There is very little real Socialism in Herr Hitler's National Socialist Party. Hitler seems to have got most of his ideas from the programme of the Fascists in Italy, at which we shall look in Chapter 39.

There are many things in Herr Hitler's programme which people who do not belong to Germany must find it hard to understand. For instance, he and his Nazis hate Jews, and would wish to pass laws taking away all German

Jews' rights to vote and be full citizens of Germany, making Jews in some ways rather like the "untouchables" of India.

Over a good deal of Europe this "feeling" against Jews exists—in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the States by the Baltic Sea. Long ago, in 1880, that great Jew, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, whose family has done so much to shape modern Europe, and, not least, Germany, began to send poor Jews to Palestine, because of savage attacks made upon them in Russia, where many Jews were killed without a cause, and driven out of the land, because people did not like them.¹

Perhaps the main reason for this dislike of Jews is that the Jews are a people without a country, and strong patriots like Hitler fancy that Jews may not be good citizens. Jews very often are, as a matter of fact, as good citizens as anyone; but they stay "different": they look and speak and act and believe like Jews, and this rouses "feelings" against them no matter that there be no real cause for hatred.

It is Hitler's pride that he is first, last and all the time a patriot: with him it is Germany first, last and all the time. If you, my reader, believe that patriotism is a good thing, you must admit Germany ought to have her patriots no less than other lands; and if anything, Germany has stronger need for patriots than other lands just now, because she has been beaten in war, she has been shorn of much rich land, she has been held down by the Treaty of Versailles so that many of her people have begun to lose pride in her, have begun to be gloomy in spite of the new growth upward from disaster since 1925.

A week ago as I write these words, the triumphant house-painter, Adolf Hitler, stood in a window on the Wilhelmstrasse (William Street) in Berlin watching a torchlight procession of his followers that took four hours to file by.

¹ This movement started by Rothschild was the beginning of the modern idea that Palestine might become a Jewish State, as we saw in Chapter 32.

Twenty thousand of his "storm troops" marched past in their brown-shirt uniforms with bands and flags.

At another window in the Palace in Wilhelmstrasse stood eighty-five-year-old President Hindenburg.

As in U.S.A., so in Germany, the President is chosen by all citizens of the whole State, who vote for him at a special election. He remains President for seven years, and his position is somewhat similar to that of the President of U.S.A., though the German President has not quite so much power.

Hindenburg is the second President of the German Republic.¹ Leader of the German peoples in peace as he was in the World War, Hindenburg is a grand old man, honourable, self-forgetting, patriotic, a symbol to his people that although their land may lie at the feet of the conquerors, she lives and carries on, toward a new life in the future.

The future of Germany, as of every land in the world to-day, is bound up with the future of all other lands. A very great German who knew this, said: "Do you know what we want? We need a kind of *Who's Who* of great men. We know too little of men in other lands who have contributed to the common heritage of humanity. We statesmen have been occupied until now with disposing of the war, we have had no time to construct a peace."²

On Sunday morning, August 22nd, 1931, Heinrich Brüning, then Chancellor of Germany, attended a service (Mass) for peace in the chapel in Paris, France, which is dedicated to Notre-Dame des Victoires, the walls of which are lined with French war medals, war crosses, légions d'honneur, in memory of the sons of France who laid down their lives in the fighting against Germany.

The German Chancellor had gone to France to talk over in a friendly way the difficulties and problems of both countries, which are the difficulties and problems of all

¹ The first President was Friedrich Ebert, who lived 1870-1925. He was President during the troubled days from 1919 to 1925.

² Gustav Stresemann.

Europe. It was the first time since the war that the heads of the French and German Governments had met in friendliness to talk of peace.

How difficult it is to set things right after a World War ! All nations must work together if ever things are to be set right, and each nation, separately and alone, must set its house in order. Just now in Germany the order of government at which we have looked has been set aside by Herr Hitler, who has made himself almost a dictator. This has happened because all those political parties clamour against one another for this, that and the other thing. Some people say Germany *needs* a dictator, like Italy and Russia, two countries we have yet to visit ; and the Kaiser, who has lived safely in Holland for so long, is talking about coming back and putting on his crown again to rule his troubled people.

If the Kaiser came back, some of the other old-time kings of the separate German kingdoms would want to come back, too : there are plenty of their sons, the princes, living in Germany waiting for just such an opportunity. Then we might get Germany being split up once again into the kingdoms of Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony, etc.

Will such things come to be ?

CHAPTER 36 : FRANCE :

Kingship and Democracy

THE FOUR kings who fell off their thrones in the World War had all been rather like old-time kings whose word was law.

In Germany, it is true, there had been a parliament for a long while ; and that parliament had ruled and passed many laws ; but in some things, perhaps the most important things, the old German Parliament had been under the Kaiser, like the councils of a colony which are under the Governor-General.

There had been something of glory about the Kaiser. He said he ruled by the grace of God ; and masses of Germans believed that and looked up to the Kaiser.

It was the same with the Emperor of Austria. Here again, it was true there was an Austrian constitution, or "book of the rules" which even the Emperor himself was supposed to look up to and obey. But the Emperor Francis Joseph cared nothing for the Austrian constitution. He was a good old man ; but he had very old-fashioned ideas. He simply believed the people of Austria were *his* to rule, and to leave to his sons when he died, like his property.

In Russia before the war it was even worse. The Tsar of Russia was looked up to as the "Little Father" of 150 million people living scattered over one sixth of the land of the world. There was a parliament called the Duma, but the Tsar's word could be law whenever he willed. Strong Tsars ruled with a rod of iron, weak Tsars left most of the law-making to the Duma, but even weak Tsars only had to say the word in order to be obeyed.

In Turkey, also, the Sultan was the sole ruler ; and a very bad ruler he was, who cared nothing for his people.

The Sultan was also the head of the Moslem Church in his land and was looked up to as being like a prophet, a divine leader of faith.

It was a very good thing that these four kings fell off their thrones. That is something to the credit of the World War. And it is to the credit of France, more than any other land, that there was a system of law-making ready to take the place of the fallen kings.

A couple of hundred years ago, France was ruled by a king whose word was the sole law. Somebody once mentioned the State to him ; and he answered, " I am the State." All that his people had to do was to serve *him*, so he thought.

That king was Louis XIV of France.¹ During his reign and after, new ideas stirred in men's minds. Writers and thinkers like Voltaire² and Rousseau³ rose in France and made people ask questions about human law and government. It was the time called " the Age of Reason," because so many people began to reason about so many things.

Louis XIV was followed by weak kings who were surrounded by bad courtiers. The government of France began to go wrong. There was no proper justice for the people, and it all ended with the French Revolution of the year 1789. In that year the masses of common people rose up and turned out their rulers, killing hundreds of fine courtiers and their ladies by chopping their heads off by the guillotine.

A sad business ; but it seems the people had right on their side ; anyway, they thought they had—the writers and speakers who had given them their new ideas had made them feel that the civilization of a land must really be for the good of all the people of that land and not for a few rich people only, not merely for the king, who was but a man like any other man.

The people who made the French Revolution were encouraged by the American War of Independence which had just been fought. You remember the French helped

¹ 1638-1715.

² 1694-1778.

³ 1712-1778.

CHAPTER 37 : FRANCE

The Land and the People

THERE are many different kinds of Frenchmen living different kinds of life in different parts of France. The Breton peasants of Brittany, the Basque Frenchmen of Gascony, the Provençals, the men of Picardy, and many more—each have their manners and customs, their special cultures and memories.

Yet France is not a federation. It is ruled direct from Paris. Sometimes in the past France has broken up into several kingdoms. It has always joined together again as one State.

Perhaps it is easier for France to remain at one with herself than it is for some other European States to do so ; for France is cut off from the rest of the world by good natural barriers.

On the east the mountain masses of the Alps shut out Switzerland and Italy. The Mediterranean Sea and the high white wall of the Pyrenees mark the southern border. The Atlantic Ocean rolls and breaks against all the western side ; and it is only on a narrow neck of land in the north that France is divided from her neighbour States by an imaginary line across open country. Here lies Belgium, with Germany beyond ; and it is this open stretch which the Germans attacked in 1914. It has been the field of many of France's battles.

It is round about 600 miles from Belgium to the Pyrenees and round about 500 miles from the Alps to the Atlantic ; but of course the coast-line and the mountain-lines are everywhere torn and ragged, as you can see if you will look at the map of France.

Between these borders much of the land is flat, or is covered with low rolling hills. On the east the whole land

leans up steeply towards the Alps, and the highest mountain in Europe, Mont Blanc, is in France in this district.

The French are very hard-working people and they hate to see anything go to waste. And so there is hardly any useless land throughout the length and breadth of France. In places where there used to be big marshes, the land has been filled in and pine trees have been brought over from Austria and planted. Quite a big industry is carried on with these pine trees now. Much of the pine wood is exported to Britain ; and most of the deep-buried galleries in the coal mines of South Wales have pillars and posts made of pine branches sent from France in this way. The wood of the pines is also used for railway sleepers, and for wood paving blocks in the city streets in France and elsewhere. In places where the soil used to be too poor for cultivation, as in Brittany, the peasants now use heaps of seaweed from the sea-coast, and tons of sardine heads scattered over the land to enrich the soil ; and this poor soil is now rich and produces flax and other crops in great quantities.

On poor tracts of chalky and stony ground the people have sought out trees that require very little good soil. They have found that cork trees, olive trees and vines flourish here ; and now there are forests of cork trees that provide a good living for those who own and tend them. As for the olive trees, they are almost meat and drink to thousands of peasants living in the south of France. Besides selling the oil of the olive to be made into soap, the peasants use it as butter with their food, and the peasant women use it for cooking the meals. The wood of the olive trees is in most cases the only fuel the peasants have for their fires.

The vineyards have been called " the glories of France." From the Champagne country in the north to the country round Bordeaux in the south, huge orchards of grapes, white grapes, black grapes, are carefully tended till the season for crushing, when they will begin to be made into the famous French wines.

Even upon hillsides where it would not be possible to grow grain, where it is steep enough for the rains to cut

furrows in the soil as they run down in rills to the valleys, the Frenchmen have stuck in rows and rows of vines ; and they have found that the vines filter the rains and keep the soil from slipping down in the wet weather.

Now let us turn to the good rich soil of France, of which there is such abundance.

The population of France is between forty and fifty million people ; and more than half of these are *peasants*—that is, people who live by toiling on the land. Nearly ten million of these peasants own the little farms which they work with their own hands, and live by selling what they produce by their own labour. This is a good thing in some ways : it is the secret of the fact that there is hardly any unused land in France ; for when you have a bit of land which is your very own, it becomes like a part of your life, you learn to love it ; and to work upon it is a pleasure. Those nine or ten million peasant owners spend every hour of daylight working on the soil : ploughing, sowing, reaping, weeding, manuring, warding off insect pests, birds, field-mice and all the other enemies of the crops : their lives are bound to the soil, their thoughts rest upon the soil ; and that is the true spirit of the peasant.

Yet in other ways it is a bad thing for so many peasants to own small scraps of land. You see, such peasants cannot afford to buy machinery. “ You can still see slow-moving oxen drawing the ploughs, and the scythe and the sickle are still used instead of machinery in some parts of France.”¹ A great deal of the French peasants’ labours could be lightened, and the soil could be made more fruitful, if they could in some way get together and use modern machines, instead of staying apart, proud little peasant farmers unable to help one another.

There are, be it said, big farms with hundreds of men working for one rich farmer ; and many of the vineyard owners are millionaires, selling their wines to every land on earth, often at very big prices. But such rich men are far fewer than they are in most lands, and in France the

¹ Sisley Huddleston, *France and the French*, p. 71.

"small man" (the peasant owner and the little shop-keeper) always gets "a look-in": they are not so easily driven out and bought up by big business firms as "small men" are in America and Britain.

Perhaps we should not grumble at the French ways of carrying on the cultivation of their land, because France has made herself one of the richest countries in Europe, and that is due in no small measure to the hard work of her peasants. And then, those peasants can very nearly supply the big cities, like Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux, with all the food the city people need. France does not need to go to Canada for wheat, to the Argentine for beef, as Britain does: from her own soil, from the work of her own peasants, she can get *nearly* all that she eats and drinks.

She does not herself produce *quite* all the food she needs. She spends every year, for instance, between two and three million pounds on foreign-caught fish; and this in spite of the fact that there are thousands of French fishermen living in the fishing towns and villages all round the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. Some French fishermen must seem quite like old friends to us; for they sail off once a year across the wild wastes of the stormy Atlantic to fish on the Great Banks of Newfoundland!

It is a solemn day when the Newfoundland fishing fleet sets sail from the port of Paimpol in Brittany. Paimpol is only quite a small sea-town; but it is here the boats gather from many towns and villages along the coast, to sail forth in a fleet into the great waters.

When they are gone you will always find some of their wives and daughters praying in the little grey church for their return; and often you will see them praying in the streets before the calvaries, as the old stone crosses are called. As an old Breton fisherwoman said: "It may be anyone's boat or anyone's man who does not return."

Once a year the little grey town of Paimpol, with its small stone houses huddled together beside the sea, becomes gay with laughing people—when the fleet from the Great Banks returns after long months at sea. The fleet has never

returned without loss, without someone buried at sea ; but gladness for those who have returned sweeps across the lives of the fisherfolk.

Besides buying so much fish from abroad France has to import many raw materials for her manufacturing industries. There is cotton, for instance, which is manufactured into cloth in Rouen and Lille and other towns. As a cotton-manufacturing country France ranks third in the world, coming after Britain and U.S.A.

France has to buy from abroad more than half the coal she uses. The soil of France is very poor in coal. That is one reason why she was specially furious with the Germans for smashing up so many of her few precious coal mines in the north.

Yet the soil of France is actually more rich and varied than that of any other land in Europe. Beside those products we have named, France grows every variety of fruit and grain in abundance and scores of miles of country-side are ploughed in the Spring and are heavy with golden grain in the Summer. France produces a great deal of silk : the city of Lyons is the centre of the silk industry ; and the orchards of mulberry bushes which supply the silk-worms with their food are spread for miles along the valley of the River Rhone.

You remember when we looked in upon the League of Nations we watched the River Rhone pouring out of the Lake of Geneva towards France. That river has cut itself a wonderful valley through the steep mountain lands of eastern France, and some of the most beautiful, varied and rich country is passed by its swift waters as they rush down to the Mediterranean Sea.

On the upper reaches of the Rhone stand " rows of poplars shivering in the breeze, cattle deep in the lush water-meadows, the pretty cottages with the deep gables and overhanging roofs against the mighty Alps shimmering white in the golden sunshine. In Spring the country is gay with cherry trees ; men and maidens are busy tending the fields of tobacco where each leaf is numbered and must be

accounted for to the tax collector ; carts of hay are drawn by patient fawn-coloured oxen, and everywhere one hears the merry note of running water, as tiny trout-streams hasten to join the great river."¹

Down the lower reaches of the Rhone one comes across many of the most famous Roman ruins in France, mighty aqueducts and bridges, theatres and forums, reminding us that the whole land for 400 years was a part of the Roman Empire. Not only in ruins, but in living ideas and modern laws in France, are we reminded of the Roman rule. It is said by some that many of the special ways that make men French, many of the things that hold together Provençals and Basques, Bretons and Picards under one law, come from the one law established in the land by the Roman rulers, and obeyed by all Frenchmen during the long age of the "Roman Peace."

To-day it is the capital city, Paris, which holds all France together as one.

Northern France is like a great wheel the spokes of which are rivers, roadways and railways all meeting at the hub called Paris.

Paris rose up as a settlement of fisherfolk on the banks of the Seine. In the Middle Ages, when commerce was largely carried by water, Paris, to which flowed so many rivers, grew in size and power. It became the place of the government of the French kings. By the sixteenth century the city had a population of a million, and to-day nearly three million people dwell in Paris. It is the sixth city of the world, coming after London, New York, Berlin, Chicago and Shanghai.

The whole of France helps to supply the capital with goods of every description. Brittany sends early fruits and vegetables ; the green grazing lands of Normandy send cheese and butter and eggs and milk ; Bordeaux, Burgundy and Rheims send to Paris their wines which thousands of French men and women drink at open-air cafés in Paris, sitting at bunches of little tables set on the pavements and

¹ Capt. Leslie Richardson, *Things seen in Provence*, pp. 28-29.

sidewalks of the city. Fast fish trains bring their loads from Boulogne or Lorient, whilst along the canals that lead to the Seine from the north glide barges laden with wheat and coal.

Paris repays the countryside by sending forth laws over all the land. Paris is the residence of the President of the Republic. In Paris sits the Parliament (Chamber of Deputies and Senate). The Departments of the Civil Service have their vast mansions in Paris ; and there also is the Supreme Court of Justice, which says the final word upon all matters of criminal and civil law.

We will not bother to look very closely at the French Parliament because it has been modelled in most respects upon those we have already looked at. We may pause just a moment to note a few differences between French ways and those of other countries.

The pattern is the same : President, and two Houses. But the President is not chosen by the people, as in Germany and U.S.A. He is voted for by all the members of the two Houses, who gather together for that purpose in the beautiful Palace of Versailles, a few miles west of Paris. The President must get at least two thirds of the votes ; and then he remains President for seven years.

The Senate is the " Upper House," and its members are voted for by the *municipal authorities* throughout France. There are 300 members of this House ; and they remain members for nine years.

The Chamber of Deputies is the " Lower House " ; and this, as usual, is the real law-making group.

The Deputies are voted for by all Frenchmen who are over eighteen years of age : they remain Deputies for four years. Women cannot vote in France.

As in Germany, there are many parties, such as " Democrats," " Republican Democrats," " Socialists," " Communists," and so on ; and you can see that with so many ideas of government in one parliament we have no room to look closely at them in this book.

But if it is hard to see clear oppositions of views among

these many parties, a special difference as a rule does appear between the Deputies and the Senate, the Senators being generally more conservative than the Deputies ; and both Houses have to agree upon the laws.

The President of the French Republic has not got so much power as the President of U.S.A. nor even so much as the German President. The man who has the most power in French life is the Prime Minister (they call him *President du Conseil*). "The position of the President of the French Republic is similar to that of the King of England. *He is head of the State, but not head of the Government.*"¹

We can see some of the buildings of the Parliament of France if we stand in the *Place de la Concorde* ("Place of Peace") in the heart of Paris where many hundreds of tiny noisy Paris taxi-cabs will be running round and round us like a whirlpool. We can see the Houses with their many windows and finely decorated fronts, standing across the river on the other side of the Seine—there's the huge grey block of the Chamber of Deputies, looking rather black and weather-beaten.

You say it looks a bit dull ? You prefer the view on our right-hand side up the *Champs Élysées* to the *Arc de Triomphe* ? Perhaps you're right. It's a wonderful view : a tremendous avenue flanked by long belts of stately trees, stretching away to the largest archway in the world, built to commemorate the deeds of Napoleon and his troops. Beneath the *Arc de Triomphe*, where the winds blow through the main archway, lies the tomb of France's "Unknown Warrior," beside whose grave burns a flame that must never be put out, as a memorial for the World War.

From the wide, open space in which stands the *Arc de Triomphe* eleven straight streets radiate out through that murmuring sea of houses which is Paris. How the smoke hangs over Paris ! Yet the sun shines through ; and Paris has a strange beauty few cities have. There are so many great sweeping spaces, so many long streets with fine monuments in the distance, the bridges over the Seine lie so

¹ Henry Morrison, *The French Constitution*, p. 46.

gracefully from bank to bank ! There is the glorious *Notre Dame de Paris*, the ancient Gothic cathedral upon an island in the Seine (*L'Île de la Cité*). There stands the Louvre, once the royal palace of the kings of France, now the largest and finest art gallery in the world. . . .

It is no wonder that Frenchmen love Paris. It is no wonder the peasants of Provence and Brittany turn towards it in their thoughts, and, when they have the money to do so, take a trip to the great metropolis to see the sights. At home the peasants may grumble against Paris and their rulers who live there ; but will they hear a word against Paris from a foreigner ? Not they ! To them, it is the greatest city of the world. New York and London are just names to them.

Yes, Paris holds France together. And, as we have seen, France holds Paris together, too. Which is as it should be.

CHAPTER 38: THE FRENCH EMPIRE:

North Africa

NOBODY thought France wanted an Empire. Bold French pioneers had explored unknown lands, had started settlements and had begun trading in scores of places dotted all over the globe ; but the Government of France did not seem to care ; and one after another huge lands, like Canada and India, that might have belonged to France, were captured by Britain.

They might never have been taken from France if the French people and their Government had been as keen on building up an empire as the British Government and people became ; but France, right up to the days of Napoleon, and after, seemed keener on fighting in Europe than in capturing the lands of coloured peoples. So it has been said that the British Empire is largely “ a present from the French.”

In this book we have come across pioneer Frenchmen in distant parts of the world. We have glanced at de Lesseps cutting the Suez Canal, which came under British control in the end, and the Panama Canal, which was bought from France and finished by the U.S.A.

Because France did not seem to care, there have been moments when other great European nations have tried—in a quiet sort of way—to see if they could get hold of some of the possessions France happened to keep. It has even been whispered that the reason why the German military men were so keen on war in 1914 was because they believed that if they beat France they would be able to seize some of the rich but undeveloped French colonies. This being so, Germany has no right to squeal because *her* colonies have been taken now *she* is beaten ; even if it is unjust.

However that may be, France has suddenly become very keen on her empire. Men like that great soldier-ruler, Marshal Lyautey, who brought the tribes of Morocco to respect French law, have roused the people of France to feel proud of the very big Empire that still remains in their possession.

France has the second biggest colonial empire. It is more than twenty-two times the size of France and has more than twice as many inhabitants. One hundred million coloured people are thought of as being French citizens. In all quarters of the globe French possessions are scattered—in North and Central Africa ; between Malaya and China ; in Madagascar off the south-east coast of Africa ; in Martinique and Guadeloupe in the West Indies ; in South America ; in the Pacific Ocean and elsewhere.

In this book we can only look at all closely at one part of the French empire, and perhaps we had better take what is by far the largest single piece of foreign land belonging to France. This is a huge chunk of Africa stretching from the Atlantic to Egypt and from the Mediterranean to the Congo River. It is an area of 3,000 miles from north to south and nearly as long from east to west. But this big block of the earth is not a square box, and it is badly bitten into by the possessions of other countries, especially by lands belonging to Britain. You must look at the map of Africa (p. 111) to see its exact shape and size.

It is not all one colony, either. There are Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia side by side in the north. Then comes the Sahara, the southern parts of which are split into Senegal, French Guinea, French West Africa, Ivory Coast, French Sudan, Dahomey, Togoland, Niger Colony and others. Then further south lies French Equatorial Africa.

We are not looking at *all* of France's African colonies, nor even naming them. I want us, though, to gain some slight idea of the kind of lands these are, of some of the kinds of people living in them, and of the kind of way in which they are ruled.

The most northerly colonies are Morocco, Algeria and

Tunisia. They lie between the Mediterranean and the Sahara. The people living in these lands have a long history behind them and an old civilization. They are, in their way, cultured people, though not so cultured as the French. They were more cultured in the past than they are to-day.

All these lands are Moslem lands, lands of lovely mosques and ancient walled towns, of picturesque Arab peoples in their flowing coloured robes, lands of palm trees and camels. From the days of Mahomet these people have carried on in their way of life with little change.

But the history of the land goes back further than that. It was the richest possession of the Roman Empire, and hundreds of Roman bridges are in use to this day throughout North Africa. There are ruined Roman cities, Roman forts, Roman villas everywhere you go. Look at the great ruined city of Timgad, once a thriving centre of Roman life. To-day no one lives within scores of miles of it, and the marbles columns of the houses rise up like a forest of trees that have been broken off short by a sudden gale, and the great Arch of Trajan stands proudly above miles of grain-fields which surround the ruins on every side.

The grain-fields of Timgad belong to nomad Arabs, wanderers who sleep in tents and travel from place to place. Twice a year they come to Timgad, to sow their seeds and to reap their harvest : at these times, for a few weeks they camp among the Roman columns.

We can see from this that many parts of North-West Africa are wonderful lands for grain-growing ; and indeed in Roman times the people paid their taxes to Rome, not in money, but in grain. To-day not nearly enough of the land is properly cultivated. Too often the native peoples cultivate their wide fields in the rough ways of ancient times, using camels to draw the ploughs through the rich soil.

But there are great French estates, especially in Algeria and Tunisia. Here in more up-to-date style are grown wheat, barley, oats, maize, and fruits, also tobacco and cotton. Many Frenchmen are doing an ever bigger trade with Europe in vegetables, which can be grown all the year round

far more easily in North Africa than in Europe itself. There are also big forests of cork trees, and vineyards, and olive groves—some of the olive trees would tell a tale if they could speak, for they were planted by the Romans more than two thousand years ago. The olive is an odd tree : when it gets very old its inside shrivels up and at the first good gale the outside, now hollow bark, is blown away ; then the old roots send up a new trunk, and the life of the same olive tree begins all over again. Because of this, many old Roman orchards in Algeria and Tunisia are enriching Frenchmen to-day.

Through all this land just now are growing up towns and cities as new as those in northern France which have been rebuilt since the retreat of the German armies in 1918. Fine up-to-date towns they are with cream and white houses and broad straight avenues planted with rows of palms. For the most part you only see smart French people in the new towns.

All these bright bustling new towns in North Africa are built outside the beautiful crumbling ancient walls of old native cities. The old native cities are like some place from *The Arabian Nights* ; and here, for the most part, you see only native peoples—brown Arabs, still paler Berbers (the half-savage peasants of the country), black Negroes and wild men from the mountains. In these lovely dirty old cities the streets wind dark and narrow between tall tipping old Arab houses with flat roofs and no windows.¹ The streets are dark because the houses are so tall and close together, and in those parts where the brilliant African sun would pour down upon the people, the streets are shaded with trellis work laid across from the house-roof on one side to the house-roof on the other.

If you walk a short distance along one of the streets, dodging the big swinging camels and the heavy-laden asses and the huge bags and boxes so many people are carrying on their heads, you will soon hear the sound of children's

¹ The windows of Arab houses look inward to a courtyard in the centre of the house.

voices chanting together a simple sort of song. Find out where the singing comes from, peer in through a half-open door, and you see rows of little brown children squatted on the floor swaying to and fro as they sing, whilst an old grey-bearded teacher, also squatting on the floor, beats time and leads the singing out of a book. The book the teacher holds is the *Koran*, the sacred sayings of Mahomet, which is the "Bible" of the Moslems. That is all the native children are taught.

How much to be envied are the white French children in the new town, whom we can see trooping in to their modern school where they will be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography and many other subjects!

New and old run side by side in North Africa, as in Palestine: French people and native people go their own ways: in many instances Arab rulers and Moslem judges care for the coloured peoples; but it is plain to see the French rule is firm upon the Arab rulers. Morocco has a Sultan, Tunisia has a sort of king, the Bey, but both these rulers owe allegiance to France. The common people, too, are being more and more touched by modern ways—see them scramble for places in the big motor coaches that thunder at forty miles an hour and more along the broad metalled roads. These fine roads link up all the new cities of Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco.

Morocco is bounded on the south by the soaring heights of the Great Atlas Mountains, beyond which rolls the real Sahara. Only here and there are passes through the mountains, high and difficult passes guarded by independent native chieftains, or caids; and among these wild white peaks dwell tribes whom the French have never yet subdued. From time to time these tribes give the famous French Foreign Legion some fighting to do.

Perhaps you think of the Sahara as a dead waste like a brown-and-yellow billiard-table. It is nowhere so flat as that. Harsh mountains rise here and there in the middle of it, high stony plateaux rear up towards the steel-blue sky, there are areas of broken rocks and stones without a

grain of sand, and where the sand lies the surface is often waved more like a sea than a billiard-table.

These sand-waves are called dunes, and when a storm of wind arises, the sand-dunes will become like the waves of a sea indeed ; for the tops of the dunes will be whipped off by the wind and will whirl like clouds of spray in an endless fountain between earth and sky blotting out the sun so that the Sahara is dark at noonday.

When the storm has gone, perhaps some of those dunes may have slipped into the deep valleys, and, where they had been, other deep valleys may have been hollowed out by the gale. This is the one thing dreaded by those who dwell on or near the desert—for often enough a caravan of camels may be buried under a storm of sand or a whole oasis will be swallowed up.

In the Sahara are many thousands of oases, some big enough to support a large town, others a few clumps of palms and a water-pool or a well, where the caravans may refresh themselves with a supply of cool clean sweet water. (There are places where bitter water-pools exist, greatly to be avoided.)

Of the larger oases perhaps the most famous is that called Touggourt in Algeria, which winds across the sands for twenty-five miles, in some places thinning to a narrow band of trees, elsewhere spreading into a palm forest several miles wide.

When you see a desert storm it seems to you wonderful that the slender palm trees that sway and dance in the wind can ever resist the force of the gales and the whirling masses of sand ; and there are many tribes in North Africa whose life is largely a long struggle against the ever-threatening desert. At El Wad, in Algeria, the natives spend a great part of their time labouring like Sisyphus, who, you remember, was fated to roll a heavy rock to a mountain top only to let it roll back again and begin the labour of rolling it to the top again and so on for ever. At El Wad, not a rock, but sand has to be carried up the sloping sides of the narrow valleys in which the people dwell ; and the

sand is always slipping down again, nearly burying the precious palm trees and the few poor crops. It is only by constant labour in this fashion that El Wad is saved from the sand.

Were it not for the date palms no man could live in the Sahara. The date palms supply the scores of different tribes and wandering groups of the Sahara with their main food. There are said to be about a million natives of the Sahara—not many for a land the size of the U.S.A. ; and for the most part these desert-folk are of rather poor types of humanity.

You may imagine the Bedouin Arab is the king of the desert ; but he bows in terror to the veiled Touareg who haunts all the western parts of these savage wastes.

The warlike Touaregs, creatures of the open who delight in the burning rays of the desert sun, who know the ways of the shifting sands and the sudden storms !—they, too, like some of the mountain tribes of the Atlas, have never been brought under the control of the French. Beat them in battle, and they hide in the desert, perhaps for years, only to come forth raiding again. They are the terror of the desert travellers.

The Touaregs dress very oddly : the men are wrapped in long blue robes and their faces are veiled, like the Moslem women : the Touareg men look out on the world through a narrow slit in their heavy veils. The Touareg women do not veil. They are not Moslems, but pagans, like so many tribes in savage Africa ; but they have their own laws and strict customs, and there is a caste system among them. The Touaregs keep Negro slaves whom they buy and sell with their horses and goats.

The slaves of the Touaregs are by no means the only slaves in the Sahara. Some hundreds of miles out in the desert south of the Atlas Mountains is the sad town of Taoudeni : just a hillock of grey stone buildings in the yellow sand. At Taoudeni there is not a tree, not a blade of grass, not an animal, not a bird, not a sound.

Twice a year a caravan of 5,000 camels sets out for
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Taoudeni with all that the inhabitants need for six months—tea and coffee, sugar and spices, cloth and money. These camels return laden with great slabs of blue-grey Taoudeni salt : which reminds us that the Sahara was once under the sea.

Beneath the sands of Taoudeni, slaves are driven to work in the galleries of the salt-mines. They work ten hours a day, every day except Friday, which is the Moslem "Sunday." They live on a handful of dates and millet and water. A native *caïd* and his overseers are rulers of Taoudeni. It is hardly possible for the French or any other rulers to command such a far-away place ; but three weeks by camel from Taoudeni, straight to the south, we come to Timbuctoo, on the broad River Niger ; and here begins again some real civilized control.

Timbuctoo is just a large cluster of mud huts with flat roofs, grey-coloured, with narrow winding streets between them, with the French fort beside them and the tricolour, the flag of red, white and blue, floating from the mast on the tower of the fort. There are ten thousand black men living in Timbuctoo. It is the first of a series of French posts strung along the Niger, some of which are just a small fort and a group of straw huts, others being lively market towns for the natives of the south. Here the desert has faded away and the Africa of the jungle has begun—that black sea with a few white men at which we have glanced already.

Perhaps the greatest idea the French have for bringing more civilization to these parts is their plan for a railway across the Sahara into the heart of the jungle-land. They want the help of Britain and Belgium in this undertaking.

They hope to run a line from Oran in Algeria on the Mediterranean coast, across fifteen hundred miles of desert (they will pass about 400 miles east of Taoudeni) to the Niger at the town of Gao, which is little over 300 miles east of Timbuctoo. Then down the Niger to link up with the railway they already have in Dahomey ; then into Nigeria to link up with the British railways there ; across Nigeria (the town of Kano, at which we have looked, will

be a station on this line); and then across the Cameroons, French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo. Through the steaming thickness of the greatest jungle in all Africa, on the very line of the Equator itself, it is planned to run this railway, to join with the rail-heads of the Kenya and Tanganyika lines in the east.

I am sure this railway will be built ; though there may be troubles and delays as there were over the building of the Suez and Panama Canals. But when it is done it will stir up the heart of Africa, it will quicken trade and culture in that vast backward land as nothing else could do.

With this great vision of the French empire-builders we must begin to turn back towards Europe again. We have no time to look at any other part of the French empire ; not even at that vast and rich land called Indo-China, which is the second biggest French possession and is far more valuable to France than even her mighty African empire.

Let us close by noting the fact that last year the French Parliament in Paris voted to lend £36,000,000 for the development of the empire. This will be spent on the construction and improvement of seaports and railways, postal services and irrigation works, for the making of roads and railways, for air and wireless communications, for opening hospitals and for fighting against disease.

The main hope in their empire which the French have at the moment is that these great possessions may come to supply France with more of the raw materials and goods which at present she has to buy from foreign lands.

We cannot say that, in general, the manner in which the French rule their colonies is very different from the way in which the British rule theirs ; as in the British, so in the French, laws and customs vary with different colonies ; here a native ruler is " advised " by a French ruler, there a Governor-General rules with a council—and so on through the assortment we have gazed at under the British flag. If anything is different, it lies in the fact that the laws are more often made in Paris than in the capitals of the colonies ; and many colonies can send representatives to the French

Parliament in Paris, to see that the right laws are made. This is never done in the British Empire, where the Governors of the colonies do most of the law-making on the spot.

Some people say the British method of rule is the better way ; but it is certain that the French people come to understand the natives they rule quite as well as, and perhaps often better than, do the British.

CHAPTER 39 : ITALY

SOME GREEK generals in the fifth century B.C. voted among themselves as to which of them was the greatest. When the votes were looked at it was found that each had put himself first, and each had put Themistocles second. Themistocles was the man who caused the defeat of the Persians at the naval battle of Salamis, and the voting showed that in reality he was considered the greatest.

Suppose the nations of Europe voted among themselves as to which of them was the greatest : that is, which had done most for the civilization of the whole continent. I expect each country would put itself first, and if it knew something about the history of Europe, each would put Italy second.

The first civilization in Italy was that of the Etruscans. That was in the great days of Greece. We know little or nothing about the Etruscans except that they were cultured people to whom the Greeks went for works of art. Then came the civilization of Rome, which grew out of the Etruscan civilization and the Greek civilization until it was stronger than both.

Good things and bad things there were in the Roman ways of life, as in every civilization past and present ; but it was the greatest *civilization*, in our knowledge of that word, of all ancient times. The Romans knew how to rule, they knew how to hold men together in peace, a thing the Greeks never learned, though the Greeks were in some ways cleverer and finer than the Romans. We have just glimpsed some of the far-scattered Roman ruins in North Africa and France. Such ruins lie all over southern and western Europe from Scotland to the south of Spain, away to the east beyond the Tigris and Euphrates and far down south in Egypt to the borders of the Sudan.

Those old colosseums, or sports stadiums ; those heavy stone arches of triumph, so richly carved, still standing against the winds of time ; those solid bridges that are still being used—they tell of a people to whom peace was of value, a people who believed in peace and justice ; without peace and justice, as we have seen, on trade can be carried on, no bridges, roads or aqueducts are of use. The Roman buildings were made to *last*, because the Romans believed their civilization would endure. They called Rome “ the Eternal City ” because they could not imagine that its power would ever wane. Yet the Roman Empire, as we know, fell to pieces and ceased to be ; though Rome remained the capital of western Europe for fifteen hundred years, because it was the home of the Pope, the head of the Christian Church in the west. From Rome the men of all western Europe gained their faith, their rules of life. Even kings were made and unmade by the Popes. Rome, in a real sense, though in a different way, remained the ruler of all that part of Europe which lies west and north of Italy.

East of Italy, however, was another branch of the Christian Church, not under the Pope ; and one day the great city of Constantinople, in the east of Europe, was conquered by the people called the Turks ; and many Christians of the eastern faith fled for safety to the lands of the west. They brought with them books, statues and stories of the old Greek and Roman civilizations, and these things aroused the people of the west to new forms of living which we call the *Renaissance*, or “ rebirth.”

It was from Italy that the great work of the Renaissance came forth, rising like a new tide of life over all the western world ; and the great cities of Italy to this day seem alive and shaking with the power of the arts which the Renaissance called forth. For instance, in Rome, in the largest palace in the world, called the Vatican, which is the home of the Pope, stands the Sistine Chapel, the walls and ceilings of which are painted by some of the greatest masters of the Renaissance.

The paintings in the Sistine Chapel tell the story of man as it is viewed by Roman Catholic Christians. The roof is painted by Michelangelo and shows God creating the world in the beginning and judging it in the end. The wonderful life and feeling of these painted figures, human and divine, figures of men and angels, make one feel that one is looking into another world. On the walls of the Sistine Chapel, other masters, notably Botticelli, have painted scenes from the Old and New Testaments : thus we see " The Finding of Moses " on one wall and opposite to it " The Birth of Christ."

Not far from the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican Palace hangs what has been called the greatest picture in the world. This is " The Transfiguration," the last picture painted by Raphael : as Raphael lay dying this picture was set before him that it might be the last thing upon which he gazed.

All over Italy, not only in paintings, but in wonderful sculptures and beautiful buildings, the great art of the Renaissance reminds us that it was in this land that our modern age began : it began with the art of the Renaissance, expressing the Christian faith in paintings and sculptures, and it spread out over Europe to be an expression of the whole of life through all the arts and sciences.

During this time Italy was not one State. She was broken up into many States, some of them quite small city-States like Genoa and Milan, others quite big States like Venice and the Kingdom of Naples ; and the Pope himself at that time was ruler of a big slice of central Italy, called the Papal States. To-day the Pope is an independent ruler, but his State is by far the smallest in the world and only consists of the plot of land upon which his palaces stand : this State is called Vatican City.

Yet even though Italy was broken up into many States during the Renaissance, there was a sameness about the people : there was something *Italian* about them all, in the same way as there is something American about all New Yorkers ; and nowhere in Italy were there such differences

among the people as there are to-day among the people of New York. Great men like Dante fixed the language for the whole of Italy ; and of course the people had one religion, under the Pope of Rome.

Modern Italy only came together as one State in 1870, a year before modern Germany united. Italy did not become a federation : under one king she became one kingdom with one law and one parliament. She was not at that time a great nation, and she no longer led the civilization of the west. She had not done so for a long time. Even the power of the Pope had vanished over most of northern Europe.

We remember Italy was on the side of the Allies during the World War. After the war she was very very tired. She was like a man who has fought so long and so valiantly that when his enemy falls beaten at his feet he, too, the victor, tumbles down helplessly. When a whole nation is tired it is a very terrible thing.

In Italy the Government grew feeble and unable to enforce the law. The people, glad with victory, wanted a new and better way of life. The soldiers returning to the cities, towns and villages, wanted a finer way of life than tired old Italy had to offer. So lawlessness and anarchy spread through the land. Masses of workers, who wanted Socialism to be begun, banded themselves into dangerous mobs. They began to burn down factories and lay waste farms. Nobody knew what would happen next and nobody felt safe.

Then came forth an Italian who was to prove himself one of the great men of the age—Benito Mussolini, a blacksmith's son who had fought in the trenches in the war, and who had all his life worked for making Italy a better land.

In the trouble and strife after the war a great idea came to Mussolini : he would try to make the people of his beloved land remember the brave days of old, the days of the Roman Empire, when Italy ruled the world.

Mussolini had been a Democrat and a Socialist ; but when this great idea came to him, of raising up a new race

of Romans, he ceased to believe in democracy. He turned away from the ideas of the *Declaration of Independence* and the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*. He said that these things did not have a plan in them for running a State. He believed no longer that the State should serve the people. He now believed that the people should serve the State.

Being a born leader, Mussolini gathered young men round him into a strong body who believed what he believed ; and to remind them always that they wished to raise up again in their land the spirit of old Rome, he called his followers *Fascists* : this was after the *fascēs*, which were staffs borne by the attendants of the magistrates of ancient Rome, being symbols of the power of Roman justice.¹

When it was known in Rome that this new party of Fascists was gaining strength among the people (the Fascists here and there fought and beat mobs of workmen), the King of Italy one day sent a message to Mussolini to come to Rome to act as Prime Minister, in place of the tired old men who could not keep law and order.

At first, Mussolini tried to govern with a parliament that had been chosen by the people ; but the members of that parliament said : " We are weak, you are strong. We are divided among ourselves as to what is best, you know what you want. The only thing to be done is for you to become sole law-maker." And so, early in 1923, Mussolini ceased

¹ These staffs were made up of a number of rods bound tightly together with the head of an axe peeping out from among them. They were thus a symbol of strength and unity. Mussolini " chose the *fascēs* as his symbol because they stood for strength and for law. If you take a single rod and try to break it, you will succeed without very much trouble ; but if you place such a rod among several others, and then fasten them tightly together with cords, all your efforts at breaking the bundle will be in vain. And it is the same thing with men ; when they stand separate and divided, the first enemy will overcome their weakness, but when they are united and hold fast together, no one will be able to worst them. Also the *fascēs*, the sheaf of rods and the axe, in the days of old Rome, was the symbol of justice and supreme authority, and as such it was carried by the lictors, who escorted the rulers of the Roman State—hence its name of *fascis lictoris*. In this symbol, therefore, the genius of Benito Mussolini revived the memory of the power and the justice of Rome."—Italian child's school-book, quoted by Cicely Hamilton, *Modern Italy*, p. 20.

trying to govern with a parliament and took upon himself the task of ruling Italy.

From that time until this, Mussolini has ruled. He has gathered statesmen and captains around him to help him, but he remains above them all, a man whose word is law. He sits and works in his enormous study in the Palazzo di Venezia in Rome—it is surely the largest private room in the world, so big that even Mussolini looks like a pin-point as he sits at his desk ; and Mussolini is a big man, a head taller than the King of Italy, a broad-shouldered man with a great stiff jaw and big burning brown eyes.

There remains to this day in Italy a sort of parliament with two Houses, called the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies ; and the Deputies are voted for by the people. It is not very exciting, however, since there is only one party, the Fascist Party, and an Italian General Election merely means the people vote for 400 Deputies from among men who have been chosen by Mussolini. The Senate consists of older men appointed by the king on the advice of Mussolini. The most important of all the gatherings of rulers in Italy is the meeting of the leaders of the Fascist Party, the *Fascist Grand Council*, who are the chief men Mussolini has under him. It is this council which chooses the members to be voted for by the people to go to the Chamber of Deputies.

All this roundabout business can be summed up in one name : *Benito Mussolini* ; and to some people it seems comic that a useless parliament should be kept going when it is really Mussolini who rules. There are two things we should remember about the Italian parliament, however ; one is that, should Mussolini one day believe in going back to real democracy, the whole parliament will be beside him to start work without much trouble ; and the other thing is that perhaps this voting keeps the people of Italy in touch with their ruler and enables him to know what they are feeling and wishing.

Not that Mussolini would care if the nation did not agree with him : he believes he knows what is best for Italy ;

and though there are many who speak evil against him it seems to be true that he loves his native land and has devoted his life to its uplift and progress.

He has done much. He has made his people drain the water off miles and miles of useless swamps and turn those lands into fertile fields. He has made many of the farmers turn from the old horse-plough and cattle-plough to modern machinery and to scientific ways of making the earth bring forth her fruits. He has made the Italian workman build magnificent highways from one end of the peninsula of Italy to the other. He has built up the great cities anew, routing the people out of the disgraceful slums in which they used to dwell and setting them in clean and healthy modern buildings. He has spurred them on to develop their land—which we saw was falling back in the race toward the highest civilization—so that the harbours now throb with life and work : Genoa now carries on more commerce than Marseilles. He has planted useful forests over bare hillsides. He has dammed up many rivers to provide water for wide new schemes of irrigation. Of all that he has done we have no room to say ; but certainly he has changed Italy from being a land of quiet backward people into a quick forward-looking nation. It is rather like the change from oil-lamp lighting to electric lighting ; and if we were to try to sum up the spirit of Fascism in one sentence, we might say that Mussolini has electrified his people.

And he has done so mainly by reminding them of the greatness of their past. He has uncovered many of the Roman ruins that were covered up with rubbish and dust. He has unearthed ancient temples, mighty old forums which speak to the people of the power of Rome in the past.

This feeling, that they are a great people, mingles in the minds of the young men and women of Italy with love for their hero and leader, to draw out the best that is in them at work and at play. They have taken to sports and athletics as Italians never did before ; and now in every town and city you can see squads of boys and squads of girls drilling. In Rome there has just been opened the new Mussolini

Forum and School of Physical Culture. This is probably the largest sports stadium in Europe ; and at the entrance stands the magnificent Mussolini Column, a solid shaft of white marble 125 feet high, from the famous quarries at Carrara in the province of Tuscany. The only thing upon this shaft is one name : MUSSOLINI.

Everywhere throughout Italy the young men belong to the Fascist Party. Everywhere they are to be seen at their displays and parades, dressed in their Black Shirt uniform, giving the old Roman salute, the right arm uplifted with the hand upheld. A special salute is reserved for Mussolini alone—a shout in unison, all the young men shouting at once, like one voice.

There is in the teachings of Mussolini a strong call to war for the glory of Italy. The young people of Italy are taught, not only to glorify the Italian soldiers who died in the war, and to remember the battles that were fought against the Austrians in the mountain-lands to the north (Mussolini was badly wounded in the fighting), but to be ready at any time to fight again for their land, and to die for Italy if need be. They are taught to expect war and to feel it to be a glorious thing ; and some people who remember the horror of the World War, and who now turn with longing to hopes for the future peace of the world, feel that the strong fighting patriotism taught by Mussolini is an evil thing.

We remember in our chapter on " War and Peace " we saw that Mussolini pointed out that there are nations of Europe spending upon armaments half of all they get in taxes from the people ; and so long as some nations are doing that, Mussolini says they believe in war ; and so long as they believe in war it would not be safe for Italy to disarm and lay herself open to invasion. So Mussolini keeps his people ready for war, for safety's sake.

It is a pity that all nations say the same thing : each goes on arming because the others go on arming—for safety's sake. The only mistake about this is that it makes the world more dangerous, not safer. In a chapter or two's time we shall try to take a sidelong glance at the world as a whole,

in order to see how safe or how dangerous are the times we live in. We must now turn to what is perhaps the most interesting thing which has been done by Mussolini in Italy.

You remember in the beginning of this book, in our chapters on "Money" and "Banking," we saw that Governments do not carry on trade and commerce : these things are left to ordinary persons who are free to make (collect) as much money as they can. We saw that the work of the world is in this way freely carried on by people who have fallen apart into two classes which are generally known as "Labour" and "Capital." "Labour" is the workers who are paid day by day or week by week for their toil in mines and factories, in offices and works, on farms and plantations. "Capital" is the people who own shares in the companies which pay the workers and make profits out of selling the produce of the work.

In most lands there is a fair amount of "feeling" between these two classes. This feeling often expresses itself in the programmes of "Labour Parties" or "Socialist Parties" in the parliaments ; but now and again struggles take place, there are "strikes"—the workers refusing to work until their employers do what the workers want. We have seen how the I.L.O. at Geneva has helped to bring about justice in many countries where this struggle between classes has brought suffering to the workers. In Italy after the war we saw this struggle had broken out into violence and lawlessness.

Mussolini believes it is wrong for Capital and Labour to be left free to fight against each other in this way. He feels that these two classes, like the men and women in them, should serve the State. So he has bound them both together like the rods in the *fasces*, and he has bound them into the laws of the new Italy more closely than they are bound in Britain, America, Germany or France.

Mussolini did not change the money-making system ; but he said "*the way in which businesses of all sorts are carried on must be a thing for both Capital and Labour to decide.*" He

organized every industry, workers and employers, into large groups, called guilds or corporations ; and he made the head men of these guilds get together in councils to decide upon all matters such as wages and hours of work, the making of profits and the conditions of labour. Every factory and workshop, every mine and plantation, in each industry is thus bound up together in a big corporation, each factory having a council of workers and employers who have some say as to how the business is to be run, with the Grand Council for the whole industry as a part of the government of the country, to aid in directing that industry.

The councils of workers and employers, who sit together to judge of quarrels between the two classes and to decide upon the problems of the work, are almost like law-courts where criminal and civil laws are carried out : the rules decided upon by the councils can become laws of the land.

Not only is every industry organized in a huge corporation like this, but the head men of all these groups come together in a National Council of Corporations. The National Council helps to decide upon all matters relating to the trade and commerce of Italy. All this grouping of industries is cared for by a special Government Department called the Ministry of Corporations ; and the Minister of this Department is—Mussolini !

In this way Mussolini has knit up the money-ways of the nation more closely into the Government than is the case in Britain, America, Germany or France. In Italy, that is to say, the people, employers and workers alike, are not so free to make (collect) money as they are in the other lands we have visited. Though the classes of Labour and Capital remain, their work is cared for more closely by the Government.

In Italy, if a business man wants to get rid of a workman, he must go to the council of his factory or the local council of the industry, and he must give good enough reasons for getting rid of the man. This council will then find out if there is, in any part of Italy, a job which this newly out-of-work man can do : if there is, it is the law that the man must go

and take up this work elsewhere ; and in this way men are being constantly sent from parts where there are too many workmen to parts where there are too few. Through all this organization, Mussolini has raised up the standard of living of the Italian people, especially in the south, where until the time of the Fascists they were far more backward in their way of life than the men of the north.

In so many other ways, too, Mussolini has succeeded in raising up his people. When he came to Rome to rule, three-quarters of the people of Italy could not read or write. In ten years he has reduced that number, so that to-day half the people can read and write. Every year—indeed, every week—new schools are opened in Italy.

It need not be thought, from all this, that the Kingdom of Italy is now the most splendid and happy land in Europe. It is a land changing from old ways to new ways, and it is only when it has changed that we shall be able to tell how much good Mussolini has done. I have said earlier in this book that it is hard to understand foreign nations ; but if we try to understand the new Italy that is being born, I think we shall see that it must some day return to democracy. It must return to democracy, not merely because Mussolini will grow old and die, but because it is not true as Mussolini teaches, that the State is greater than the people who make it. The people, as we have seen, make up a State ; and if the people of Italy choose to obey Mussolini, they are not serving a State which is greater than themselves ; they are simply obeying a man who is greater than other Italians. If Mussolini succeeds in bringing his people up and making them great leaders of civilization once again, he will in the end leave them with their parliament which they have chosen, and in those days the parliament will rule.

There remain many troubles in Italy. There are round about one million unemployed workmen ; and another thing : the Italian people are rather annoyed that they got no new colonies or mandates out of the World War. They were tired and weak at the end of the war and did not

bother to try to get new lands to rule. The only colonies Italy has are : (1) a big chunk of the Sahara Desert, called *Libya* ; (2) a long strip of the north-east coast of Africa, called *Italian Somaliland*—this land is not much more developed than British Somaliland, though it is bigger ; (3) *Eritrea*, being several hundred miles of the African coast down the Red Sea ; and (4) Several Mediterranean islands, the largest of which is Sardinia, the island of Rhodes, in the *Ægean Sea*, being next. Italy is a crowded land whose soil is poor in raw materials, and she badly wants some really rich colony.¹

After the war Italy pushed back the borders of her enemy, Austria, and fought to get some of the coast-land of the new State of Yugoslavia.

We must now turn to see what happened to Austria and Hungary, the allies of Germany, after the war.

¹ The population of Italy is more than 40,000,000.

CHAPTER 40 : CENTRAL EUROPE: Switzerland and Austria

LIKE A Christmas stocking hanging from a bedpost the Kingdom of Italy hangs down south from the Alps of Switzerland,¹ with the island of Sicily spread out from the "toe" of the stocking. Sicily, which is a province of Italy, is cut off from the mainland by the narrow Strait of Messina.

We have not had time to visit, in imagination, this beautiful sunny peninsula ; but most people have a picture of some of its rare spots in their mind's eye : the Bay of Naples, for instance, with the brown cone of Vesuvius at the end—Vesuvius, who wears a black feather in the day-time and a red feather at night, and who sometimes becomes terrible, growling out a warning before shooting fountains of lava into the sky. Not far from Naples, as we all know, lies the half-buried Roman seaport of Pompeii, victim of Vesuvius. Mussolini is hurrying on the work of uncovering all that part of Pompeii which still remains buried.

We must go on to other lands without seeing the grace of Italy. All we can do is to note that the big "backbone" of Italy, the Apennine range of mountains, is really a branch of the great mountain system of the Swiss Alps : from that bunch of Alps which trail away south-west from Switzerland and troop down to the Mediterranean Sea and are called the Maritime Alps (that is, "the Seaside Alps") the Apennines shoot out down the whole length of Italy. They send off spur after spur to right and left, and so have made Italy a land broken into sharp and rounded hills, steep ravines and gentle valleys.

¹ Italy is about 700 miles long and varies in width from 100 to 150 miles, though at the top it is much broader : 350 miles.

In this way we have now approached the Alps upon three sides. On the north we have marched up to them over the three German doorsteps. On the west we have watched France leaning up towards them from the valley of the Rhône. And now we have seen Italy and the Apennines leading off from them to lie in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, reaching almost to the African shore.

Let us, therefore, go to the fourth side of the Alps, to Austria and Hungary, via Switzerland : let us take a peep at the little Republic that hides in the great Alpine valleys, guarded by those hundreds of high white peaks and the glaciers and snowfields that lie between.

Unlike Mussolini, the Swiss people believe in democracy. Switzerland is the oldest Republic in Europe.¹ Indeed, Switzerland is more like a real democracy than any other land on earth, for the people have gatherings where they all get together to vote for officers and to pass laws. Now, Switzerland has a population of about four million ; but don't imagine all these people meet in one place to pass laws. Switzerland is a federation of twenty-two small independent States, or *cantons*. Each of these States is as free as any of the States of the U.S.A. and each makes its own laws for its own people. Even the criminal laws are different in the different Swiss States : thus in the canton of Geneva murderers are imprisoned for life, while in the next canton, called Fribourg, they are put to death.

Switzerland is a real democracy because it is the government of the whole people by the whole people ; but of course such democracy could not work if it were not a federation. It is quite possible for several thousand people in the small cantons to vote about the laws. Each canton has its own parliament voted for by the people, but often, all the people living in a canton are asked to vote about the laws which the parliaments wish to pass.

¹ It is hardly worth mentioning the tiny Republic of San Marino, an independent State in Italy, which is only 32 square miles large and has a history going back to the fourth century. The Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees dates from the time of Charlemagne, but is only 191 square miles : about 17 miles long and 18 miles wide.

There is also a wonderful system of local government in the cantons ; and for this purpose each canton is split up into districts called communes ; and all the people living in each commune meet to make such rules as are needed to control the police, the firemen, the schools, the repair of roadways, street lighting, etc. The work these gatherings do is rather like the work of the municipal authorities in Britain and America ; but the municipal authorities are voted for by the people, while in the communes of Switzerland the people themselves vote for the laws instead of electing representatives to do so.

All through the law-making in Switzerland the leaders keep turning to the people for guidance ; and so Switzerland is an instance showing that democracy will work ; the land has been well ruled by these means for more than 600 years.

It was in 1291 that the first four Swiss cantons joined up into a "civilization club." One by one the other cantons joined, and through the years of history they have resisted the great emperors who would have liked them for their kingdoms.

The Central Government of Switzerland is the *Federal Assembly*, composed of two chambers ; the National Council, voted for by all the people of Switzerland ; and the Council of the States, being representatives of the cantons. When these two houses meet together they form the Federal Assembly.¹ There is also a President, who is more of a symbol than anything else.

The business of government in Switzerland is carried on very quietly, with hardly any pomp and ceremony ; but Switzerland is one of the best-governed nations of Europe, its members of parliament being more honest than those in most lands and knowing more clearly how to make and carry out laws.

¹ The National Council has 198 members, voted for every three years. The Council of the States has 44 members, one from each canton. In some cantons the people vote for the councillors, in others they are chosen by the parliaments of the cantons. There is also a Federal Court at the city of Lausanne on the Lake of Geneva : this does work similar to that of the Supreme Court of the U.S.A.

Of course Switzerland, in her mountain fastnesses, is a lucky land. Those huge mountain-walls that rise all round her have acted like a natural fortress time and again, to keep her in peace. Switzerland did not fight in the World War. The mountains made it easier to keep the cantons apart from one another, many of the cantons occupying their own valley between peaks or ranges of barren mountains.

In the warm valleys, too, the soil is often rich, producing wheat, oats, rye, fruit, vegetables. There are said to be more than a million cows in Switzerland, and from their milk a great deal of cheese and milk chocolate¹ is made, to be sold abroad in all parts of Europe. In places where the countless mountain-streams have cut deep gorges in the valleys, the soil is often left dry and useless ; and in these parts the Swiss have arranged a wonderful system of irrigation. Far up in the snows they have set troughs to carry water to where it is needed. Sometimes these wooden troughs can be seen crossing the face of a precipice thousands of feet up, sometimes they hang across a giddy cañon to take the water to the upper slopes of the valleys where it is let out gently over the pastures where the herds of cattle feed.

Those pastures are very beautiful. All the cows have bells round their necks lest they stray into dangerous gulleys - -mighty big bells some of them are, too, that sound like a wedding peal when the herd are browsing ! Generally the pastures slope steeply, and away far below is a valley with villages that look like toys, so distant are they. Into the valley as a rule, here and there streaks of white water-falls can be seen tumbling for hundreds of feet from the heights ; and somewhere between the slopes of the mountains, somewhere in some valley, is the gleam and flash of a lake. All above one on every side rise the snow peaks, dazzling masses of silent broken mountain-tops, shining against the pale blue sky. Here and there, near the green slope where the cows feed, will be a peasant's home, a wooden house with balconies and a huge pointed sloping

¹ Of course the cacao has to be imported.

roof that overhangs on all sides like a hat with a very big brim. These buildings are called chalets.

Most of the Swiss are peasants who live on their farms and fields, and a great number of them own the land they cultivate. The towns and cities of Switzerland are not large. The biggest is Zürich, with a population of 200,000. Berne, the *Federal capital*, has a population of 104,600. There are many factories in the cities, such as the watch factories of Geneva, and the cotton and silk factories of Zürich.

But it is time to leave Switzerland, and I think we cannot do better than to hop in an aeroplane at Zürich to gain one final view of those marvellous mountains, the Alps.

"Imagine a lake, clear and blue like a jewel, set in vivid green banks, and with a spotlessly clean city at one end. That is Zürich. And all the surrounding hills are studded with pretty Swiss chalets. In the background are the snow-capped mountains.

"As we circle higher and higher we catch sight of another lake. It is the Bodensee, or Lake Constance, where the Zeppelins were built which once dropped bombs on London and the English east-coast ports.¹

"We are now flying over peaks that are eight thousand and nine thousand feet high. Those mountain-tops below glitter white in the sunlight with vast masses of snow, here and there a glacier, and the rest, dark expanses of wind-swept rock. Occasionally we see black dots which we think are climbers roped together—or are they chamois?

"But what's this? We are past the Swiss ranges now and Austria lies ahead. That beautiful castle away off there tells us that we are flying over Liechtenstein. This little country has been an independent nation for centuries, presided over by its duke.

"Here we are looking down on a little city in a picturesque valley through which a river flows—Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol,"² a district of Austria. We can best

¹ The north shore of Lake Constance is in Germany, the south shore Switzerland; and Austria comes up to the lake on the east.

² Lowell Thomas, *European Skyways*, pp. 146-156. Abridged.

gain a bird's-eye view of the Austrian State by flying straight to Vienna, the ancient and noble capital city.

Old Vienna is surrounded by a great boulevard called the *Ringstrasse* (Ring Street) which stands upon the site of the city wall which has long since disappeared. The district inside the Ringstrasse is called "The Ring," and here stand the finest buildings of Vienna. Here is the Imperial Palace, for six and a half centuries the residence of the emperors. Here is the 800-year-old Augustin church, the 400-year-old Capucin church, the great Renaissance Opera House, the pillared Parliament House in the classic style, the Town Hall (*Rathaus*), the University.

Between and around these beautiful buildings are lovely gardens, banks of green grass, well clipped and watered, grass groves, fountains, statues, grottoes, avenues of trees, lines of well-kept shrubs. So much do the people care for flowers that the lamp standards have flower boxes on top, gay with blossoms.

The long wide streets of the Ring, bright with well-designed up-to-date shops, and filled with well-dressed cheerful people, would make us feel that Vienna was the gayest city of Europe. For many scores of years before the war it *was* the gayest city of Europe: it was a centre of culture and art, fashion and amusement.

Vienna before the war was the capital of a country of 53,000,000 people, and had more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. After the war she ruled no more than 6,000,000 people. By the peace treaty which Austria was made to sign at St. Germain-en-Laye on September 10th, 1919 she lost all these people, and most of her land.¹ Austria, you see, was unlucky enough to be the ally of Germany in the World War. She was one of the beaten nations.

And what of Vienna? We have only to remember that a city lives upon what it gets from the country in order to realize what it meant to Vienna to have so much country taken away from it. After the war, over the beautiful city

¹ Before the war Austria-Hungary had 240,456 square miles. To-day Austria has 31,756 square miles.

drifted dark clouds of death and despair. Starvation carried off numberless victims.

From 1919 to 1922 a great part of the Austrian people were in a state of famine ; during those years helpers from other lands had to send them food and money to prevent a great disaster.¹ Before the war Vienna used to be one of the biggest tobacco markets in the world. After the war nearly the whole of that trade vanished. The victorious nations, hating those they had beaten, would not trade with Austria : they raised up tariffs against her,* so that the manufacturers of Vienna could not sell their goods abroad.

For a time Vienna turned Bolshevik² ; and when the Bolsheviks had been driven out, a Socialist Government came into power and has ruled Vienna ever since. Gradually Austria has been raised up out of the misery into which she had fallen. To begin with, a number of foreign Governments came to her aid : Britain, Italy, France, Czechoslovakia and six other Governments lent twenty-six million pounds to Austria to build up her civilization again. The scheme for this re-building was made out by the League of Nations.

In less than three years the Austrian Foreign Minister was able to inform the Council of the League that a great part of the loan had not been needed ; but could he use it to electrify the railways and so stop Austria from having to buy foreign coal for her railways ? The Council of the League gladly agreed.

Now, before we turn to see what the Socialist Government of Vienna has done, let us remind ourselves that before the war Vienna was not the fair city it seemed to be. We only looked inside the Ring. The city of Vienna stretches for miles outside the Ringstrasse, and outside the Ringstrasse it was not nearly so grand : indeed, it was disgraceful ; mile after mile of slums met the eyes, slums so filthy and

¹ Not only in Austria, but all over Europe for several years after the war millions upon millions of people faced starvation. Mr. Herbert Hoover, late President of the U.S.A., who was a leader in the helpers who gave food and money to the starving people, said that at least *one hundred million* people in Europe at that time were living upon charity.

² For the Bolshevik regime in Russia, see Chapter 47.

crowded that among them it was impossible for healthy happy people to grow up. To give one instance : out of every 1,000 poor houses outside the Ring *only forty-seven had water laid on*. And remember, Vienna was a leading city among the nations !

It is in connection with the poor people that the Socialists have done their work ; and even people who do not believe in Socialism admit that the Socialist Government of Vienna has ruled better than any other Government would have been likely to do.

To-day, as you walk away from the Ring towards the poorer quarters of the town, you come across great blocks of new apartment-houses, new kindergartens, new hospitals, new swimming pools, etc. Many of these new buildings are very fine.

“ Every flat in every block has its balcony of either stone or wrought iron ; and from every balcony in summer, waves a mass of gay flowers—petunias, geraniums, marguerites, creepers. Green grass circles some blocks, while through the vast arches come glimpses of open swimming baths, of fountains, gardens and groups of lively children.”¹

Since 1919 the Socialist municipal authorities of Vienna have built about 55,000 workmen's dwellings at a cost of some £22,000,000. In other cities workmen would not be able to afford to live in such places ; but because these have been put up by Socialist rulers there are no shareholders to pay and no profits need be made out of the work ; and so in Vienna the workmen pay not more than one-eighth to one-twelfth of what they would have to pay in other cities.

Most of the money for building these new homes for poor people has been got by the Socialists through taxing the richer people who live inside the Ring. There is, for instance, a tax on orchestras in restaurants, a tax on house servants, amusements taxes, etc. We might call such taxes Robin Hood taxes ; for they are taxes upon things which only richer people can afford, and the money gained in this way is sensibly spent for the good of the poor.

¹ H. Hessel Tiltman, *Slump !* p. 174.

Before we leave Vienna and plunge for a lightning glimpse at Hungary, I would like to give you some idea of what the Socialists in Vienna have been "up against." We talk about "dark clouds of death and despair" drifting over Vienna after the war. Does that mean nothing to you but a rather exciting set of words?

Well, while the Socialist people were building those new homes for the poor, they used to dump all the rubbish from the old pulled-down slums upon an enormous piece of waste land that lay beyond the factories on the north of the city.

This giant rubbish heap "immediately attracted those homeless people who had no shelter of any sort, either because they had no money or because there was no other place for them. In course of time arose an encampment there composed of the homeless, those who had been criminals, gypsies, unemployed men and women.

"Out of the desolate waste, shacks rose, and little houses built crazy-fashion of abandoned brick. In time the foot-paths got trodden down into 'roads,' nameless and numberless. The inhabitants cultivated vegetables, fruit and flowers, where the earth permitted it, and trained creepers up the sides of their 'home-made' homes. . . ."¹

There those people live to-day. The Socialists are still building, for there are yet thousands of people in Vienna who live in disgusting homes.

¹ H. Hessel Tiltman, *Slump!* p. 174.

CHAPTER 41 : THE COUNTRIES OF EASTERN EUROPE : 1

HUNGARY signed her peace treaty with the Allies on June 4th, 1920, in the palace called the Trianon at Versailles : this treaty is therefore called the Treaty of Trianon ; and by the Treaty of Trianon, Hungary lost more than two-thirds of her land and more than one-half of her people. The borders of Hungary were just pushed back and the forest-lands and farm-lands, the iron-mines and salt-mines, the towns with their factories and people, came under the rule of other Governments, the Governments of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia. In this way some 10,660,012 people who had been citizens of Hungary before the war now found themselves citizens of these other nations. Before the war Hungary had a population of 18,264,533 : to-day her population is 7,604,521.

On the face of it, this seems very unfair. But let us try to know a little more clearly what this sort of thing means. We can only understand it if we remember that the Great War of 1914-1918 was not the first war in Europe. From the beginning of history wars have raged ; and wars always have the effect of shifting people about a lot. Conquerors pour into conquered lands and everybody gets mixed up. Remember how we tried to think of India by recalling the days when we built sand-castles on the beach and how we likened the waves of the sea to the waves of invasion that broke India up into hundreds of different races and castes, into groups with many different languages and religions.

It has been just the same in Europe. Ever since the beginning of history, men have been carried about in Europe upon waves of war, and have smashed their way into new lands, settling in groups all over the place. And so before

the World War it came about that there were twenty States in Europe and in each of these States were masses of different kinds of men.

We can see the sort of thing if we think of Poland. Before the war there wasn't any Poland ; but there were masses of Polish people living under German rule and Austrian rule and Russian rule. There once had been a Poland ; and it had been a State with a long history and a fine culture ; but Germany, Austria and Russia invaded Poland on the west and south and east, and grabbed large chunks of the land until there was nothing left.

For 120 years there was no Poland ; but when Germany and Austria were beaten in the World War and the Russians turned Bolshevik, the Poles rose up and thrust back the borders of Germany, Austria and Russia—and lo and behold ! Poland appeared on the map again, a free and independent State of proud and happy people.

For a like reason, many other new States pushed themselves on to the map after the war ; and this is the reason why the BANG ! of 1914-1918 broke twenty nations into twenty-seven. It is the reason, too, why Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia and Bulgaria were made so much smaller after the war. Groups of people who had been living in these lands said : " We want to be free ! We want to have our own State ! "

These groups got parliaments and armies together, and made themselves into new States : there were thus several new States in Europe by the time the first peace treaty was signed. The first and most important peace treaty was that signed by Germany on June 28th, 1919, and called the Treaty of Versailles. By this treaty Germany agreed to the new borders which the new States demanded, and seven new nations came into being in Europe.

When I say " new " nations, we must remember that the people forming some of these new States had very long histories of their own and separate and special cultures. The Lithuanians, for instance, had lived beside their river and in their forest clearings before the Germans came into

Europe. The Estonians, too, have inhabited their country since the Early Iron Age.

None of these "new" nations came into being easily and peacefully after the war. We think of the World War as stopping in 1918, but for two or three years after that a dozen little wars happened in eastern Europe to settle the borderlands of the new States. We shall have to tell in Chapter 43 of the biggest of those wars, the terrible conflict between Greece and Turkey, though that was mostly fought in Asia Minor ; and of the wars against the Bolsheviks we shall tell in our chapter on Russia. We are not mentioning Russia in this chapter, except to say that quite a number of the "new" States of eastern Europe had to fight the Bolsheviks after the defeat of the Central Powers : Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania and Hungary, all had to drive back the Bolsheviks.

In Hungary, indeed, a Bolshevik leader called Bela Kun, took charge of the government for some months in 1919, and he was only driven out with the aid of troops from the neighbouring State of Rumania. Poor Hungary suffered after the war even more than Austria, and she, like Austria, had to be helped by gifts of money, food and clothes from abroad : and when the Bolsheviks had been driven out, the new Government which came in under Admiral Horthy, who rules the land to this day, was conservative and old-fashioned and cruel, and it is said by many that the reign of Admiral Horthy has never been good and just. It is certainly not democratic.

For one thing, though, Hungary can be glad. She was ruled by Austria before the war, and the two countries were called Austria-Hungary, or the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and they were said to be one State. The Hungarians had, for the most part, hated to be under Austria ; and so they were glad to become free and independent again, even though they were much smaller.

How Hungary is suffering to this day because she has been cut down to such a small size ! The capital of Hungary, *Buda-Pest*, has, like Vienna, been through months when the

people faced starvation ; but it is a smaller city, not half the size of Vienna, with just under one million people.

Buda-Pest was formerly two cities, Buda and Pest, separated by the wide-flowing Danube, which is almost 700 yards across in places. Five bridges now connect the two cities into one. Buda is the older city. It was once a Roman colony. Its quaint old houses climb up the hills that rise from the river bank ; and from the magnificent Royal Palace of Buda terraces sweep down the hillside to the river.

Pest is the modern city, the city of shops and factories and fine wide streets. And here beside the blue Danube stands the big parliament house looking rather like a stately royal crown made in stone.

In the new little Hungary, Buda-Pest is the only real town : all other towns are only big villages, and most of those villages are just groups of big farms. The Hungarians are mostly a country people, and like all country people they live by selling their produce to the cities and to foreign lands. The chief products of the Hungarian country-side are corn, sugar-beet and tobacco : the great Hungarian plain stretches for miles, like a patch of Canada, waving with corn.

But the poor Hungarian farmers have hardly been able to sell their produce because all round their tiny State the proud new States of Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia have made out tariffs taxing the produce of Hungary. These tariffs have been made out for spite against a fallen enemy. Czechoslovakia buys wheat from China, thousands of miles away, rather than from Hungary, her next-door neighbour, although Chinese wheat is less good than Hungarian, and it costs more than Hungarian wheat.

War makes you hate your neighbours, I suppose ; and in peaceful spite, wars are carried on long after guns are silent. “ *Beggar my neighbour* ” seems to be the game on which the Governments of Europe are most intent, and in Chapter 50 we shall see how well they have all succeeded in making one another poor.

First we want to take a bird's-eye view of all the lands from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean, from the border of Russia and the Black Sea to the border of Germany and the Adriatic. Of course we can hardly see more of these lands and their peoples and problems than an idle tourist could see from the windows of an air-liner cruising in and out of the clouds ; but let us keep in mind two main facts at which we have already looked : however new these States are, they have in them people of old cultures and habits, though in every land are many groups of different kinds of people who are not too happy under their Governments. And let us remember that all these lands rose up out of the roar and dust of the World War, like parties of men and women who had to build up their homes in a land laid low by a hurricane.

Take Poland. Like Belgium in the west when the Germans attacked France, Poland was the scene of fighting between foreign nations, and she came to life as a free nation upon a ruined and poverty-stricken country. Let us see what that means.

In the World War and in the little wars that followed hundreds of thousands of men of Poland were killed, about 2,000,000 buildings were burnt down, including great factories and valuable mines as well as two thousand one hundred and twenty churches. Beside these destructions, two thousand railway bridges and five hundred railway stations were blown to pieces, and more than half of all the railway trucks, carriages, engines and railway lines were wrecked.

Can you imagine what the land looked like ? You can see that when the new Republic of Poland arose on those ruins the people had little to do for some years save build up anew the towns and cities and villages and roads and railways.

But to-day a glance at the land will show us how much progress has been made. See the busy factories and bright shops and crowded streets of the capital city, Warsaw ! Look at the two thousand oil wells in the Carpathian mountains in the south, sucking up about 80,000 truckloads of

petroleum each year ! (Much more will be done here : not half the oil is yet "tapped.") Look in the south-east corner at those busy coal mines of Silesia : for a moment the sight reminds us of the R  hr Valley. Look at the wide open country waving with mile after mile of corn. Look at that town over there called L  dz, with a forest of chimney stacks trailing clouds of smoke across the sky : it is the centre of the cloth-weaving (textile) industry in Poland. Gaze at those forests which cover a quarter of this large land—plenty of lumbering going on there, and paper-making, and all industries connected with wood. So greatly is the work and wealth of Poland growing that the people have had to build a new seaport on the Baltic, called Gdynia.

The port of Gdynia is situated on that strip of land which has made the Germans so angry—that strip of Poland that cuts off a part of Germany from the rest of Germany. The part cut off is called East Prussia. Let us for a moment look at the facts about this strip of land, which men call the "Polish Corridor." In the first place, this corridor was given to Poland in the Treaty of Versailles in order to let the new State reach down to the sea, as it is a great thing for any land to have a seaport.

The only seaport on that coast was the German city of Danzig ; and because it came into the new Poland and could not be ruled any longer by Germany, it was given to the League of Nations to rule : that is to say, the League sends men to watch over the municipal authorities who order the life of Danzig. Was that fair, do you think ? Many Germans say it wasn't ; and they say it is specially unfair for the people of Poland to build a new seaport instead of using Danzig, since the life of Danzig comes from the Polish country-side around.

To all these complaints, the Poles say the trade of their land is grown too big for Danzig ; and it is true the trade of Danzig is as big as ever it was ; being, of course, Polish trade passing through Danzig. So there seems to be room for Danzig, and for Gdynia too. The new Poland is a huge

place, anyway. It is bigger than Italy and has a population of thirty million. There's certainly enough trade for two seaports.

And the Poles say : Why shouldn't a bit of Germany be cut off from the rest of her ? There are many lands where the same thing is to be seen ; and the goods and passengers going from East Prussia to Berlin have grown since the corridor was made.

Finally, the Poles point out that East Prussia was not in the beginning a part of Germany at all, but was invaded and taken by her ; so it is like a colony ; and to-day it is indeed the only colony Germany has left.

These facts make it look as if the Germans were making a fuss about nothing ; but let us not imagine the Poles are altogether good and free from every kind of blame. In the new Poland there live many thousands of Germans and in the beginning the Poles treated these Germans with horrible cruelty. Out of a spirit of revenge they tortured and killed many of the race who had been formerly their rulers. Nor perhaps are the Poles blameless in another matter ; about the city of Vilna which stands in the north-east of their land near the border of Lithuania.

When it was first built, Vilna was a Lithuanian city and for hundreds of years it was the capital of Lithuania. Then it became a Polish city and a great centre of Polish culture, art and learning, until Poland disappeared underneath Russia, Austria and Germany. When Poland and Lithuania sprang on to the map again after the war, they both claimed Vilna ; and by agreement in 1920 the Poles left Vilna to Lithuania. But a sort of brigand-army of Poles drove the Lithuanians from the city in October 1920 : this was against international law, but in the end Vilna was said to be a Polish city, even the League of Nations agreeing. This, of course, angered the Lithuanians, and to this day bitterness is kept alive.

The capital of Lithuania to-day is Kaunas. The Lithuanians call it their temporary capital ; and they believe that one day they will get back Vilna.

Every night in Kaunas a war memorial service is held. The war memorial is a cairn of stones on which stands a cross of electric lights and a big bonfire. Every night, soldiers wounded in the war lead a procession to this memorial, and afterwards return to the museum which they tend. In this museum are dummy figures of Lithuania's four enemies, a German, a Bolshevik, a Pole and the Devil.

Now, I don't know whether the Poles or the Lithuanians are right about Vilna ; and the only important thing for us to remember, now that we are coming towards the end of this little survey of the modern world, is this : that all over Europe the nations hold thoughts in their hearts like those held by the Lithuanians of Kaunas. It was fine and hopeful to see Dr. Bruening go to Paris to meet the French who were, so short a time before, the enemies of his land ; but let it not be thought there is no hatred nor bitterness left in France against Germany or in Germany against France.

The only reason why all the nations of the world go on adding to their armies and their navies is that simple pride and jealousy which fills the minds of the Lithuanians who go in procession to the war memorial at Kaunas. We shall have some more to say about such things before we end this book : at the moment let us remember there is a great deal of this sort of thing, especially among the nations, new and old, of eastern Europe.

a procession to meet the lava, carrying the image of a saint at their head, in the hopes that the saint will stop the fiery streams.

And we must not forget the peasant costumes. The best-known peasant costume in the world, I suppose, is that of the Dutch. You know the men in wooden clogs and wide baggy trousers and loose blouses and queer black hats, and the women in billowing barrel-shaped dresses and starched-lace hats and clogs. The peasants of every European country have their costumes which are not so well known as the Dutch. In many cases nowadays they are ceasing to wear these old and pretty costumes, and are taking to city clothes, but there are thousands of places all over Europe where they are still worn.

No matter whether they wear city clothes or not, the lives of the peasants of Europe are much the same, year in, year out ; but one big change has come over their lives since the World War. In country after country, land has been taken away from the rich owners and has been given to the peasants who live and work on it. This has happened in Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria ; and it has happened more thoroughly in Rumania than elsewhere.

Rumania, one of the victorious lands in the World War, grew to twice the size she had been. Before the war Rumania was not half the size of Austria-Hungary ; now she is as large as Austria, Hungary and Greece put together. But she was badly knocked about in the war. Two-thirds of the old Rumania was invaded by the enemy. Scores of villages were razed to the ground and many fine castles were reduced to heaps of stones. In proportion to the numbers of her people Rumania had more of her men killed in the war than any of the Allies. Ten out of every hundred Rumanians were killed.

If in the war the U.S.A. had lost as many of *her* men as Rumania lost of *hers*, the whole population of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia would have been killed.

During the war King Ferdinand of Rumania promised

the peasants they would be rewarded for their bravery, loyalty and for all their losses, by being given land. Up to that time great tracts of Rumania had been owned by rich nobles. To-day more than 1,500,000 peasants have been given land that used to belong to great landowners. To-day Rumania is fourth among the nations of the world in the wealth of her people, coming after New Zealand, Switzerland and the U.S.A.

The reason for the richness of the Rumanian people is twofold : (1) the land itself is rich : the great wheat-fields extend for miles over the plains of Rumania : in the Carpathian Mountains in Rumania is the richest oil-field in Europe (if we cut out Russia) ; and the oil is exported to Italy, Egypt, Britain, Austria, Hungary and other lands : there are also mines for coal, iron, copper, zinc, silver and gold ; no other country in Europe produces so much gold as Rumania : then there are the forests, large parts of which have never yet been trodden by the foot of man ; in many places are big lumber camps and a big export of timber is carried on.

But (2) let us remember that the prosperity of the Rumanian peasants could not have come about if they had not worked together. The peasants who each own their own smallish piece of land have in many parts clubbed together to buy up-to-date farm machinery, and have made organizations for selling their produce to the world. In a great many parts of Rumania, though, the peasants still plough with the aid of cattle and reap by hand.

Rumania is one of the leading nations of eastern Europe, though actually Czechoslovakia is the most forward of all these States. There is more education in Czechoslovakia (though they are not behind-hand with that matter in Rumania) and the organization of the Government is better in Czechoslovakia. In Rumania they still have a king who has some power ; and that has caused, and is yet causing, a good deal of trouble in the land.

Czechoslovakia is one of those new lands which grew by elbowing back the borders of the Central Powers. It

has really been built up by the hard work, the honesty and the genius of one man, Tomas Masaryk.

The story of Tomas Masaryk is not unlike that of Abraham Lincoln. Like Lincoln, Masaryk¹ was the son of a poor countryman who could not read or write : his mother was a village girl who had been a housemaid in Vienna. He was a blacksmith's help when he was a boy ; but he was no ordinary boy : he had a passion for learning, and in course of time he taught himself to read and write, not one language only, but eight : German, Czech, Slovak, Polish, Russian, Latin, Greek and English. But he was not just a bookworm : he learned to use his body and keep fit, to box, to wrestle, to ride, to swim, to shoot and to " hike " as fast and as far as any man.

It was through Masaryk's work and through his burning desire to set his people free from the rule of Austria and Germany that the new State of Czechoslovakia came into being. A constitution was written for Czechoslovakia and was passed by the National Assembly of the new nation in the capital city, Prague (they call it Praha), on February 28th, 1920. On May 28th that year, they elected Masaryk President for seven years. He has been President ever since, having been elected again in 1927.

Another great citizen of Czechoslovakia was Thomas Bata, who has been called " the Henry Ford of Europe." You must know that Bata was the son of a cobbler in the little village of Zlin in Czechoslovakia. (In those days Zlin was in Austria.) His childhood was spent in working for his father in the family cobbler's shop.

Thomas Bata had big ideas. When he was eighteen years old he made up his mind to set up in business for himself. He found out that in all the world only 900 million pairs of boots were being made every year ; and he knew there were 2,000 million human beings walking about on this earth. So he said to himself : " There ought to be 2,000 million boots, cheap enough for all the bootless people to buy them."

¹ Born in 1850.

So in his own little factory at Zlin he tried to make cheap boots that were not bad boots. He went to America to study "mass production," and he came back and gradually built up in Zlin *the biggest boot factory on earth*. The Bata factory to-day consists of fifty-five buildings producing *200,000 pairs of boots every day*. There are 12,000 workers in Bata's factory, and there are 25,000 "travellers" selling "Bata boots" all over the world.

The little village of Zlin in Czechoslovakia has become a sort of model Detroit, with miles of houses, parks, restaurants, libraries, baths, gymnasiums and shops. Zlin is now a City of Boots.

Last year, as Bata was setting out from his private aerodrome at Zlin, to go to Switzerland, his 'plane crashed against one of his factory chimneys and he and his pilot were killed. But Zlin goes on, and Bata boots are being sold and worn by people on every continent.

The other big new State in Europe is the mountainous Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, called Yugoslavia, which means "the land of the Southern Slavs." Serbia, you remember, was one of the Allies in the World War. It was a very small country with only 3,000,000 citizens; but the Serbs are now the leaders and rulers of the huge new Kingdom of Yugoslavia, with 14,000,000 people living in it.

It is in parts a very lovely land, filled with wild mountains that rise up beside the golden-blue gulf of the Adriatic Sea and stretch back into a sea of black rocks and green valleys, of forests and lakes and waterfalls, until the mountains sink down into the level plain of Serbia. Belgrade, the capital, was knocked to pieces in the war, but has now been re-built: its name means "White Fortress" and it stands on a high bluff at that point where the Danube meets the River Save.

The people of Yugoslavia are broken up more by religion than by anything else, for there are great numbers of Moslems as well as Western Christians (Catholics) and Eastern Christians (Greek Orthodox). Most of the land is

lived in by peasants ; and the same thing has happened to them as has happened to the peasants of Rumania. Most of the land has been given to them ; but in this case it has proved a bad thing ; for in days of old, big landlords ran their huge farms well with up-to-date machinery, but the peasants who have each been given so much land of their own have not learned to work together (to co-operate) and so machinery has fallen out of use and the people have gone back to out-of-date ways.

When Yugoslavia was formed, a constitution was made out (in 1921) in which the king had not much power ; but it seems that democracy has not worked well in the land, for in January 1929, King Alexander swept the constitution away and took over all the power with the aid of his army leaders.

In some lands it is far more difficult for democracy to work well than it is in others ; and when you get a strong genius like Mussolini, it may be a good thing for a nation to bow to a leader. It may be a good thing that King Zog rules Albania, the small country that lies between Yugoslavia and Greece.

A wild land indeed is Albania, the most backward in Europe. Plenty of peasant costumes here ! The men of the south wear the Greek kilt, or fustanelle, which looks like a ballet dancer's skirt, and the men of the north wear crimson trousers and velvet coats of many colours. The women wear richly embroidered dresses of bright colours and coloured skull-caps. In the mountain valleys in the south live a tribe of people who dwell in huts which they make in a very strange manner. They plant forty beech trees in a circle and when these grow up they lace the branches together : these trees can never grow to a great size because they are too close together, but they are just right for the people called Sarakatchans who make their homes in these living huts.

The other citizens of Albania are not quite so primitive as all that ; but there is not much civilization in the land, not much law and order. There are scores of villages where

the priest is the only person who can read and write—and if you stray too far away from your village you had better take your gun with you for fear of robbers. On the mountains the shepherds always guard their sheep with guns, and King Zog himself is guarded day and night by loyal men from his own tribe.

At work and at play King Zog has to be guarded. When he opens the Albanian Parliament at Tirana, two ranks of troops line the road, with their backs to the king and their faces (and rifles) turned towards the crowd, for fear lest someone shoot him. When he bathes from his summer villa on the Adriatic at Durazzo, a pretty little palace built like a lighthouse on a piece of rock jutting out into the sea, armed guards patrol the shore.

Yet Zog is a good king who is slowly but surely bringing his kingdom into line with modern civilization. One of his troubles is the *blood feud*—that terrible war between families in one village which may lead to relatives killing one another until a score or more of ordinary people are dead.

We have no time in this book to try to understand the reasons for the blood feuds nor the pride with which Albanian men defend their "honour" with a gun: it is exactly the same feeling as that patriotism which drives nations to war, and in the same way it is often for tiny and absurd reasons. In Albania they feel patriotic about the family, and so they come to regard other families as foreigners, and they begin to look for slights and insults which in the end lead to a feud. Sometimes as many as 3,000 Albanians have been killed in blood feuds in a single year.

King Zog had decreed that the blood feud can be paid in money instead of by killing; and lately these awful little wars have become less.

Yes, it's a good thing when a man who is greater than his fellow-men, comes into power over them; and perhaps the greatest man in eastern Europe is Mustafa Kemal, who has made the new Turkey. Kemal lives over the water in Asia Minor and most of his country lies there, too; but we

will take Turkey as being a part of Europe (some of it is in Europe) because its history and life is bound up with the history and life of Europe. I think perhaps we had better give a new chapter to the story of what happened to Turkey after the World War, and of her savage conflict with Greece.

CHAPTER 43 : THE COUNTRIES OF EASTERN EUROPE: 3

MUSTAFA KEMAL was the son of a poor man who lived at Salonika, a seaport of Greece. In those days Salonika was in the Turkish Empire, a very big empire which stretched from the Adriatic Sea (where Albania now is) to the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates (where Iraq is to-day) and which extended south to include Syria, Palestine, most of Arabia and Egypt. Greece, too, was a part of the Turkish Empire until 1830. This great empire was very old. It had gone on for nearly 600 years. It was an Eastern land—by which I mean its people knew nothing of Western ways. They were Moslem people, who knelt in rows and bowed to Allah when the *muezzins* called them to prayer from the minarets of the mosques. The Sultan himself was the head of one big branch of the Moslem religion, just as the Pope is the head of one big branch of the Christian religion.

Once upon a time the Turkish Empire was the best-governed and strongest State in the world ; but by 1881, the year in which Mustafa Kemal was born in Salonika, the Turks had fallen woefully behind the times. The Government of the empire was dishonest and unjust and its Army was weak, and not more than fifteen out of every hundred subjects of the Sultan could read and write.

“The Red Sultan” (Abdul Hamid II) lived in his gorgeous palace on the Bosphorus, and his subjects had to bow themselves to the ground before him ; but the world went forward and left the Turkish Empire behind.

Mustafa Kemal's home was a little wooden house in a row of little wooden houses in a back street of Salonika. It

was a very dark house, because it was the custom to keep heavy lattice-work over the windows so that no one could look in and it was hard to look out. You could look out through a square spy-hole beside the door.

Often enough little Mustafa peeped out into the street, to watch the people passing by ; and he would see men in turbans and fezzes and fluttering robes (mostly rather dirty robes) and women veiled so that their eyes gleamed out through the slits in their veils while the rest of their face was hidden from view.

There were very strict rules in this poor man's home. Mustafa was not allowed to speak to his father until spoken to, and he was never allowed to sit down in his father's presence. But his father, although only a poorly paid official who worked in an office in the docks, was a man with fine ideas who had great hopes for his son and who planned to have Mustafa well educated. In the evenings the father would talk to his son about the great world. Sitting, Turkish-fashion, cross-legged on a cushion, and no doubt smoking the quaint hubble-bubble pipe, the father would tell about the bad way in which Turkey was governed.

In the hopes of bettering his position, the father set up in a small business of his own, trading in wood ; but after a few years he died and Mustafa was sent to live with an uncle in the country. He became a farmer's boy, and his first job was scaring the birds off the bean-fields.

He grew tired of country life and went back to Salonika, and, much against his mother's wish, he joined the Turkish Army. He wanted to strut about in military uniform and he had visions of one day being a great hero. He also had other visions, for he remembered the words which his father had spoken to him ; and as he grew up he saw how true it was that Turkey was badly ruled.

He joined secret societies of young men, who vowed to throw over the Government and to set up more modern ways in Turkey. Chief of these societies was that called " the Young Turks." Mustafa soon became a leader among

these men, and time and again he got himself into trouble. But he proved himself a brave soldier when he was sent to fight wild tribes in the east, and by the time the World War came along he was an important commander in the Turkish armies.

At that time German officers were put in charge of the Turkish troops, a thing Mustafa did not like ; but in the end it was Mustafa who made himself the hero of Turkey in the war, for he was in command of that part of the army which drove the British forces back from the Dardanelles in 1915-1916, and saved Constantinople from being taken by the Allies.

As we know, however, Turkey was beaten in the war ; and so certain had the Allies been that they would win that they had agreed to divide up the Turkish Empire among themselves (in the secret treaties at which we have looked already). They did take away Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and nearly all that part of Europe which had belonged to Turkey ; but they could not make up their minds what to do with Asia Minor, which was the real centre of the Turkish Empire. Somebody suggested giving it as a mandate to the U.S.A. ; but the U.S.A. didn't want it. Then it was suggested that some of it should be given to Italy, some of it to Greece, and France and Britain should have some control over the rest.

All the vineyards and olive-groves and grain-lands of the south-west were to be given to Italy, as well as the flourishing cotton belt and corn-lands of Adalia. The Greeks were to have land in Asia Minor in which Greek people had lived from time immemorial ; and the French, too, were to have some eastern parts, above Syria.

The Sultan agreed to all this dividing up of his land : this was the Sultan Mohammed VI, called " the Black Sultan." (The Red Sultan was dead.) The Black Sultan would have agreed to anything. He lived in the gorgeous palace near Constantinople, but he was terrified by his defeat, and as helpless as a baby.

But there was someone else to reckon with. Across the

water in Asia Minor there was a strong man ; and his name was Mustafa Kemal. From the east and from the west the Turkish armies who had been driven back gathered around their great leader. The young men who had always wanted a new and better government were got together by Kemal, who made them up into a parliament. And when the Allies said : " This part of Turkey must go to Italy, and this part must go to Greece," Kemal cried out : " No ! We will start fighting again if you try to rule us ! We are not beaten yet ! Come on, if you dare ! "

Greece took up the challenge,¹ and the Greek army landed in Asia Minor and marched towards the new capital which Mustafa Kemal had set up in the small town called Ankara.

The fighting which followed was as savage and terrible as any which had gone on in the World War, and at one time the Turkish forces were nearly beaten : at one point it was the spirit and bravery of Kemal which rallied the troops ; directing them under fire with four of his ribs broken, Kemal turned the tide and soon the whole Greek army was flying in retreat towards the coast.

In that retreat the Turks acted with terrible cruelty, and Kemal himself is not blameless for the horrors that followed, for he said that every Greek must be driven out of the land, even all those hundreds of thousands of Greeks who had their homes in the towns and villages of Asia Minor. The worst horror of all was the burning of the great city of Smyrna, where many thousands of Greeks had had their homes.

In all, *more than one million Greeks* were driven from their homes, and fled across the water to their ancient homeland²; and I think we had better follow them for a moment to see what happened to them when they got home.

Let us imagine it. Let us see these people in our mind's

¹ France attacked Turkey in the east in 1919 and 1920 and after a savage and heroic struggle the Turks drove the French back.

² 1,350,000 to be exact : it is the biggest movement of people at one moment in all history.

eye (for big figures about millions of people mean nothing to us if we cannot understand that they are men, women and children like you and me).

Most of them left their homes with nothing but the clothes in which they walked. If they took money, it was stolen from them before they reached the coast. After days and weeks of hardship of every kind they were packed on to ships and dumped down on the shores of Greece.

On the open quays of the seaports of Greece hundreds of families camped, often without an overcoat among them to keep them warm at night. Tiny children could be seen everywhere huddled together for warmth. The railway stations were crammed with people, the platforms and the waiting-rooms became their homes. All over Greece the churches and monasteries and mosques, the factories, the schools, the soldiers' barracks and the town halls were turned into camps and dormitories.

And how could all these people be found food enough to eat? Had it not been for the American Red Cross they would have died, as the saying is, "like flies." The American Red Cross spent millions of dollars in buying flour, which could be used at once for food, and in sending it promptly to where it was most needed.

But this could not go on for ever; and the League of Nations sent a very great man, Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, scientist and statesman, to make some plans for the future of these million beggars.

Nansen toured around Greece; and he saw that there were lands which were not under cultivation, fields which had fallen out of use: he saw that the natural resources of Greece gave openings for big new industries—if only there were capital to give these people a start. Nansen called upon all civilized nations to lend money, and an international loan of £14,000,000 was got together. Houses were built for the refugees; cattle, seed and ploughs were bought for them; looms were given so that they could weave and make carpets; and many other things, such as rose trees for making scent, and silk-worms and mulberry

trees, so that the manufacture of silk could be begun, were bought and handed over to the Greeks.

And, to-day, after many years, those Greek people and their children are as prosperous and useful as any other folk ; and they have become full and true citizens of the Greek Republic : they have their members in the parliament at Athens and are adding to the richness and strength of modern Greece.

But we must return to Turkey, to see what Mustafa Kemal has done. Perhaps at this moment you are beginning to hate Kemal for driving out those peaceful Greek people so cruelly ; but war makes men cruel, and remember the Turks had been fighting in the World War for four long years ; and when they went forth to fight the Greeks they were fighting for the one thing upon which all nations are agreed it is right to fight : they were fighting for the defence of their country against foreign invaders. As well as this, they were fighting to give themselves a chance to set up a new and better Turkey upon the ruins that remained of the old ; and when they had beaten back the Greeks, Mustafa turned to the task of bringing his great visions into reality, those visions of which his father had spoken to him as a boy in the dark little room in the back street of Salonika.

The Turkish people turned to Kemal and called him "the Gazi," which means "the Victorious" ; and first of all Kemal got rid of the cowardly Sultan who was sulking in his palace by the Bosphorus ; he sent the Sultan and his family away into exile for ever. Then the people said to Kemal : "You must become our Sultan, and you must become our Caliph, the head of our Moslem faith." But Kemal said to that : "No, that would be going back to the old ways. We do not want a Sultan any longer. We must become a democracy. Nor do we want a Caliph." Just then, however, the people were not ready for a democracy, and although a parliament was set up, Kemal became a Dictator, like Mussolini ; and he set to work to change his people from old ways to new.

In July 1923, Turkey signed her peace treaty with the Allies at Lausanne in Switzerland. This was the last of the great series of peace treaties which the defeated Central Powers signed with the victorious Allies. The first, with Germany, was the Treaty of Versailles (1919). The second, with Austria, was the Treaty of St.-Germain-en-Laye (1919). The third, with Bulgaria, was the Treaty of Neuilly (1919).¹ The fourth, with Hungary, was the Treaty of Trianon (1920). And the fifth was Turkey's Treaty of Lausanne (1923).

With the Treaty of Lausanne we can say that real peace came to Europe for the first time since 1914. And from that day to this, Turkey, guided by Mustafa, has been growing up towards our modern civilization and our Western ways. We can only note a few of the things done by Kemal.

The laws which Kemal has made for the Republic of Turkey are based upon those used in many parts of Switzerland for all quarrels and troubles between men (the Swiss Civil Code) and upon those used in Italy for dealing with crime (the Italian Criminal Code). Kemal has made the Turkish people change their old and difficult Arab writing for an easier Latin one, so that education is less difficult for them. He has made them get rid of the heavy unhealthy old turbans and veils and fezzes, so that to-day the people dress in modern clothes ; and this means more than appears upon the surface, because the old clothes were symbols of the old ways of life. To take two examples :

Among the men the fez and the turban were worn because they had no brims and so their wearers could bend their foreheads to the ground in humbleness before the Caliph. You can't do that in a top-hat or a trilby or a peaked cap ; and now that the men wear hats with brims it is a sign that they will humble themselves before no man

¹ The little Kingdom of Bulgaria suffered like all the defeated countries, and had to struggle like the others to pay Reparations—the Allies at first wanted £90,000,000 from her. Even to-day, although she is prosperous and progressing, the king, Tsar Boris III, has not been crowned because a coronation would be so expensive. Bulgaria is not a democracy, and is strongly ruled by a group of nobles under the king.

but are free and equal citizens of the Turkish Republic.¹

Among the women, too, the veils were worn to show that they must keep at home away from the world and take no part in the life of citizenship : and now that they wear Western clothes and have their faces free, it is a sign that they have their spirits free, also, and can join in the life of the world with the men, like women in Britain, America and all really civilized countries.

From these simple outward things, the new ways of our Western world are coming into the life of old Turkey, and the people who until ten years ago were living as people lived a thousand years before our time, are now partaking of all that we mean by modern civilization.

And, wonder of wonders, those old and bitter enemies, Turkey and Greece, are friends again ! In 1930, Mr. Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece, paid a visit to Mustafa Kemal at Ankara ; and Mustafa sent a Minister of his, Ismet Pasha, to Athens for a return visit, in order that the two lands might work in a more close and friendly manner together.

All over the south-eastern part of Europe, it seems that the nations who have so often and so lately been at war are making friends together ; and perhaps the greatest sign of hope is the annual Balkan Conference. At this conference there meet together for friendly talk the representatives of Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Albania. The first Balkan Conference met in 1930 ; and I hope these friendly meetings will go on for a long time yet.

¹ This, at any rate, is the explanation I have read in many books. It seems it never was a habit in Turkey for the men to doff their hats, which is not surprising, because doffing your turban is a big business : the fez was only invented a hundred years ago.

CHAPTER 44 : OTHER COUNTRIES OF WESTERN EUROPE

THE ONLY countries in Europe which managed to keep out of the war were Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain and Switzerland. We now have to pay flying visits to the first five of these lands, and to glance at Belgium and Portugal on the way.

Norway and Sweden, with Finland, are generally called Scandinavia. Scandinavia is a vast peninsula drooping over the north of Europe, as if Europe were holding a broken umbrella over herself.¹

We get to Finland from Germany by crossing the Baltic Sea : the big bulk of southern Finland splits the Baltic into two arms, the Gulf of Finland on the south, and the Gulf of Bothnia on the west. On the block of land made by this angle live nearly all the Finns. This is a region of rich plains fringed all round with wild forests, dotted with hundreds of lakes, threaded by scores upon scores of rivers and streams. On the plains prosperous villages are strung along the river banks and grouped against the woods. Cornfields, meadows and orchards surround them ; and near the angle where the two gulfs meet stands the capital of Finland, Helsingfors.

Coming towards Helsingfors over the water from Germany, passing thousands of islands " from the size of a postage stamp upwards," the first view of the city reminds us of Sydney, in Australia, because gulfs of water jut in among the houses everywhere and dark wooded hills rise all around. We land and stroll through the streets and find that Helsingfors is a city of fine wide spaces and tall modern

¹ Scandinavia is more than 1,000 miles long. From North Cape to Trälleborg in the south is 1,200 miles.

buildings. Its great open squares are covered with cobblestones. The sun is not so bright as the sun of Sydney. The shadows are darker and the buildings are darker than in Australia, and we feel that we are in a northern land. Helsingfors is a very much smaller city than Sydney, too, having 220,000 people living in it.

It is, however a very busy seaport ; and it is the place of the Government of Finland. Finland is a democracy, a republic, and she proudly boasts she was the first nation to give women the vote. Every citizen of Finland has the right to vote for members of the *Diet* when he or she reaches the age of twenty-four.

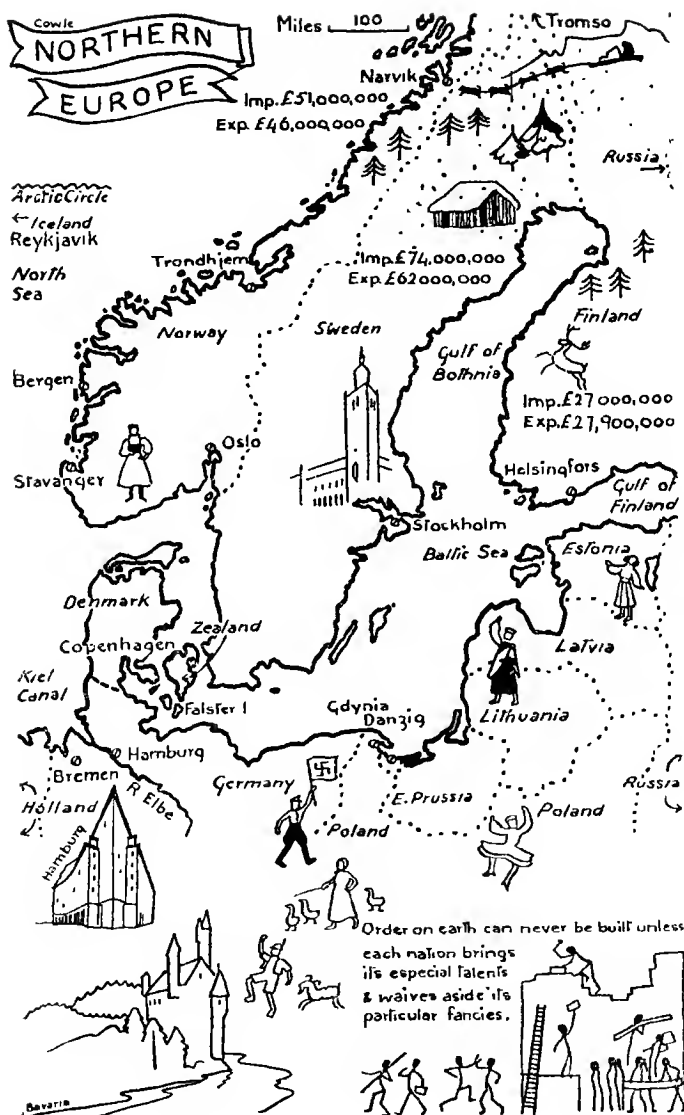
When we think of Finland, many of us imagine that strange and lonely arctic region far in the north, the place of reindeer and sleighs and Father Christmas and the Midnight Sun. The inhabitants of the far north are poor and few. There are the wandering ones and the stay-at-homes. The wanderers sleep in tents and move on from place to place following the herds of reindeer which belong to them. Through the winter they wander over a desert of ice and snow, where the reindeer live upon a sort of moss which lies beneath the snow and which these animals reach by burrowing.

It is a hard life during the long winter months, when the sun does not rise for many weeks ; but this deep northern night is full of strange magic. The skies glow with light at times and seem to catch on fire. The little families of the people of the north will drive over the snowy waste in their *pulka*¹ by the light of long flickering flames in the sky. They imagine they see in those wondrous lights the spirits of their ancestors performing heroic exploits such as are related in the ancient legends, or sagas, of the Scandinavian race. What they really see is the electric storm which is called the *aurora borealis*.

In the short summer-time the wanderers go down into

¹ The *pulka* is a sledge shaped like a flat-bottomed boat. It is drawn by a reindeer and in it the people can race over the snowfields swift as the wind.

NORTHERN EUROPE



the deep valleys by the sea-coast where the stay-at-homes live in tiny villages of wooden huts. The stay-at-homes live largely by fishing.

In this manner live the people, not only along the small length of coastline belonging to Finland, but also along the mighty coast of northern Norway, where high mountains rise up to battle with the stormy seas, and the seas have beaten their way into the land in those long valleys of water called the fjords, which wind their way in among the mountains sometimes for more than a hundred miles.

Not far from this coast are fishing grounds that rival the Great Banks, and the hardy fishermen of Norway set sail in a fine fleet for these fishing grounds in the Spring season. The further south we travel the larger the towns become—great fishing ports like Trömsø, Narvik, Trondhjem, Bergen and Stavanger. It is yet a wild part, and inland the villages are few and far between, and during the long winter months they are ice-bound and silent.¹

It is only when we get towards the south that the villages and towns grow in numbers and the valleys widen out and give a livelihood to great numbers of people. In the south stands the largest city in Norway, the capital, Oslo, a fine modern seaport with a great number of splendid buildings. Stand with me for a moment in Oslo, in Carl Johan's Street, and look past the gay shops and stately public buildings up the hill to the great palace of the King of Norway.

We see the palace rising from its green park at the top of the hill, looking out over the city of Oslo. Although Norway is a kingdom, it is also a democracy. Like the King of Britain the King of Norway is a symbol, not a power.

Around Oslo and for many scores of miles in south Norway lie farming lands in the folds of the mountains. Besides fishing and farming, and lumbering in the vast mountain forests, Norway works a great number of rich iron mines ; but it is when we turn south-east, over the

¹ The warm Gulf-stream washes along the coast and makes the lives of the fishermen possible.

border into Sweden, that we reach the lands of the richest industries in Scandinavia.

Sweden is not a mountainous country. More than half of it is covered with forests of fir trees and birches and pines, with lakes set amid the woodlands ; and the rest of the country is good farm land with a string of rich iron mines and mining towns in the centre and in the north. There are 400,000 farms in Sweden, most of them belonging to the farmers who live in them.

The greatest industry is making matches ; and the Swedish Match Trust is one of the richest business organizations on earth, and supplies many nations with all their matches throughout Europe, Asia and America. If we think about this for a moment, we shall see clearly what " mass production " means ; for it seems strange that such a tiny thing as a match, which we so casually light and carelessly throw away, can provide tremendous fortunes for the owners of capital in the match companies. An ordinary machine in a match factory in Sweden can turn out forty thousand filled boxes of matches in an hour ; and of course it is the countless numbers of matches sold which makes the business so profitable. As you could guess, the match industry has grown up in Sweden because the forests supply just the right kind of wood for a match.

All the industries of Sweden centre round the lovely capital city of Stockholm, built upon a great number of islands and peninsulas on the Baltic coast.

The great royal palace stands above the densely thronged and closely built city, and on many hundreds of islands scattered over the sea-face are clusters of pleasant summer villas and cottages belonging to the people in the city.

When we land in Stockholm we are at once in a great modern city, in many ways the most modern and civilized city on earth. All the cities of Sweden are as clean as a new pin—never a piece of torn paper nor a drift of dust is allowed to remain ; which is all the more remarkable in the case of Stockholm because it is the capital of Sweden, the centre of trade, commerce, culture and law, a thundering big sea-port

and manufacturing city of a quarter of a million people. Among the 6,000,000 inhabitants of the Kingdom of Sweden there is said to be not a man or woman who cannot read and write ; and you will often find that porters and street cleaners are cultured and intelligent men. In all Scandinavia the people are keen on education, and there are very few people in Finland and Norway who cannot read and write.

Nor are the Scandinavians a race of bookworms. " Swedish drill " and the sporting contests in the athletic stadiums of Sweden were the beginning of our modern rage for sports ; and anyone who takes an interest in these things knows that the world's champion long-distance runner is Nurmi, the Finn. Sweden is a democracy whose king is a symbol ; and for many years the Socialist Party in Sweden has mostly had the law-making power.

When we leave " the Land of the Midnight Sun " and come to Denmark and Holland, we reach two other highly civilized and rich countries.

It has been said that Denmark lives by producing breakfasts for Britain. Bacon, butter, eggs, cream and cheese from Denmark's country-side account for two-thirds of all the work done in the land. The rest of the work is done in 89,000 factories.

The farmers of Denmark have a rather interesting system of selling their goods. There are about a million farmers and nearly all of them own their own farms ; but they have big organizations for *collecting* and *selling* their produce : in many cases these big organizations prepare the farmer's produce for the world's markets. Thus there are 700 societies in Denmark for the collection, grading and selling of eggs.¹ There are 60 bacon factories which collect about 7,000,000 pigs each year from the farmers and turn the pigs into bacon. There are also many big dairies which collect the milk and make it into butter and cheese to be sold abroad.

These egg societies, bacon factories and dairies are not

¹ 780,000,000 eggs are exported from Denmark in an average year, three-quarters of them going to Britain.

separate business organizations buying from the farmers and selling at a profit, as so many "middle men" do. They are like business clubs to which the free and independent farmers subscribe for their own good. This is called a *co-operative system*. There are many co-operative systems of many kinds in many businesses in many lands; but nowhere is co-operation so complete and so well carried out as among the farmers of Denmark.

Denmark is another democracy with a king, and you only have to stand about and watch the well-dressed people of Copenhagen, the capital, any Sunday afternoon, to learn that the land is a rich and happy place. Danish people are all educated—and well-educated too. Denmark has only 3,500,000 inhabitants, and is 200 miles long, varying from 50 to 100 miles across—though she has some fairly large islands, on the largest of which, called Zealand, stands the capital city, Copenhagen. Just now they are building the longest bridge in Europe, from Zealand to the island of Falster, south of Copenhagen. This bridge will be three miles in length, and is being made with steel from Middlesbrough in Britain—the same kind of steel with which the central span of Sydney Harbour bridge was built.

Holland is just a shade smaller than Denmark, though it has more than twice as many citizens—nearly eight million people; and the greater number of these people are happy and prosperous, though we can find many dirty and slummy parts in the vast cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

We think of windmills and canals when we think of Holland; and though the windmills are disappearing one by one, like the stars in the morning, the canal barges will probably never fade away.

The proper way to see Holland is from a barge. You can go everywhere by barge—slowly and silently through the bulb fields, where, in the Spring, mile after mile of land is bright red, bright yellow, bright blue, with tulips and other flowers, bulbs being one of the big exports of the country; and through the cities, passing under endless bridges.

Suppose we look in for a moment at the town called The Hague, which is the "Washington" of Holland. The Government buildings (called "the Binnenhof," which means "the Inner Court") are like an old castle. They used to be surrounded by a moat : now the moat remains only on one side. We still have to go through one of the massive old archways to get into the quiet cobbled courtyard of the Binnenhof, where we stand a moment looking at the long windows of the old halls where the Dutch Parliament meets. Like Germany, Holland is a federation, but it is more like a single State than is the U.S.A. Unlike Germany, Holland has kept her king, who has a palace at The Hague.

Belgium, too, has kept her king. This little country, south of Holland, was the scene of much fighting in the Great War, as we have already seen. King Albert of Belgium is one of the heroes of the war. He commanded his soldiers in their great defence of the land against the German troops, and he kept up the spirits of his people through the four years when most of the country was held by the enemy. His Queen, Elisabeth, is one of the great women of the world, and has spent her life working for the health and education of the women of her land.

Belgium is the most crowded land on earth. It is rather smaller than Holland—about 150 miles from east to west, and nowhere quite 100 miles from north to south—and it has nearly eight million people. Most of the work of this land comes from mines and factories, especially from the coal mines in which many hundreds of thousands of men are employed, and the glass factories which supply the plate-glass windows of the shops in many foreign cities.

Belgium, too, is a democracy ; and like Britain has three parties, Conservative (called "Catholic"), Liberal and Socialist.

When we leave Belgium and take a giant's stride over the fair land of France to Spain, we come to a very different sort of country. Spain is a southern country, a land of

sunshine, blue skies and white houses, very unlike the grey-sky, grey-house lands of the north.

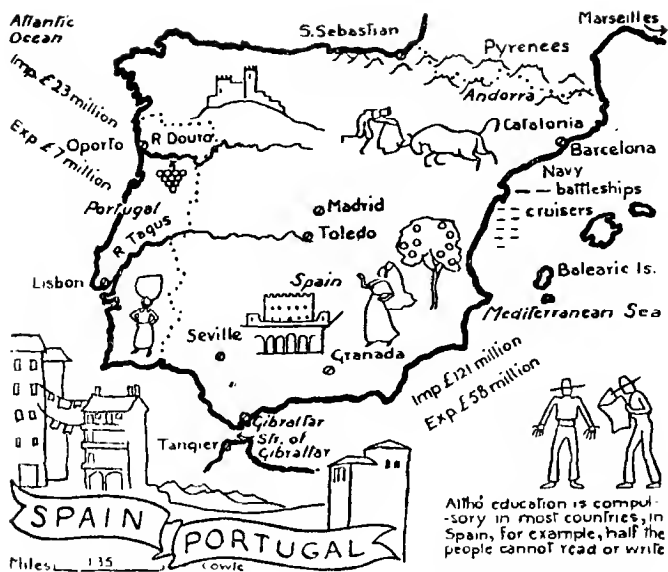
It has been said that Spain is a block of the Sahara Desert that has been broken off by the Strait of Gibraltar and lifted up on a high rough table of rock. You must not think from this that it is as barren as the Sahara. If we rise up to our useful perch half way to the moon and look down upon Spain we see at first the greatest maze of rocky mountains we think we have ever seen. From the coast of the Atlantic on the west and from the Mediterranean on the south and east, the land rises upon cliffs and mountains and spreads in an almost square block beneath our gaze.

But every mountain range has its valleys and the valleys of Spain are as warm and fertile as any in Europe. Corn and wine-grapes, oranges and all kinds of fruits grow in abundance. We think it is rather like Palestine, where, we remember, rich warm valleys lie a few miles from cold and barren hilltops. Like Palestine, too, Spain is a land of contrasts : in its further wilder parts poor people are living poor lives : they cannot read or write and for all their hard work they make very little upon which to live ; and yet a few miles away are roaring modern cities like Barcelona and Madrid, or lovely happy cultured towns like Seville in the south or San Sebastian in the north.

Peering down upon Spain through the clear sunny air, we see the bull-rings in every city and town, with the people roaring themselves hoarse over the life-and-death fight between man and beast. We see old towns with Roman bridges and with shady arcades built along the streets (such as Toledo, south of Madrid). We see the lovely ruins of the Moors who ruled Spain in the Middle Ages (such as the Alhambra at Granada). We see the monasteries, convents and great cathedrals of the Roman Catholic faith which has done so much to shape the life and thought of the people of Spain.

And if we look for a moment with our mind's eye, we can see the Spanish people changing to a new way of life.

Only two years ago, Spain was a kingdom, whose king,



Alfonso XIII, had a great deal more power than any other king in the west of Europe. Now he has been driven into exile and a republic has been set up.

Spanish kings have been turned off their thrones four times during the last hundred years ; yet each time they have somehow managed to get back. Alfonso went away because the people voted against him in the *municipal elections* ; and he went because, as he said, he wished to avoid fighting. When he went he said : " I do not give up my rights, because they are more than mine ; they are the gathered store of history." And he is waiting and hoping for his people to call him back once again.

Will they call him back ? Perhaps not ; because it seems certain that so far the Republican Government has been better than the old Government under the king. More people are being educated to-day, more schools are being opened, and in many ways the land is going forward. Spain used to be the most backward land in the west of Europe ; but if the Republicans govern as they have

planned to do, it will not long remain behind the other countries of the west.

When the king left there was a fear that certain parts of Spain—Catalonia, for instance, the part round Barcelona in the north-east—might break away and become separate States. So far they have held together as one republic, a federation.

There is a part of this big mountainous tableland which has been separate from Spain for many hundreds of years. This is Portugal, a 100-mile wide, 320-mile long strip on the Atlantic coast.

The Republic of Portugal was from early days drawn away from the life of Spain because the great rivers, like the Tagus and the Douro, made it easier for the people to trade by sea with foreign lands. The mountains made it difficult for them to trade by land with Spain. To-day they live largely upon their exports. Lisbon, the capital, lies beside the finest harbour in the whole country, a great land-locked gulf at the mouth of the Tagus.

CHAPTER 45: OTHER EMPIRES

HOLLAND, Spain, Portugal and Denmark all have empires. The biggest and richest of these empires is that belonging to Holland.

The Dutch empire is more than sixty-six times the size of the little Holland that governs it so well. One part of it alone, the Dutch East Indies,¹ is so large that if it were laid out in the Atlantic Ocean it would stretch from Europe to the U.S.A. (See map, p. 413.)

The Dutch East Indies consists of Sumatra, Java, most of Borneo, the Celebes, half of Papua (or New Guinea, as it is often called), and many smaller islands, such as Ceram, Gilolo, Flores, Sumbawa, Bali and Madura. In the days of the Merchant Adventurers, these lands, the largest group of islands in the world, were called the Spice Islands. They are often referred to to-day simply as "the Islands." Java is about the size of New York State. Sumatra is as big as California. These islands lie between South China and North Australia, between the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. There are fifty million natives in these islands, and as workers and buyers their lives help to enrich the eight million natives of Holland.

If we stand about in Amsterdam and Rotterdam watching the bustle around the quays and wharves and warehouses and factories, we have to think of those far-away East Indies under the sun of the Equator where the millions of natives are gathering the raw materials which supply the workers and factories of the big Dutch cities.

If we stroll through the fine spread-out suburbs of Holland's cities and look at the hundreds of homes belonging to the Dutch merchants, the pretty gardens and stately

¹ Sometimes called the Netherlands East Indies. The Netherlands is another name for Holland.

house-fronts seem to fade away and we fancy we see vast tea estates, like those in Ceylon, with yellowish-brownish people tending the tea bushes : we see great forests of rubber-trees, like those of Malaya, with coloured men and women gathering the sap : we see plantations of coffee and cacao : we see tin mines with thousands of dark-skinned natives toiling.

To-day the islands not only supply Holland and many other parts of the Western world with a great deal of tea,¹ tin, sugar, rubber, coffee, tobacco and other produce, but many millions of the natives buy a great quantity of the manufactured goods from Amsterdam, Rotterdam and the other big cities of Holland and Europe. As in the case of British India, the Dutch are bringing to the East Indies the civilization and culture of the West. They rule their natives at least as well and as wisely as the best British rulers, and even in the wilds of Borneo and Papua, where savage head-hunters still dwell in the depths of the jungles, education and modern means of communication are spreading.

There are other Dutch possessions in other parts of the world, notably Dutch Guiana, which lies between British Guiana and French Guiana on the north coast of South America.

Next in area in these other empires comes that of Portugal. In many places in the eastern seas Portugal has small possessions, such as half the island of Timor, the other half of which belongs to Holland ; the seaport of Macao, which stands opposite to Hongkong on the great harbour of the Canton River ; and several small trading stations on the coast of India, the largest of which is called Goa, 200 miles south of Bombay.

France, too, has many small trading stations dotted along the coast of India ; and these places serve to remind us of the struggle for overseas possessions which has taken place

¹ In Sumatra is the world's largest tea factory, which can turn out four million pounds of tea a year. This is on the tea estate at Permanangan.

in the past, and at which we looked in Chapter 9. The "lion's share" in these empires has fallen to Britain, with France a good second, and Holland third; but Portugal, whose wonderful seamen like Vasco da Gama, who first found the sea-way to India, and Magellan, who first sailed round the world, has kept several rich, large colonies in Africa.

Portugal also owns the rich little group of islands called Madeira, in the Atlantic, off the north-west coast of Africa. But Portugal's largest colony is the huge land of Angola, which stretches along the Atlantic coast of Africa for 1,000 miles from the Congo River, southward to South-West Africa. This great land reaches inland for more than 500 miles to the border of Rhodesia.

Here in Angola once again we find many millions of Negro and Kaffir people dwelling in their kraals and villages, with the white men of Portugal spreading their civilization slowly and getting the natives to work for them. Good roads have been made through the jungle, schools for the natives are being steadily built, railways are extending. The most expensive railway ever built in Africa is the main Portuguese line through the jungles from Loanda, the big seaport. More Europeans live in Loanda than in any other seaport on the west coast of Africa, and steamship lines and submarine cables run from Loanda to Europe and to Cape Town.

It is hoped one day to push the main railway line from Loanda right across Africa to the east: it now goes 600 miles in, and one day it may cross to that other huge Portuguese colony called Mozambique, which lies on the other side of Rhodesia, and stretches down by the Indian Ocean for more than 900 miles.

Mozambique lies between Tanganyika Territory and the Union of South Africa.

Angola and Mozambique put together would make a land very little smaller than the Belgian Congo, the great colony in the very middle of Africa. From a town which has the happy name of Banana, and which is situated at the

mouth of the Congo River, the Belgian Congo stretches inland, widening out like a fan until it is more than 1,000 miles long from north to south and nearly 1,000 miles wide from east to west. It is more than ninety times the size of little Belgium.

Most of this huge land is jungle, home of the elephant, the gorilla, and hundreds of wild beasts, birds and reptiles. It is also the home of several million Negro peoples. For a long time this land was the private property of one man, King Leopold II of Belgium, who was the uncle of the present King Albert. So far from being a hero, Leopold was a tyrant who ruled the natives with savage cruelty, so that under him many hundreds of thousands of them died. Leopold grew rich upon the wealth gained out of the life and labour of his poor driven black people : the ivory of the elephant tusks was the special prize he sought.

To-day the Belgian Congo is well ruled as a colony of Belgium, and something of far greater value than ivory has been found there, something more valuable than gold or diamonds, something which is by far the most valuable product of the earth.

In the district called Katanga in the Belgian Congo is the richest store of radium that has yet been found in the world. Radium is found in Czechoslovakia, in Colorado in the U.S.A., and in one or two other places, but Katanga yields more than all the other places put together. But it doesn't yield much.

Since radium was discovered by Madame Curie in 1898 only *ten ounces* of it have been found. One ounce of radium is worth more than three tons of gold. It is a mysterious and wonderful substance which has the power of bringing health to men in cases of certain deadly diseases ; but radium is a dangerous stuff about which scientists know little. It can kill men as well as cure them, so maybe it is as well not more of it has been found.

The real prosperity of the Belgian Congo to-day comes from the plantations of rubber and cacao, and from ivory. It seems rather sad that the ivory-tusked elephants are

being killed off so that there are less and less of them every year. Unless some laws are made to protect these creatures it seems probable that they will become as extinct as the dodo. I expect such laws will be made : in a large part in the east of the Belgian Congo there is a law against hunting the gorilla, who is a rare animal ; but of course the gorilla is not valuable like the elephant. He has no tusks of ivory out of which to make billiard-balls and ornaments and the knobs of very expensive walking-sticks.

Now I am wondering whether I ought to have said Denmark has an empire. She hasn't really ; but Iceland is to Denmark what Egypt is to Britain. . . .

It gives me quite a chilly feeling to leap from the hot steaming forests of the Belgian Congo to the frozen ice-lands of the north, even though there are in Iceland steaming hot geysers that hiss out of the snowy ground. Yet we must just mention Iceland here. Iceland is a small place hanging as it were from the Arctic Circle, like a picture on a picture rail.¹ We may say it is rather like a chip of New Zealand thrown across the world into the cold region of the North Atlantic.

Its geysers remind us of New Zealand, and like New Zealand it is a land of earthquakes. Again like New Zealand its chief industry is sheep-rearing and the selling of sheep and wool (though the Icelanders sell their sheep alive to farmers, and not as mutton).

Most of the trade of Iceland is with Denmark, which is what brings it inside this chapter. Once upon a time Iceland was ruled by Denmark, but now it is as free as Egypt, being a State in alliance with Denmark and "protected" by Denmark. Iceland has a long history of its own, going back to the time when it was a colony of the Vikings ; and its parliament, which now meets in the capital, Reykjavik, is one of the oldest parliaments in Europe ; in ages gone by the farmers and fishermen and traders of Iceland used to meet once or twice a year on a broad heath to agree upon

¹ Iceland is about 200 miles long (E. to W.) and 150 across (N. to S.). It has a population of about 100,000.

laws for the land, and from these ancient meetings the modern parliament has grown up.

The last of the empires of Europe is that of Spain. Poor Spain ! whose galleons proudly ploughed the seven seas in the brave days of the Merchant Adventurers, and whose mighty Armada went down in battle and storm. To-day she has few colonies, and they not very rich. The richest of them is a thin slice of Morocco bordering on the Mediterranean and called *Er Rif*. It is about 150 miles long and 50 miles wide, and it would be a happier colony if the natives in the mountains were easier to rule. Like the men of the Atlas Mountains and the Touaregs of the Sahara the Riffians hold out against their Spanish rulers. But in the valleys and beside the coast the Spaniards are ruling their people and cultivating the land in much the same manner as the French are doing in Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, which we looked at in Chapter 38.

Other possessions of Spain are : *Rio de Oro*, a chunk of the Sahara down by the Atlantic coast ; a tiny chip tucked into French Equatorial Africa and called *Rio Muni* ; one or two very small islands, like *Fernando Po* ; the large group of islands, called the *Balearics*, in the Mediterranean ; and the famous *Canary Islands* in the Atlantic, islands of rich vineyards and fishing grounds which are also " ports of call " for ocean ships. " Ports of call " are as necessary for ocean vessels as petrol stations are for automobiles ; and a good deal of the prosperity of the port of *Las Palmas*, the largest town of the *Grand Canary*, is due to its being a place to which coal is brought to be stored for the use of liners and tramp ships which are going from North Europe to South Africa, and from the Mediterranean lands to South America.

But the mention of South America reminds us of the tragedy of Spain. Once upon a time the Spanish Empire was the largest in the world, for she had the " lion's share " of vast South America and nearly all Central America and Mexico for her possessions. Let us see how she came to lose her empire and what has happened to the lands she lost.

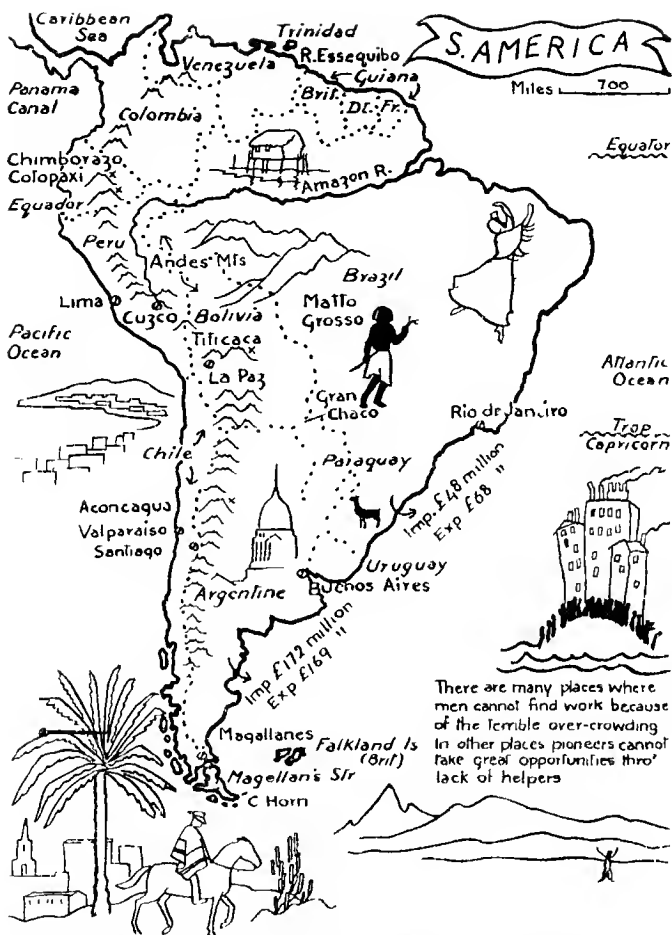
CHAPTER 46 : SOUTH AMERICA

THE SPANISH MAIN, where the pirates lurked, to plunder treasure-ships and merchantmen !

The streaks of golden sunlight ripple across the deep blue waters of the Caribbean Sea towards the white beaches and swaying palm trees and the distant mountains of South America ; and we expect to see some old galleon with all her sails spread, with the white foam parting from her bows, as she races for the open Atlantic before she sights a Jolly Roger.

In days of old, as we all know, most of South America was colonized by Spain and Portugal in the same way as most of North America was colonized by Britain and France : in the same way, too, the South American people broke away from the kingdoms of Europe which ruled them : they broke away for much the same reason as the U.S.A. broke away from Britain. Because of unjust laws, especially in regard to trade, the separate colonies of the south rose up and fought against their countrymen, the soldiers and sailors of Spain and Portugal, and beat them.

The main difference between the histories of North and South America is that the colonies in the South did not unite. The leader in their fight for independence, Simon Bolivar, wanted them to unite. He even wanted them all to unite with the States of Central and North America, so that the " two Americas," North and South, would be one United States, the largest single State upon earth. But the colonies in South America could not even unite among themselves. They are divided to this day. The only thing to note is that they *all* broke free from European control. None of them remained in any way tied up with their " mother countries," as Canada and Newfoundland are still in certain ways tied up with Britain.



Because the sun's rays can only lighten one half of the world at a time, the Parisians are lunching when it strikes midnight in Australia.



The only European colonies yet remaining in South America are British, Dutch and French Guiana, three strips of land side by side on the north Atlantic coast.

Why did the colonies in South America not unite? For one reason, the land itself kept them apart. South America is a land of mountains and jungles. The mountains are higher than the Rockies and the jungles are thicker than the jungles of Africa.

Compare the great river of South America, the Amazon, with the great river of North America, the Mississippi. We have seen that the Mississippi and the Missouri together make the largest river upon earth; but actually the Amazon is the world's greatest river: it has between four and five times as much water as the Mississippi, and 2,000 miles inland this wonderful river is still a mile and a half broad. Its complete length is about 4,000 miles.

In North America, in the "Mississippi Tree," live half the population of the U.S.A.—that is, sixty million, all of them civilized people living in civilized cities and villages, cultivating the soil for hundreds of miles around and producing a great proportion of the world's wealth.

In South America, in the "Amazon Tree" is the largest unknown jungle-land on earth, where savage tribes live in the heart of hundreds upon hundreds of miles of forest. "In this forest the trees grow straight up like thousands of pillars. Over the tops of the pillars is spread a green roof formed of the topmost branches and their leaves. Seen from an aeroplane, this would look like a great green sea, dotted here and there with masses of beautiful flowers like so many coloured islands. Underneath the thick green roof there is little light, and from tree to tree pass creepers, as thick as ropes, that seem to tie the whole forest up into a big thick mass of wood through which one cannot pass. In this gloomy place it is always hot, moist, stuffy and dark. There are hundreds of different kinds of trees. This is quite different from the Canadian forest, where it is possible to travel for miles and miles and see only one kind of tree."¹

¹ J. Fairgrieve and E. Young, *Human Geography: the World*, p. 46.

There are more different kinds of plants and more different kinds of insects and birds in this jungle than anywhere else on earth. To this day, explorers go into this mighty jungle, never to return.¹

The "Amazon Tree" spreads over nearly half (four tenths) of South America : most of it is in Brazil, which is the largest State in South America.

Now, Brazil alone is *larger than the U.S.A.* and larger than Europe (leaving out Russia) ; and there are nine other free independent republics in South America : Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Uruguay, Chile, Paraguay, and the Argentine Republic. The smallest of these States, Uruguay, is one and a half times the size of England ; and the Argentine, which is the State second in size after Brazil, is as large as France, Germany, Italy, Britain, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark, Poland and Lithuania—all rolled together ! (This makes an area more than a third of the whole of the U.S.A.) Peru, Colombia and Bolivia are all big States : Peru is larger than France, Germany and Italy combined.

South America is about 4,700 miles from the Caribbean to Cape Horn, and 3,200 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific at the widest part.

Down the Pacific coast, the whole way from Panama to Cape Horn, run the Andes Mountains, the second largest mountain range on earth, coming after the Himalayas. For 4,000 miles they scrape the skies on the west of South America and for 3,000 of those miles they never dip down lower than 12,000 feet. The highest peak, Aconcagua, rises in the Argentine to 23,096 feet.

A great number of these mountains are volcanoes, pouring forth columns of steam from the frozen snowfields which lie upon the sides of the peaks. The highest volcanoes in the world, Chimborazo (20,700 feet) and Cotopaxi

¹ As I am writing this, three expeditions are searching a district of this jungle called Matto Grosso ("Great Forest") for Colonel Fawcett, who disappeared into its depths in 1928 and has not been heard of since.

(19,498 feet) rise a few miles south of the Equator, in Ecuador.¹ It is a very beautiful and wonderful sight to stand on the very line of the Equator in the blazing sun, to view the eternal snows of the Andes.

The Amazon jungle and the Andes Mountains are not the only jungle and the only mountain range in South America. Great patches of jungle forest and swamp are found beyond the Amazon area, and mountains spread out from the centre of the Andes right across the continent to the Atlantic coast. Many of these ranges continue for a thousand miles; and over many hundreds of miles are ridges, and clumps of mighty peaks, though none of these highlands attain the height of the Andes. There are, of course, many level and open spaces like the thousand-mile-long pampas of the Argentine; and there are high flat tablelands in the Andes, in the central mountains and in the west. The Amazon jungle is mostly low and level.

You can see from all this that nature has made it difficult for men to move about and get together in South America. There are very few roads over the Andes, and at present there are only four railroads (others are being built). One of these railroads is the highest in the world, and passes over the Andes at a height of 15,865 feet, on its way from Lima, Peru, to the plains of Huancayo.

South America is in its way as rich a land as the land of the North; and the men who have built up civilization in the ten republics have done so by forcing the riches of the land from their hiding places in the soil and rock.

If South America had never been explored and colonized we should have had to do without rubber, without cocoa and chocolate, without vanilla, quinine, melons, pineapples, tomatoes, maize, red pepper and a score of other everyday goods. All these things were brought across the seas, to build up tremendous industries on the other side of the earth.

Before white men came to South America, rubber trees

¹ "Ecuador" is the Spanish way of saying "Equator." Ecuador is therefore "Equator Land."

only grew in the Amazon jungle : now they have been shipped across the world to be planted in hundreds of plantations in Malaya, Dutch East Indies, India and Africa. Cacao trees, too, were only found in South America : and because they have been taken across the Atlantic and planted in Africa we have seen that the black natives of the Gold Coast now produce nearly half the world's supply.

Of all the natural wealth of the continent, we can only make a short list : salt and coal, iron and tin and sulphur, petroleum, copper and asphalt, silver and many precious stones : all these things are found and dug up in different parts ; and among things grown and cultivated, as well as the things we have noted, there are sugar and rice and coffee, tea and wheat and cotton, tobacco and all kinds of tropical fruits. Besides these, millions of cattle and sheep are reared upon the open country in the south.

It is from these resources of the land—some of which, like the cattle and coffee, have been brought in from other lands—that a great white man's civilization has grown up in South America.

Look at the greatest city of Brazil, that beautiful city called Rio de Janeiro set on the shores of a harbour which is lovelier even than Sydney Harbour, Hongkong Harbour or the harbour of San Francisco. Behind the city are mountains, hundreds of mountains, mountains with pointed peaks, rounded peaks, brown peaks, green, black and grey peaks, line after line of them away into the distance. In the valleys between the peaks are glowing patches of deep green jungle.

The mountains come right up to the city, and the city is strung along the white beaches beside the blue waters of the harbour. There are really two harbours, an outer one leading from the sea, and an inner one which vessels reach by passing round a promontory. The inner harbour is like an inland sea surrounded by mountain peaks and dotted with more than three hundred green islands.¹

¹ The inner harbour of Rio is some fifteen miles long and is from two to seven miles wide.

Now look at the city : we see walls, roofs, spires and domes of many colours, peeping out between green gardens, gardens full of palm trees and tropical flowers. Here and there among the houses and gardens rise hills that look like the peaks of mountains—the roads and houses and gardens cling to the foot of these hills and climb up the valleys between them.¹

It is like a garden city ; but it runs along between the mountains and the sea for miles : look there, at that promenade of white marble, five miles long, winding along beside the blue waves beneath the mountains. Along the clean sunny streets in the long warm Brazilian summer the people walk in bathing dresses, the sea is full of bathers, and the inner harbour is full of tiny yachts. They are a wealthy and a happy people.

Of course the wealth of Rio comes from the vast inland of Brazil : it has been fought for long and strongly, it is worked for every day. Hundreds of miles of that deep jungle, beyond the mountains, have been cleared away and set out in plantations—especially coffee, cacao and rubber plantations. From the plantations of Brazil come *two thirds of the world's coffee*, and in cacao Brazil comes next to the Gold Coast. As we look at the beautiful city of Rio we must see in our mind's eye those hundreds of miles of plantations where the steaming heat of the sun on the Equator brings forth food and drink and goods for use by you and me.

If we travel some hundreds of miles south from Rio and come to the even bigger city of Buenos Aires, our mind again becomes alive with thoughts of hundreds of miles of land beyond the city—vast wheat-plains, and great green pastures where millions of cattle are cared for by the "gauchos," as the South American cowboys are called. South of the cattle-lands are the sheep-lands, and the Argentine is second only to Australia in its export of sheep.

When we think of sheep and cattle we think of four things which we use and eat day by day—wool and mutton, and leather and beef. The vast city of Buenos Aires is one of the

¹ Population of Rio : 1,300,958.

world's greatest markets for these four things, and it is also one of the largest wheat-markets, as twenty per cent of the world's wheat comes from the Argentine.

Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine, is the home of more than two million people, and is the largest city south of the Equator.

Now hop over from Buenos Aires, on the east coast of South America, to the Republic of Chile on the west. Chile is the oddest shaped land there is, for it is thirty times as long as it is broad ! Three thousand miles in length, but never more than one hundred miles broad, Chile lies between the mighty wall of the Andes and the pounding waves of the Pacific. Right on the Pacific coast most of the way down runs another mountain range, lower than the Andes, and it is in the valley between these heights that the good productive land of Chile lies. The capital of Chile, Santiago, and the seaport of Valparaiso stand near together at the head of the most peaceful, most beautiful and richest part of this valley. Here are cultivated every kind of useful crop, here are farms, fruit orchards, pastures ; and in this valley are the homes of 4,000,000 people.

Some hundreds of miles to the north of this valley is a part of Chile where nothing will grow ; but do not imagine men have not made use of this part. Strange indeed it seems that from this part men get a stuff which *helps plants to grow* in other lands ! This part—the land for many miles around the town of Iquique—is one of the greatest places for getting nitrate of soda, which, when used properly on fairly rich soils, makes plants grow up more strong and more quickly : nitrate is what we call a *fertilizer* ; and of course many thousands of tons of this stuff are sent out of Chile every year to be sold abroad.¹

In many parts of the Andes in Chile are huge copper mines, making Chile the second greatest producer of copper in the world, after the U.S.A.

Chile trails away to the furthest south. Cape Horn is in

¹ A substitute for nitrate has lately been found, and this has hurt the nitrate trade of Chile a good deal.

Chile, and not far from Cape Horn is the southernmost town in the world, called Magallanes, on the Straits of Magellan. (Until a short time ago it was called Punta Arenas.) This part of Chile is very cold : it stretches away towards the Antarctic : it is a district of storms and deep sea-mists. (Who does not remember to have read sailors' yarns about the terrors of Cape Horn ?) Here the Andes come up to the sea ; and Cape Horn itself is an Andes peak standing storm-washed and cut off from the mainland—it is believed that the Andes run along under the sea to the very South Pole itself, and round about the Pole they stick up out of the waves once more making that least-known land upon earth, called Antarctica.

But on the mainland of South America, to the east of the Andes, much of the land is flat and is used as huge sheep-farms. A great many of the sheep-farmers are Scotsmen, and their workers are mainly native Indians.

When the Spaniards and Portuguese conquered South America you remember they found there a great Indian civilization which they destroyed ; but the Indians all through the continent carry on many of their old customs and ways, though it is north of Chile in the Republics of Bolivia and Peru that we can see them and their ways most clearly.

In these republics there are towns, like La Paz and Cuzco, where the Indians form most of the inhabitants. On the border between Peru and Bolivia stands the wonderful Lake Titicaca, which is 220 miles long and about 80 miles across. The wonderful thing about this lake is that it is 12,000 feet up in the air : it stands on a plain held on the shoulders of the Andes—a plain stretching for hundreds of miles ; all around rise the great snowy Andes ; and this part was the centre of the great Indian civilization. To-day the Indians have sunk beneath the rising tide of the white men's civilization. You see them crowding the markets of La Paz looking rather out of place in Western clothes that never seems to fit them ; you see them fishing from their rafts made of reeds on Lake Titicaca ; you see them in the

villages on the mountain slopes raising patches of barley, potatoes, wheat, maize and quinoa. You meet them on the fine motor roads of the white men, with strings of llamas laden with produce for the markets.

The llamas are as useful to the Indians as camels are to the desert dwellers. It has been said that the llama has a camel's face, grows sheep's wool on its body, and has the legs of a deer. They are delicate animals and will not carry heavy loads—they lie down and won't move if you load them too heavily—but kindly treated they are hard workers and aid their Indian masters in the toil of every day : not only that, they supply the wool out of which the Indians make their cloaks and blankets.

North of Peru lie Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela. Colombia touches Panama, and lies with Venezuela against the Caribbean Sea.

A rich land, then, and a beautiful land, is South America ; but it is none too happy. Of the 70,000,000 people who dwell there more than half cannot read or write. Some of the republics are doing their best to build schools to give more of their people learning, but other republics do not seem to care about that. There are many slums, many poor and dirty places, many parts where people are made to work for too little pay,¹ and some parts where soldiers take the place of policemen and are rough and even cruel to the people.

And it seems as if none of the ten republics can carry on for long in a peaceful democratic way. Most of them are real democracies, with the people voting for a Congress (Senate and Deputies) and President. The bigger republics, like Brazil, are federations, with the separate districts having their own parliaments and the Central Government holding them together ; but there are too many soldiers in South America, and often some great general will march

¹ Think, for instance, of the women who make Panama hats, an industry carried on mainly in Ecuador. They have to work bending over for hour after hour and they only get two shillings a day (less than half a dollar). The Panama hats they make are sold for quite a lot and the people who employ these women get good profits.

into a capital and take over the power and act as dictator—until he is turned out ; and he will only be turned out by fighting.

Not only in themselves are the ten republics often fighting ; but war breaks out now and then between them. As I am writing this a war is being fought between Bolivia and Paraguay. They are fighting in a great swampy land which lies between them, a district called the Gran Chaco. It has been found that oil (petroleum) lies beneath the Gran Chaco in great quantities, and so both Bolivia and Paraguay are keen on getting hold of this ground and the riches it will bring. Many thousands of soldiers have already been killed.

But let us not leave South America on too sad a note. Let us think of the real marvel of the land, which is the way in which white men have conquered so much of that wild place so that you and I can have more luxury and comfort in our civilization.

South America is a good sample of the whole world to-day. There are very few factories throughout the length and breadth of the continent : it is a land of *raw materials*—like rubber and copper and wool ; and of stuff for eating and drinking—meat, wheat, fruit, coffee, chocolate. Millions of pounds' worth of these stuffs are packed every year into tramp steamers which sail in endless fleets from Buenos Aires and Rio, from the Amazon, from Magallanes and Valparaíso, from all the seaports and all the rivers ; and these tramp steamers come back with manufactured goods made in the U.S.A. and Europe, made in Philadelphia and Detroit and London and Berlin and other cities ; and in this mighty buying and selling the vast cities on both sides of the oceans grow rich and strong.

CHAPTER 47 : RUSSIA

A NATION of gangsters ! A State ruled by criminals ! A country whose leaders are plotting against all other countries ! A land of dangerous evil men !

That is the sort of thing so many people say about " Red Russia." In this chapter we have to visit the hated country of the Bolsheviks. And first we must ask : Why is Russia hated ? In what way are the Bolsheviks evil men ?

Well, for one thing, they have quite different ideas about running a State. Especially in regard to money, they have different ideas from those of every other civilized land. We can see this difference very plainly if I tell you a true story about Russia.

Once upon a time a Russian orphan-boy was wandering about the streets of a Russian city. He was in rags. He was hungry. He had no home. A kindly locksmith took pity on the boy and had him to live with him in his simple home, and taught the waif the trade of making locks.¹

The boy learned the trade well, and was soon earning good wages : he rented a room of his own and bought furniture and set himself up comfortably. He bought a radio set and an accordion, and he loved to sit in his room in the evenings when his work was done, playing the accordion and listening to the radio. He began to save money out of his wages.

What a good boy ! He was doing everything that you and I are taught to do : working hard, saving money to build up a home for himself.

But the people of Russia among whom he lived got angry with him and said he was living a selfish life. " It is not

¹ There were many waifs and strays in Russia in the years that followed the fall of the Tsar. In time, they were all taken care of, many of them in homes organised for them by the Bolsheviks.

right for you to do nothing but buy things for yourself ! ”
“ It is not right for you to save money ! That is not the Bolshevik way of carrying on. The Bolsheviks believe that the moment any boy has bought all he needs, like food and clothes, he must give the rest to some club of workers, to be spent for the good of all workers. We do not believe in people gathering possessions for themselves. We believe all possessions must be shared as equally as possible among all men.¹

“ You see,” they went on angrily to the good boy, “ if you go on buying things for yourself and saving money, in many years’ time you will be a rich man. But our great leaders, Karl Marx² and Vladimir Lenin, have told us that it is because some men get rich in this way that other men get poor. You see, riches and possessions and power in this way are collected by some men, and not enough of these things are left for other men. Your way of carrying on is a selfish way, a wrong way ; and it is the cause of most of the evils in the great world outside the land of Russia.

“ We Bolsheviks believe in all men sharing all things as equally as possible, so that there shall be no rich men and no poor men. For this reason we are trying to build up a new kind of State here in Russia, like no other State in the world. Now, listen to us.”

The boy would listen, not very willingly, because he was happy in his little home with his little possessions and money in his pockets. But the Bolsheviks went on :

“ In other lands of the earth you know that men are allowed to collect money for themselves as best they can. Not so in Russia. In order to stop that, we have made Russia into one big business which is run by the State. All the businesses in Russia are planned by the Government, by our leaders in Moscow. All the money needed for carrying on every business is spent by the Government. All the profits belong to the Government, so that they

¹ This true story is told by Maurice Hindus in *Humanity Uprooted*, p. 48. The name of the boy was Abezprisorny.

² Karl Marx lived 1818-1883.

may be spent on other businesses, and for the good of the people."

Let us for the moment leave that boy with his Bolshevik teachers, and let us visit Russia to see for ourselves how they have made the land into one big business and what is happening there now because they are trying to allow all men in their land to share and share alike.

The proper name of Russia to-day is the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics : we'll call it U.S.S.R. from now on. The U.S.S.R. is the largest single State on earth, more than twice the size of the U.S.A., stretching over the greater part of Europe and about half of Asia.¹ It has a population of 160,000,000—that is, nearly as many people as there are in the U.S.A. and Britain put together.

This enormous country is a "United States," a federation of eight Republics, called Russia, Ukraine, White Russia, the Transcaucasian Federation, Turkministan, Uzbekistan, the Tadjik, and the Far Eastern Republic. There are one or two other areas which have some sort of Government of their own controlled by advisers from the Central Government at Moscow.

The very size of the U.S.S.R. frightens some people ; but that need not do so, for two reasons. For one reason, many hundreds of miles of land within the State are barren arctic region, like the Yukon and North-West Territories in Canada ; and many hundreds of miles in the warmer south are bare and empty desert, of use to no man. For another reason, the great mass of those 160,000,000 men and women are people living behind the times, peasants who cannot read or write.

In coming to see how all these people are governed, how they live, and how they are progressing to-day, the first thing we must note, and keep in mind, is this : that the Central Government at Moscow has more power over the

¹ It stretches from the Far East, 1,000 miles east of Japan, to Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania in Europe, a distance of more than 5,000 miles ; and from the Arctic Ocean to India, the Black Sea and North China, a distance in places of more than 2,000 miles. It comprises one-sixth of all the land there is in the world.

eight Republics of the U.S.S.R. than Washington has over the forty-eight States of the U.S.A.

Russia is said to be a democracy ; and she prides herself on being more of a democracy than any other land. But the real rulers of Russia are the *Communist Party*, a small number (less than a million) of hard-working, intelligent people who are agreed upon a programme. The Communist Party in Russia is very like the Fascist Party in Italy, in controlling all the ways of work in the land ; and, like the Fascists, the Communists have a great leader, Joseph Stalin, " the man of steel," who is their head.

You and I have seen, though, that the Communists have different ideas from the Fascists, especially in not letting ordinary men and women collect money for themselves.

We can only understand the programme of the Communists if we glance at the organization of Russia and then take a trip to see what is going on in the land.

In the first place, the pattern of Russian rule is a pyramid, made up of higher and higher groups of people, until we reach Stalin at the top. The pyramid is built like this :

Every small village votes for a group of men to direct its work. These groups vote for one of their number to be a member of a higher group, to direct the work of many villages. Districts of towns vote for groups in the same way, and the members of the groups vote for a group to direct the whole town. Above these are still higher groups, voted for by the town and country groups, by factory-workers, who have their own groups ; and these higher groups make up the Governments of the eight Republics. These Government-groups then vote for members of the highest of all groups, which forms the Central Government, meeting in Moscow.

Every group in this pile of groups is called a *Soviet* ; and the highest group is called the All-Russian Congress of Soviets.

The only thing to note about this pyramid is that *every member of every group must belong to the Communist Party*. The Communist Party, with Stalin at the head, has a separate

organization beside this pyramid : it is, as we have seen, a bunch of men who are agreed upon a programme as to how Russia is to be ruled.

In one way, there is less freedom for men in Russia than in Britain or the U.S.A., because they are forced to choose members of the Communist Party. No other Party is allowed.¹ You ask me : How can 160,000,000 people be forced to agree with one party ? The answer is in two parts.

Part one : The Communist Party rules with the help of the " Red Army," the largest army in the world.² At every important place, armed " Red " soldiers will be near at hand, ready to stop any argument or trouble if the people refuse to agree. These soldiers are well trained and well cared for, and are loyal subjects of the Communists. As well as the army there is a " secret police " which will soon seek out rebels or come to hear of any complaints the people make against their rulers.

The other part of the answer is that a very great number of the people of the U.S.S.R. do not need to be forced to be loyal to the Communists, because they freely believe in the plans and works and good things in the present Russian way of life. Let us look at a few of the good things which the Communists have done.

As hard and as fast as they can, the Communists are bringing education to more than one hundred million people. There is now hardly a village that has not got its school, its reading room, and its public radio, to which all the people can listen. Every town has several schools, and most towns have a House of Culture, which is like a college, and has a library, a theatre, a gymnasium, and rooms for lectures and meetings. Big farms and factories also have their Culture Clubs, where books and papers are to be

¹ The Communist Party is the Bolshevik Party. " Bolshevik " is only a Russian name meaning " the party which has most members." This name was given when there were other smaller parties in the land.

² The Red Army has 562,000 troops. China is said to have 1,000,000, but many of these are bandits, not soldiers. For China, see next chapter.

had and debates are held. In many factories, the workers run their own magazine, and have competitions for singing, dancing and painting pictures.

In the largest towns are Parks of Culture, where there are museums and picture galleries, theatres, cinemas, sports grounds, libraries ; and where everyone can freely come to get educated, in order to make life better worth living.

In this way *many million* people have been taught to read and write, to understand music, painting, poetry and science. Before the Bolsheviks came into power in Russia, the grown-up millions of that mighty land were more ignorant than children of ten in the U.S.A. and Britain ; and they never hoped to gain any knowledge in the whole of their life. One of the sternest battles waged by the Communists is their fight against this ignorance.

If any boy or girl in Russia shows special talent for anything—for being an architect, say, or a doctor—he is trained, free, for his special work, by the Government ; and when he is trained he will find plenty of work to do among the millions in this quickly changing land.

Such things can be set to the credit of the Bolsheviks ; and if in one way we feel it is sad that the people are forced to choose Communist rulers, so that they do not seem to be so free as the people of other lands, in this other way we see that they have more freedom than ever is possible to poor people of other countries, for the Russians have done away with classes, and are making a very big effort to let all men share the fine things of life together, as well as the work and the pain.

Now, some people have likened the vast U.S.S.R. to India. In India, as we saw, live millions of poor and ignorant people who work upon the land without the aid of machinery. In Russia the same sort of life was lived by millions of peasants ; but now the Communists are trying to bring machinery to the wide wheat-fields which supply those many hundreds of millions with bread.

Giant factories have been set up in various places, to make tractors (like those we saw Mr. Ford making in Detroit for

the farmers of the Corn Belt). The biggest of these factories is that at the town of Stalingrad, on the River Volga. One hundred thousand tractors have already been built here and sent out to work on the farms.

In order to cultivate the land properly the rulers in Moscow said that the many small farms of the peasants must be joined together into big farms, to be run under the direction of officials sent out from Moscow. Many of the peasant farmers did not want this. They were like the boy who was befriended by the locksmith : they wanted to keep their own little farms, and save their own money, and gather possessions ; and the Communists had to force these peasants to give up their old ways, and those who resisted were arrested and sent away to work in mines and factories in far parts of Russia.

This manner of forcing the peasants may seem to you brutal ; and it is true that in this and other ways many cruel deeds have been done by the Bolsheviks in the carrying-out of their plans. Nor has this way of forcing the peasants proved always a success, for often the richer old-fashioned peasants who were turned out were the hardest workers and understood the ways of the soil and the crop better than their neighbours. Often it has happened, therefore, that a big new farm, made up of many small farms rolled into one, has wasted away in spite of dozens of tractors brought in, and hundreds of men organized to work the farm. Often, too, the peasants did not understand how to use tractors, and broke them ; and so, in spite of every effort, weeds came up over the fields and choked the grain.

Of course this sort of thing has not happened on every farm : there are many farms producing more than ever they did before ; and these farms are run by men who have been glad to get together, men who have begun to get educated in Culture Houses which they themselves have started on the farms.

Not only in the farms and fields, but in the cities and the factories, too, it is the same tale all over Russia—in some places men have banded together and made a wonderful

success, which has really moved Russia forward in the march of civilization—and in other places, this getting-together has broken down, and has resulted in unhappiness and cruelty.

And even in places where the getting-together has succeeded, it has not gone so well as the Bolsheviks had planned. . . .

The Bolsheviks are very keen on *plans*. In 1928 they got out what they called a Five Year Plan. This was a plan for starting giant new factories, building fine new modern cities, setting up wide new farms, and educating millions more people, in the length and breadth of the U.S.S.R. For months men sat in offices in Moscow working out the details of this plan, drawing pictures of the factories and cities that were to be built, making out lists of the goods that were to be produced, calculating the progress that would come to the land because of this mighty plan.

They wound up the Five Year Plan after four and a quarter years, because it had gone wrong ; but it achieved much, and I think it would be as well for us now to take a lightning trip to one place where the plan has been carried out, as by so doing we can get a glimpse of the Russian people and their land, and also see the hopes and successes and failures of the Communists.

We start from Moscow ; and we are glad to get away from the capital, for it is the most crowded city upon earth. It is nearly as large as Buenos Aires and has more than two million people ; but it is an old city, not planned, and although it has some vast open spaces, like the huge Red Square that spreads before the grim old fortress-town called the Kremlin,¹ most of Moscow is a maze of narrow old streets. There are not many vehicles in the streets, and every street from morn till night is a torrent of men and women, hundreds of thousands of men and women

¹ The Kremlin is the headquarters of the Communist Party. It is like a little city inside the great city. It has a high wall all round it, like a prison wall. In front of the Kremlin, in Red Square, stands the tomb of Vladimir Lenin, who died in 1924. The people come on pilgrimage every day to see the embalmed body of Lenin which lies in a glass case in the tomb.

walking about their business. They are a colourless crowd in dull grey clothes, though many of the girls wear bright red handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The few vehicles which we can see are crammed with people : the small electric trams in the main streets can as a rule hardly be seen for the people that swarm all over them ; and the only cars that look comfortable are the private cars of the leaders of the Communist Party and the taxis and cars of the tourists and important officials. Everywhere we look we see builders at work, mostly building more stories to the houses to give more room for the people. The city is so crowded that very few people have a room of their own, and very few families have more than one room.

When we try to get away from Moscow we find out one of the bad things about the Communists : we find out that when they made their Five Year Plan they forgot to plan enough new railways. They made one line, a marvellous line from Turkestan to Siberia, but over most of their country there are not nearly enough railways, and this fact more than any other has brought about the failure of the Five Year Plan. For if you are planning new cities and new factories, you must have new railway lines to carry men and goods. As things are now in Russia, a great deal of fish and fruit goes bad and a great quantity of milk goes sour because these goods have to wait so long for a train to take them to the cities.

You and I find it takes us *one whole day* to buy a railway ticket in Moscow ; but at last we are off and out of the city. From the railway train we take a last look at Moscow, and we see the domes and crosses of countless churches against the sky : most of these churches are used, not for worship, but as museums, assembly halls, warehouses, offices and homes. But here we are in the open country !

Most of the U.S.S.R. is flat, from the Far East to Europe, though in the south and in parts of Siberia, walls of mountains cross the plains. Out of our train window we see mile after mile of fields, with here and there clumps of birch trees. Here are farms with the tractors at work, here are

farms badly kept and weed-grown. Here are dirty tumble-down old villages, with one new school building, or a church turned into a school ; here are villages with new houses where the plans of the Communists have succeeded. We cross the low mountain range called the Urals, which divides Europe and Asia, and a day's journey into Asia we come to the brand new city of Magnitogorsk, "Magnet Town," built since 1928, as a part of the Five Year Plan.

"Three years ago the arctic wind blew over the treeless steppe, and froze the narrow trickle of the Ural River. To-day the same wind is driving the smoke of furnaces and cooking ovens over a city of a quarter of a million people, whistling in telephone wires and cables, ruffling the waters of an artificial lake. Mechanical excavators are digging away the 'Magnet Mountain,' upon the slopes of which the peasants used to graze their cattle. Hundreds of carts go lurching over the tracks that are called roads."¹

This city has been built because the hills around (the "Magnet Mountain,") are a mass of iron ore : it is one of the greatest iron deposits in the world, and the iron is of the richest quality. But look at the magnificent city ! It is not half finished yet : some thousands of workers are housed in fine new buildings of concrete and steel, but *several hundred thousand* live in wretched mud huts which they have had to make for themselves. There are some well-laid roads, but for the most part there are only "tracks that are called roads." The workers here are well looked after, well clothed and well fed, and a great number of them are very keen on the future of Magnet Town. When they labour upon the iron hillside in the cold of the Ural Mountains they feel that they are taking part in one big battle in the great conquest of nature by man ; and, when work is done for the day, they have the cinemas and theatres, the parks and clubs, in which to amuse and educate themselves. But not all can share in the good things of Magnitogorsk—look over there at that unhappy band of

¹ Martin Moore, in an article in the *London Daily Telegraph*, November 28th, 1932.

workers trudging over the tracks to their mud huts. They were once rich peasants who were saving money and gathering possessions for themselves. They have been turned out of hearth and home and forced to labour at Magnet Town.

And poor Magnet Town has one hundred miles of single-track railway connecting it with the outside world—what a terrible waste of time that means ; for every ton of iron has to travel over that single track, and so has every ounce of food, every yard of clothing, and every man, woman and child travelling to and from that out-of-the-world place.

Slow indeed is progress in Russia; but in spite of stupid and cruel things done by the Bolsheviks, we can see that great and good things are going forward. There is a score of new cities like Magnet Town, many of them better built and nearer to civilization.

The Bolsheviks are trying to turn a land which was almost as backward as India into a State as up to date as the U.S.A. They are trying to do in Russia in a few years what it has taken hundreds of years to do in the west of Europe and America. Also, they are trying to do this great deed in a way quite different from the way known and believed in in other countries. It is a wonderful and splendid thing to try to get rid of classes ; and the Russians have every right to try a new way of their own.

They are hated among the leaders and teachers in other lands, not only because the Bolshevik way is different, but because the Bolsheviks *will* try to stir up trouble among the poorer classes in other lands. They send men and books to the unemployed and the poorly paid workers in Britain, the U.S.A., Germany, etc., saying : “ Follow our lead ! Get rid of rich men in your lands, and set up *our* way of life in *your* country ! ”

This sort of thing makes for trouble and strife, and, as we have seen, the Bolsheviks have enough trouble and strife in the U.S.S.R. to hope to give a lead to the workers of other lands. But all is not well in the lands which still have classes, rich classes and poor classes, as we shall see before we end this book.

CHAPTER 48 : CHINA

IF YOU fell out of the sky into the middle of China, and a Chinaman came up to you and said : " Well, what sort of a country do you think you are in ? A big one or a small one ? " you would have to say it seemed to you a very small one.¹

As you looked about, you would see that the people are very cramped for space. Every inch of land is cultivated and cut up into countless big and little fields. Not a corner of ground is wasted. The hills are cut into terraces and every terrace is a strip of cultivated land.

In the little farms the huts of mud and matting are huddled together. The villages are a maze of narrow streets winding between the crowded little houses and hovels. The streets are crammed with people.

" Yes," you would add confidently, " China is a very tiny place. There's hardly room to turn round in it."

Of course you would be wrong. China is a vast land, round about two thousand miles from north to south and round about two thousand miles from east to west. The trouble with China is that there are so many Chinese people—round about 420 *millions* : that is, well over one hundred million more people than there are in India, and three and a half times as many as the citizens of the U.S.A.

But several thousands of miles of China are not so crowded as the place where you landed. The outer provinces, like Mongolia and Sin-Kiang, have in them wide deserts and ranges of barren mountains ; and bare mountain masses spread in many directions across the central provinces, too ; and so the millions of Chinese are mainly crowded into the fertile plains between the mountains, and

¹ Peter Fleming, *China's Slow Progress*, a broadcast talk from London, printed in the *Listener*, April 27th, 1932.

especially into the two great river valleys of the Yang-tse-Kiang ("the Long River") and the Hoang-Ho ("the Yellow River").

These two "valleys" are enormous.¹ They can be compared to the Mississippi Valley in size; and like the Mississippi, the lands through which they run are open country, with rich soil, every yard of which is cultivated.

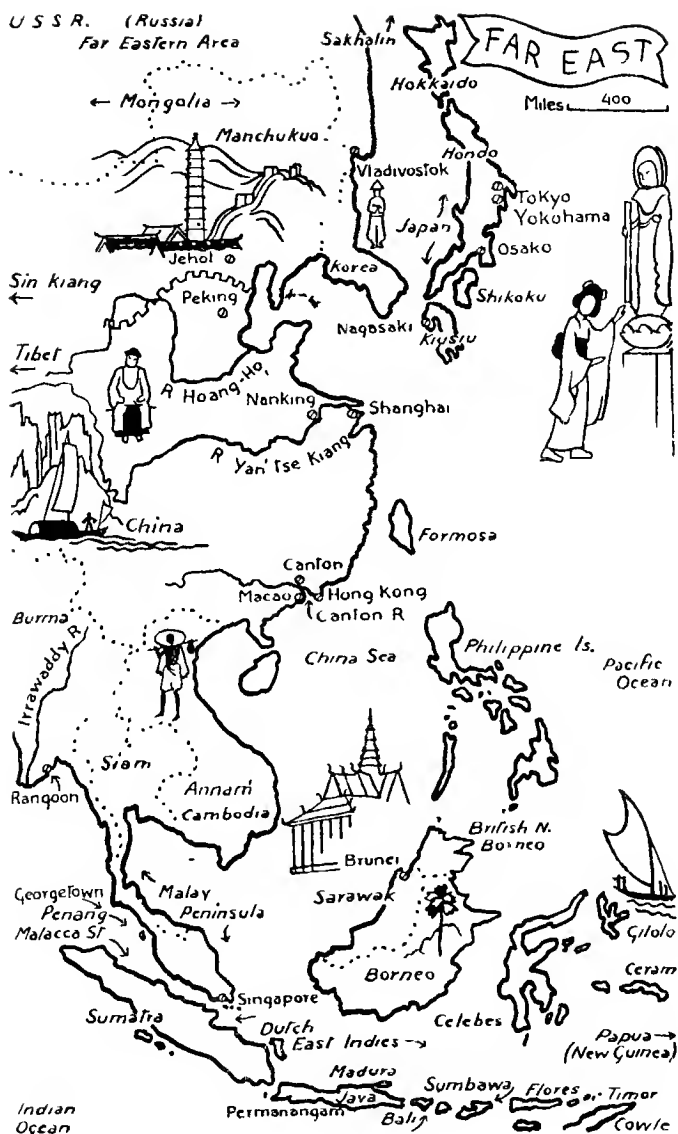
The Chinese people are like the Indian people in one or two things. For one thing, most of them are country-folk, peasants living upon the land. There are about 390 *million* peasants in China, living in those crowded villages and huddled farms, working upon those countless fields.

Like the Indians, too, most of them are ignorant people who cannot read or write. As you noticed from a glance at their villages and farms, they live rather poorly, yet as a rule they do not live so poorly as many of the villagers of India. Stand with me for a moment in the street of one of those villages. It is very dirty, and scrambling among the crowds of hurrying feet are dogs and cats and pigs and fowls and tiny children; but the shops—like tiny toy shops, they are—are neat and clean and well stocked with all that the peasants want: the shopkeepers in their blue cotton gowns are selling clothing and shoes, rice and dried fish, umbrellas and joss-sticks, tobacco to the men and combs to the ladies, and many other things besides. Many of these goods come from other parts of China, some come from over the seas.

These goods tell us of the constant trade that is carried on over the vast land of China. These things have come up the great rivers—some of the way in steamboats, perhaps; the rest of the way in sampans pulled by men or in rafts floated by blown-out sheepskins—to be sold in the markets and sent out to the village shops, on the backs of mules and camels.

In return for these goods, the Chinese sell the produce of their fields, which are packed up and sent off in the same

¹ The Yang-tse-Kiang is about 2,000 miles long. The Hoang-Ho is roughly 2,500 miles in length.



way, so that the produce of the thousands of villages is gathered at the big cities. The Chinese peasants may not know how to read and write, but they are wise in the art of cultivating the soil. They know how to let their fields rest during certain years so that the crop shall not suck all the goodness out of the soil and leave the ground barren.

They know it is a good thing to change the crop in their fields, sowing a different kind of seed in the field after the harvest of the old crop (*rotation of crops*). They know how to irrigate the drier fields with trenches of water from the canals and rivers. By using their intelligence in this way, and by working harder than any other farming people on earth, the Chinese peasants often get more produce out of their soil than Western farmers who use modern machinery. Like the Indians, the Chinese peasants have no machinery, but nevertheless it is not unknown for them to get *twice the wheat crop* per acre that the American farmer gets, though at a terrible cost in labour.

They are a wise people in many ways because they belong to a civilization which is the oldest upon earth. It would seem to be older than the Indian civilization, and in one important thing the history of China is different from the history of India.

We have seen that India has been invaded time and again and so has been broken into many tongues, many castes and kinds of people. In all the long history of China, which stretches away through the history of the world, the land has only been invaded once or twice ; and those invasions were by people not unlike the Chinese people themselves.

It has come about, therefore, that in China has grown up a strong civilization very different from that of any other land ; and until a few years ago the Chinese people did not think there were any other important lands on earth. They believed they were the centre of the world and that other lands were not civilized. They called their land "the Middle Kingdom" and they believed their emperor was "the Son of Heaven."

The story of the government of China in the past is very interesting. The people believed theirs was a *mandated territory* of a very special kind. We remember a mandated territory is a land handed over to the rule of another to be ruled for the people's good. The Chinese believed that the powers of God in Heaven handed over China to their emperor that he might rule it for the people's good. They said that their emperor had a "mandate from Heaven."

This meant that, although they worshipped the emperor as a ruler chosen by God, the emperor must be in a true sense a *democratic* ruler : he must rule for the good of the people. When bad emperors ruled and the people suffered injustice it was thought that Heaven had taken away the mandate ; then the people would rise and turn out the emperor and place a new man upon " the dragon throne," and call *him* " the Son of Heaven."

All through the ages of history, China was ruled in this way ; but very often it was ruled rather like a federation, because it was so big. Huge provinces would have their own rulers and their own laws : thus, the southern part would be ruled from the city of Canton by some great lord : the central part would be ruled from the city of Nanking by another lord ; while the emperor would rule the northern part from his capital city of Peking.

Yet, although the laws and manners of the north and south and centre would be in many ways different from one another, and although the people in the different parts would grow up to rivalry and there would sometimes be civil wars, the rulers of the provinces were bound in loyalty to the emperor and it was generally felt that the emperor had the mandate of Heaven for all China. Often, indeed, a strong emperor would *over-rule* the lords and make the land very much one kingdom. At all times there was one civilization over them all, one language with many dialects but with one writing for the few educated people, with one sort of art and culture spreading over the whole country to hold it together.

The three religions of China, too, were spread about over

all the land and everywhere people could be found worshipping at the three sorts of temples and shrines. There was no hatred between the people of the different religions, as there is in India.

The three religions of China are Taoism, Confucianism and Buddhism. Taoism is the oldest, and is very hard to understand. Like Confucianism it seems to be a way of looking at life and the world we live in, and believing there is goodness beneath all evil, and good and right laws working through nature and in the heart of man. But Taoism has become what we call *superstitious*, which is a serious way of saying "fanciful": and the Taoists of China imagine there are demons and devils and strange fairies. The Confucianists, who are mostly the educated people of the cities, think chiefly about the way in which the goodness in the heart of man can be made to bring forth good deeds, justice and peace in the world.

The religion of Buddhism came into China from India some hundreds of years before the time of Christ: the thoughts at the back of it are quite different from those of Confucianism, for the Buddhists believe the world is mostly an evil place and it is best to turn in thought away from the world. It is a gentle and sweet religion in many people's lives, and throughout the length and breadth of China you can see men and women kneeling before statues of the Buddha, which are carved to show him with a kind, merciful and sadly smiling face—a comforter in life's troubles.

And life can be troubled in China. Those long rivers that give life to the millions on their banks may suddenly change into angry raging floods when the snows of the distant Himalayas, where they rise, melt and overflow the great river valleys, so that sometimes hundreds of miles of land are covered and laid waste. At such times countless numbers of those little huddled villages are swept away, those well-tilled fields over which the men and women have laboured so long are hidden under raging waters and beaten down and left as waste mud.

In the Autumn of 1932 there was one such flood. The

Yang-tse-Kiang rose and poured over the dykes and banks which the people have built along its course for thousands of miles, and the water rushed down upon the unhappy people.¹ More than 130,000 people were drowned, countless others died of starvation, and an even greater number were left homeless and penniless and would have died but for the work of the Chinese Government and the help given by the American Government and British and other charity organizations.

Another great danger and source of disaster lies in the fact that China is in the earthquake zone. In the last earthquake (1931) at least 100,000 people were killed, and large towns fell to the earth with a crash. When there is an earthquake under the sea off the China coast a big "tidal" wave may sometimes burst over the coast and sweep in for many miles, destroying villages, towns and fields.

Yet in ordinary times day comes after day quietly in China, the peasants sowing and reaping, buying and selling, worshipping and playing.

It is in the cities we can see the strength of that old civilization which has grown up during the ages. Here are the great Chinese theatres where the "shadow plays" and puppet dramas are performed. A white man watching these performances finds it hard to follow what it all means. In the cities grew up of old those arts and crafts, like painting and working in porcelain, which are some of the great achievements of mankind; and let us not forget that many inventions which we use in our western world to-day were first known and used in China. We have seen already in this book that money, printing, the mariner's compass, and many other inventions and discoveries without which we could not do nowadays, were first thought of by Chinamen and were used in the land of "the Son of Heaven."

When, in the middle of last century, white men came round to the coast of China in their new steamships and wanted to trade with this vast, rich, hard-working land, the Chinamen turned up their noses at these pale people from

¹ An area larger than the whole of England was flooded.

the wild west. Remember they hardly had any idea that there was another civilization on earth. They believed China was the centre of the world.

The white men had a hard fight to make the Chinese understand that it would be a good thing for everybody if trade were to be begun between the east of the world and the west ; but at last white men were allowed to have bits of land along the coast where they could set up trading stations—the island of Hongkong was one such bit : we have seen into what that has grown.

We can best see how the white men trade with China by glancing at the city of Shanghai. To-day Shanghai is *the fifth city of the world*. Coming after London, New York, Berlin and Chicago, Shanghai, with its 3,200,000 inhabitants, is by far the biggest city in Asia.

There is no other city quite like Shanghai. It is not a part of China, but is thought of as being a foreign area in China. It is ruled as no other city is ruled. We might almost call it a federation. There are : (1) the Old City, which is the Chinese quarter ; (2) the International Settlement, which is ruled by municipal authorities made up of men of many nations, Europeans and Americans ; (3) the French Concession, ruled by French municipal authorities ; (4), (5) and (6) a northern suburb, Chapei, an eastern suburb, Pootung, a southern suburb, Nantou, which together with the Old City make up Greater Shanghai, and which are ruled by municipal authorities of white men and Chinamen. All these huge districts form one city which lies for miles along the Yang-tse-Kiang where that great river pours into the China Sea.

Shanghai is the mouth with which vast China speaks to the world. It is the place where the produce of north, south and central China gathers to be sold and bought and sent out over the earth ; and it is the place to which the world sends its wares that they may be borne up the rivers and over the roads and railways to be sold in all parts of China.

It is a modern city and an old-world city rolled into one. It is the greatest meeting place of the East and the West.

Down some streets you are met with Chinese scrolls and banners fluttering as they announce their goods to their Chinese customers, and round the corner you enter a wide modern main street with department-stores, electric trams and cinemas and filled with white folk of every nationality. Rickshaws and motor cars ride side by side through the streets. There are streets in Shanghai which at night seem to be all that we mean when we fancifully picture "the East," and there are roads ablaze with electric signs reminding us of Piccadilly or Broadway.

Yes ! Western ways are slowly spreading across China. And that it should be so is China's hope and sorrow.

China is changing ; and we can best take a swift glance at the way in which she is changing by looking at a very great Chinaman whose life was rather like the life of Mustafa Kemal. The name of this Chinaman was Sun Yat-sen.

Now, I expect you have seen Chinese ladies represented on stage or screen. They always walk with little trotting steps which look most amusing. For ages and ages the real Chinese ladies used to walk like that because it was the fashion to bind up the feet of young Chinese girls so tightly that their feet could never grow. It was very painful, but it was the fashion for them to have small feet ; and when they grew up they could never walk strongly and far because of their tiny feet.

Sun Yat-sen had a little sister, and when they bound up her feet so tightly that it made her cry, Sun Yat-sen was furiously angry. But he could do nothing about it. Nobody could do anything about it, because it was the fashion that the Chinese girls should not be allowed to have ordinary feet.

As Sun Yat-sen grew up he saw that the custom which maimed his sister's feet was only one of many customs in which his land was behind the times ; and a burning desire came to him to change the ways of China. Like Kemal he joined secret societies pledged to overthrow the old powers of the emperor and his rulers. He was caught and put in

prison and all his companions were beheaded ; but Sun Yat-sen escaped by being let down over the city wall in a basket.

He had to flee to foreign lands ; and for years he wandered through America and Britain. The power of the Chinese Emperor pursued him : he was kidnapped one day in London by the emperor's men, but he escaped again, and came back to China for the great revolution of 1911 when the last Emperor of China was turned off the throne.

This time they did not put a new emperor on the throne. China had had emperors for four thousand years at least (that is, for twice as long as the Christian Era) but this time they chose Sun Yat-sen to be the first President of the Republic of China.

Sun Yat-sen was ready. He had made a great writing in the style of the Declaration of the Rights of Man : only what he wrote was rather different. He said men were not all born equal : he divided them up into bad, stupid, common, average, wise, talented, prophetic and sage ; and he said there must be a great deal of education and training, years and perhaps generations of work, before men were ready for true democracy.

With great plans in his mind he set to work to remake China ; but he was not so good at ruling men as he was at planning how they ought to be ruled ; and he made the mistake of trying to rule China from one capital city, instead of making it a federation. We have seen that all through the ages it had been found best to rule China as a federation because it was too big to be ruled from one place.

So civil wars broke out between the north and south, and since Sun Yat-sen died¹ these wars have gone on and on. The three old provinces, north, south and central, have come apart, yet not quite apart, and it has been said no Government is the real ruler of China and China has no real ruler at all.

Perhaps that is true. What is certain is that lawlessness has grown among the people and gangs of bandits have

¹ Sun Yat-sen, born 1867, died 1925.

roamed the country like armies of gangsters until even the civilized people of the cities and the white men in *their* cities have not been safe from attack.

The Government at Nanking has seemed to be the strongest. It is a Government copied from that of Russia, with groups of people voting for members to higher groups, as we saw in our chapter on Russia ; and this Government has kept order and has helped in educating the people ; but only in the central part of China.

China is changing. That great land of 420 million people has let go her old ideas and she has not yet got hold of new ideas which can make her into that new modern civilization for which Sun Yat-sen planned and dreamed.

Yet, though bandits roam the land and wars rage over the country, many millions of peasants and town-folk carry on from day to day in their old and peaceful ways.

But because there is no *certain* law in the land, because there is so much danger and crime in China, the whole of eastern Asia is troubled and trembles. That other great civilized power in Asia, the island kingdom of Japan, is fearful for what may happen next. It is not nice to have an unruly giant for your neighbour ; and that is what China is at present—an unruly giant.

Let us see what Japan is doing about it.

CHAPTER 49 : JAPAN

WHAT DO you fancy when you think of Japan ? Do you imagine humped-up wooden bridges crossing still pools in which water-lilies float ? Do you see lovely trees heavy with blossoms drooping over little Japanese maidens in their bright-coloured kimonos ? Do you think of those wrestlers who throw each other with the scientific passes of the jiu-jitsu ?

Perhaps you picture the grand Mikado in his court, in his gorgeous silken robes, seated on his carved throne, fanning himself, while humble courtiers kneel upon the steps before him.

If you fancy these things, you will be quite right, for these are all living realities in modern Japan ; but they are only half the picture. In Japan, as in Palestine, old ways and new ways meet together. In Japan, far more than in China, Western ways join up with Eastern ways to make a nation quite unlike any other nation upon earth.

In order to fancy living Japan we must fancy an Eastern thing and put a Western thing beside it. If we think of those jiu-jitsu wrestlers we must also think of a baseball match taking place in a huge stadium ; for Japan has welcomed baseball from America and is as keen " on the diamond " as any crowd at the Yankce Stadium in New York.

If we think of Japanese paper lanterns swinging prettily in the trees in some garden beside a lily pond, we must also think of blazing Broadway in New York, for there are many " great white ways " in Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka and Nagasaki, where the electric signs flicker and flash from the fronts of tall buildings made of steel and concrete.

Tokyo and Osaka each have more than two million inhabitants. They are bigger than any city in Britain except London. They are as big as Philadelphia, and indeed

in parts they look very like Philadelphia. But everywhere we look we see the old and the new, the East and the West.

In every city of Japan there are theatres "as old as the hills" where quaint old plays are presented to the people. There are the "No" theatres, the theatres of classical drama, which are rather as if nobody had written a play since Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's plays were played to us exactly as they were played in Shakespeare's day. Then there are the "Kabuki" theatres, the theatres of popular plays for the people, which are rather as if no one had written a melodrama since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and such plays were acted for us to-day exactly as they were acted in the days of slavery in America.

Very behind the times, you say ! Yes ; but just across the road from the "No" theatre and the "Kabuki" theatre stands a string of bright cinemas, where they are showing, not only the latest Hollywood productions, and films from Europe, but also the latest Japanese screen plays. There is a big film-producing industry in Japan, and Japan has her own film stars.

Japan, besides keeping to many of her old ways and old ideas, is an up-to-date nation ; and yet, only seventy years ago, she knew less of Western ways than even the old Turkish Empire did. Seventy years ago, Japan lived in much the same way as Britain lived in the days of the Normans and Plantagenets. Great lords and barons ruled big districts, and the soldiers wore armour and fought with bows and arrows.

To-day, Japan is ruled by a Diet, or Parliament, under the Mikado ; and the members of the Diet wear tail-coats, striped trousers and very clean boots, just like the members of Parliament at Westminster and the Senators and Congressmen at Washington. As for the fighting forces, the armour of the Japanese knights has become armoured cars, armoured trains and tanks : instead of arrows, they use battle 'planes. Heavy artillery, bombs, mines, battle-ships, submarines, torpedoes, poison-gas—these have made Japan one of the Great Powers of the world.

It has been the same with the things of peace. The people

who worked by hand without machinery now work in their hundreds of thousands in up-to-date cotton mills, in roaring silk factories, in clanging steel-yards, and compete in many things with the factories of Europe and the U.S.A.

This change is one of the most wonderful in the history of the world ; and we must glance at the way in which it happened. Let us look at the real Japan.

Japan is a long green island with several smaller islands close beside it, belonging to it. These islands lie a few hundred miles off the north-east coast of Asia ; mostly rather to the north of China. The main island of Japan, called Hondo, is curved, and there are nearly 900 miles of it from its southern tip to the far north. At its widest point the island is nearly 200 miles across ; but mostly it is between 50 and 150 miles broad. The islands of Sakhalin and Hokkaido in the north, and of Kiusiu and Shikoku in the south, together with countless tiny islands round the coasts, form the main country of Japan. Some hundreds of miles away in the south lies another island, Formosa, also belonging to Japan ; and a good deal of the mainland of Asia is a part of the empire of Japan, as we shall soon see.

On the eastern coast of the islands of Japan an icy arctic current washes down, bringing bitterly cold winter weather, especially to the northern districts. Until the other day it was thought that this part of the Pacific was the deepest ocean in the world, the sea-bed being six and a half miles down. But in the Spring of 1933 Dr. Paul Bartsch, of Washington, found a hole in the Atlantic eight miles deep. This hole, which lies seventy-five miles north of Porto Rico in the West Indies, would cover the peak of Mount Everest with *three miles depth of water*.

However, the ocean off Japan is deep enough to cause the people a good deal of trouble, for it is said to be one of the causes of the many earthquakes that visit these islands. It is said that the great weight of water causes the sea-bed to give way, to bend and shift, causing those giant waves ("tidal" waves) that sometimes sweep away villages, fields and farms along the coast of Japan.

There are more than one hundred earthquakes every year in Japan. Most of them are quite small, little shakings that do not hurt more than the shaking of a house when a big motor lorry passes by ; but the big earthquakes in Japan are often more terrible than they are in any other part of the world.

In the earthquake of September 1923, nearly a hundred thousand citizens of Japan were killed, nearly six hundred thousand buildings were thrown to the earth, and Tokyo and Yokohama were almost wiped off the map.

As we have seen, the Japanese have re-built these places, and they have built them anew in very modern style. Before that earthquake Tokyo and Yokohama were not *planned* ; now they compare with Los Angeles or San Francisco, with their long straight avenues and towering office blocks.

In spite of earthquakes, tidal waves, arctic currents and those wild storms called " typhoons," Japan is a rich and beautiful country in which more than 65,000,000 people live—20,000,000 more people than there are in Britain, though the islands of Japan are only very little larger than the British Isles. It is a land of fair gardens, as we have rightly fancied it to be, a land of fertile fields and farms and orchards, a land where sheep and cattle roam the green hills, where miles of rice-fields lie over the plains, where tea-plantations are cut into the hillsides and where thousands of silk farms peacefully prepare the fine material of our clothes.

To-day the people of Japan are working the resources of their land so as to trade with all the world. As in the case of Britain and America and every civilized country, hundreds of tramp ships can be seen steaming their way across the Pacific and the China Sea to Japan ; and steaming away again with the products of Japanese farms, plantations and factories. Yet seventy years ago, little old Japan would not trade with the people of the West and would not have Western machinery in her borders.

We can best see the wonder of this change to Western

ways in Japan by glancing at the way in which the Japanese people cling on to old things. For instance, right down the ages, the same line, or dynasty, of kings (or Mikados) has ruled in Japan. The first king, Jimu Tenno,¹ reigned 600 B.C. in the days of Confucius and Buddha. At the time when Western merchants came to Japan in their steamships the Mikado was hidden away in his palace, and the ruling had been done for 300 years by the big Prime Ministers who were called Shoguns.

Then a very great Mikado, Mutsuhito, came to the throne, and the last of the Shoguns was sent away. Mutsuhito gathered around him a band of young nobles who agreed with him that the old-world ways of their people must be changed, and the Japanese nation must be made into a modern State.

Mutsuhito came to the throne in 1867 and he died in 1912 ; and in that time Japan changed inside and outside, and stepped forward into the front line of civilization. Mutsuhito did what the Russians are trying to do : he brought machinery and education to millions of peasant people. To-day there remain a few old people who cannot read or write : they number about one in a hundred, so that we can really say everybody in Japan can read and write, which is more than can be said of even the people of the U.S.A.

Mutsuhito and his young men (they all grew old, in time, of course, and came to be known as "the Elder Statesmen") brought in modern laws, in which they had French lawyers to help him. They started banks, so that big modern businesses could arise, and Japan became a partner in life with all other nations who trade across the seas. They got in German army officers to train their soldiers ; and it is in the way they followed Germany that we can see how they clung on to old things.

You remember in our first chapter on Germany we noticed that although there was a Parliament in Berlin

¹ "Tenno" means "the Lord of Heaven," a title meaning much the same as the title "the Son of Heaven," used for the Emperor of China.

before the war, the real power was still held by the Kaiser ; and Mutsuhito decided it would be best for him to hold the real power in the Japanese Parliament, in the same way as the Kaiser held the power in Germany.

To-day the Japanese Imperial Parliament (or Diet) has a House of Peers and a House of Representatives ; and all Japanese men over twenty-five years of age vote for the Representatives. There are 381 Representatives from 308 country districts and 73 city districts and towns. Japanese women have not yet the right to vote.

In spite of all this, Japan is not really a democracy, for the Mikado alone can make war and peace, he alone can order the fighting forces, he alone can make treaties with foreign nations, and the constitution of the Diet cannot be changed unless he wishes it. Since the fall of the Kaiser in Germany, however, Japan has been becoming more democratic : the Parliament has been growing stronger, and the present Mikado, Hirohito, has come more and more to agree with Parliament rather than to rule it.

One thing we have specially to note about this change in the life and ways of Japan : it has made the people very patriotic. In coming to know that there are other great nations in the world, the Japanese people have come to feel they must live and die for their country, almost in the way that Mussolini has made the people of Italy feel.

Every Japanese child is taught from a series of textbooks that to be a loyal citizen is the highest good ; he is taught to be proud of being Japanese, and to love the Mikado more than all other men.

It is not very odd, when you come to think of it, that when Japan grew strong, she should wish to push out beyond the borders of her little islands. When she looked across the world and saw that the Western nations all had empires, it seemed to her right that she, too, should have an empire ; but was there any land left for her ? The Mikado and " the Elder Statesmen " looked about them for lands to conquer : they looked across the strip of sea which divided them from Asia, towards China ; and the first

thing they saw was a stump of land sticking out towards them called Korea.

Now Korea was almost a part of China, but not quite. It had its own king, but it was under China in the way that the States ruled by Indian Princes are under Britain ; and it so happened that the King of Korea was a bad ruler and the people were ignorant and unhappy, and the stump of land was not properly cultivated or cared for. So Japan sent her fine new army against the Chinese army in Korea and beat the army of China. There were many years of trouble before Korea came to belong to Japan : the old Russia of the Tsar came along and the Russian armies tramped over the land ; and that ended in a war between Russia and Japan, which Japan won. From that time to this, Korea has belonged to Japan.

Japan has brought education, trade and commerce to Korea. She has built railways, seaports and cities in the peninsula. Japan has ruled the Koreans well, with justice and kindness, and they have become " Western " in their ways and Korea has flourished.

The next move by Japan was during the World War. Japan, you know, came into the war on the side of the Allies, and first she took over all the German trading stations in China for her own ; and then she tried to make China take Japanese officials as advisers in the Government, and so make China a *dependent state* of Japan. This was put a stop to by the U.S.A.

After the war, for a long time Japan tried to colonize a huge piece of northern China, called Manchuria. In the last chapter we saw that China had a habit of getting grouped into a loose sort of federation, and we saw that the main groups were Canton in the south, Nanking in the centre, and Peking in the north ; but north of Peking was a fourth group, or province, and this was Manchuria.

Perhaps, in a way, Manchuria was not quite a true district of China: it had been a separate kingdom, from time to time, and the great Manchu dynasty of Chinese emperors were, in the beginning, kings of Manchuria who

invaded and conquered China and made the whole land their empire.¹ But let us understand what Manchuria really is.

Manchuria is about the size of France and Germany put together : that is, twice the size of California. It is a land of vast forests, immense fertile plains and areas rich in coal and iron : there are also gold, silver and copper lying beneath its soil. Now, there is not much coal or iron in Japan ; and so of course these rich areas were wanted by the Japanese, and naturally she could do with those forests and plains, too.

There was every reason why Japanese people should bring Western ways to Manchuria, for the Chinese living there were not doing the best they could in the land. So the Japanese came in and began to work those rich mines and to cultivate the plains. Japan built railways, roads and towns in Manchuria ; but when it was seen what a rich land it was the Chinese built railways, roads and towns, too ; and poor Chinese farmers trekked north in hundreds of thousands to settle on the land which was being opened up.

In this way, two things happened. One (a very good thing) : both Japanese and Chinese began to get richer as the land yielded its wealth to them. Two (a very bad thing) : rivalry and hatred grew between the two peoples, both wanting all the advantages.

You may think that because they are both yellow-skinned there is not much difference between Japanese and Chinese people. Actually, they are two different races, and although the Japanese have got most of their civilization from the Chinese the two races are as different as Frenchmen and Britishers, who are both white. And so, with their growing rivalry and hatred, it began to be impossible to rule the people of Manchuria peacefully and in justice. There were now twenty million people in Manchuria (twice as many people as there are in Canada) and, because

¹ The Chinese people wore "pig-tails" as a sign of submission to the Manchus. They cut off their "pig-tails" when the Manchu emperor was turned off the throne in 1911.

the Government of China was too weak to rule them and the Japanese had most of the power in industry and commerce, there seemed to be no one to control these masses of men, and gangs of bandits roamed about making life perilous for all.

At length, in 1931, the Japanese people thought of a plan. It would be a good thing, they felt, to make Manchuria an independent State ; and to do this, they made up a constitution and chose as President the young Manchu emperor who had been turned out of China, and they called the new State Manchukuo.

It is only last year that Manchukuo was put on the map, and it is too soon to see whether the new rulers will bring peace and justice to the land. Enough if we point out that Manchukuo is not quite independent, because Japanese advisers and officials hold a good deal of power in the parliament of the President, Pu Yi. In a way, it seems not unjust for Japan to control Manchukuo, because it has been Japanese business men who have brought prosperity to the land. Of course, they have got rich in doing so.

But China is angry, and many people throughout the world feel that Japan has acted in a wrong manner, because she had to fight to drive back the Chinese soldiers from Manchuria before she could set up the new State of Manchukuo.

And there has been fighting out there, right up to the time when I am writing this chapter : a week or two ago, the Japanese army drove back the Chinese army through a district of Manchukuo called Jehol (March 1933).

Among the nations who felt that all this fighting was wrong were all the members of the League of Nations, except Siam ; all these members voted against Japan at a special Conference at Geneva. Because of this, Japan left the League of Nations, of which she is not now a member. The League of Nations sent a body of men, a commission, to Manchukuo, under the leadership of a Britisher, Lord Lytton, to find out what the people in this great land felt about it all. They reported that the people of Manchukuo

were nearly all Chinese, and that they hated to have Japanese soldiers in their land and Japanese business men and advisers everywhere.

The real trouble, as we can see, is this : that Japan has got ahead of China in the march of civilization. Not only is Japan's army stronger than China's, so that it can fight the brave but backward Chinese troops, but Japan's business men and statesmen know a great deal more about commerce and government than do the business men and statesmen of China. You see, China has not yet really been able to take up with Western ways. In many things she is still "behind the times." Therefore, proud go-ahead Japan seeks to make an empire for herself in China in just the same way as Britain, France, Holland and the other Western Powers have got themselves empires beyond the seas.

At the moment, Japan now advises the new State of Manchukuo, and Japanese troops keep the peace there ; and Japan says she will not invade the real China that lies south of the Great Wall. . . .

It is said that if there was a man in the moon there is only one building upon earth which he would be able to see—and that is the Great Wall of China. The Great Wall runs from Shanhaikwan on the sea coast for 1,500 miles along the north of China. It divides the new State of Manchukuo from the northern province of China which is ruled from Peking.

CHAPTER 50: THE WORLD DEPRESSION

NOW THAT we are coming to the end of our little trip round the world, I want to ask you a question :

“ What do you think is the most important thing we’ve come across ? ” I’ll put it another way :

“ What do you think is the most important thing in the world to-day ? ”

May I make a guess at your answer ? I think it may very well be that the thing which you feel is most tremendous—more tremendous than earthquakes—is the fact that there is so much war in the world.

We have seen that we are still living in the half-rebuilt ruins of the World War. We have seen that the League of Nations has not been able to stop one war in South America and another war between Japan and China. We have seen that every nation is ready for war, and that £2,000,000 is spent every day upon war equipment and fighting forces.

But war, you know, is only one side of a bigger thing. War is only one way in which nations are prepared to force other nations to leave them alone. Every nation in the world wants to be free, independent and alone. This is a very odd thing for them to wish, because, as you and I have seen, it happens to be impossible.

All nations are partners in life, whether they want to be or not. Yet the seventy or so nations of the world all want to be free, independent and alone.

It is rather as if a man were to try to plan a house in which every brick was to be free, independent and alone.

If Lewis Carroll and Hans Andersen and the brothers Grimm and Baron Munchausen had got together to plan such a house, they would not have been able to do so.

The world is in a bad way to-day because it is trying to get along as one complete whole—and at the same time it is trying to keep in seventy completely separate parts ! Not even Mr. Walt Disney, who draws the “ Mickey Mouse ” cartoons, could make a thing like that seem to happen.

In the world of nations, the nearest thing to having one whole in seventy separate parts is a *federation*, like the federation of the U.S.A. ; and there have been men who looked hopefully into the future imagining a United States of the World in the days to come. The English poet, Tennyson, for instance, looked forward

*Till the war-drum throb'd no longer,
and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the parliament of man, the Federation of the World.*¹

Just now, we are far indeed from such a happy ending ; and it will be as well if we cast our eyes over the very odd state of affairs that has come about all over the world because men have been trying to run it as ONE and at the same time as MANY.

Is it not odd that although there are millions of people in civilized lands who are going about hungry and cold and shabby because they have not the money with which to buy food and clothes, farmers should be burning wheat in the Corn Belt and sowing less than half the cotton they used to sow in the Cotton Belt ?

Is it not strange that in Europe hundreds of thousands of poor people have to drink sham coffee made out of straw and cheap flavouring because they cannot afford to buy fresh coffee—while in Brazil, where the coffee comes from, they are burning coffee in the railway engines, and the Government of Brazil has given orders that no new coffee trees must be planted for the next three years ?

Is it not queer that in Germany hundreds of thousands of men and women are “ tightening their belt ” because

¹ Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “ Locksley Hall ” (127-128).

they have not got enough money to buy the beef that used to come in from Denmark—while the other day in Denmark 250,000 cows and bulls were killed and their bodies burned because the farmers of Denmark can no longer sell at a profit to Germany?

In Holland a short while ago 100,000 baby pigs were killed and burned. In Portugal they have poured the wine away into the gutters. In Spain, in many orchards, fruit has been allowed to fall and rot under the trees. Rubber has oozed from the trees in Malaya, in the Dutch East Indies, and in South America, but the workmen have not been allowed to gather it. In the U.S.A., soldiers have driven workers and merchants from the oil-fields so that they should not draw up the oil from under the earth. Miles of sugar-canes in the West Indies have wasted their sweetness on the plantations, where no man has been allowed to pick them. Thousands of jute-plants in India have been left standing. Tons of dead fish have been thrown back into the seas by the fishermen who caught them. . . . I could fill up pages of this book with a list of good things from Mother Earth which at this moment are being wasted.

The riches of the earth are being wasted, although millions of men, women and children in civilized lands are going about hungry and cold and shabby. Never before in history has the earth been made to bring forth so much of its goodness, yet never since the coming of modern machines has there been so much poverty among men. Is this not a very odd thing?

There's another bad fact about all this waste. Because they are sowing less wheat and less cotton, because they are planting no more coffee trees, because they are destroying cattle and pigs and letting rubber and sugar and fruit go to waste, the men and women who used to work on the plantations and farms where these things are produced are now idle—they have become unemployed men and women.

All over the world, in every great city, many factories are closed and many more factories are working half-time ;

and many millions of factory-workers, too, are thrown out of work.

In the world to-day there are said to be about *thirty million* unemployed men and women. In the U.S.A. are round about twelve million, in Germany there are about six million, in Britain three million, in Italy one million, and in many other lands there are hundreds of thousands of unemployed.

That there should be thirty million unemployed men and women in civilized countries is a terrible thing ; and we must ask ourselves : What is the reason for this suffering in a world bursting with riches ?

We may be sure that one reason is because men are trying to hold the world apart in seventy separate States, when really all those States are partners in life, and cannot help being so.

In Chapter 15 we looked at the way in which countries tax the goods of other countries (*tariffs*) and we saw that it turned out a bad thing in the end for the trade of all countries. You remember : countries tried to stop buying foreign goods in order to buy from themselves alone as far as possible ; but they had to go on selling their own goods to foreign countries. And when foreign countries, too, made out tariffs and wouldn't buy from other lands——!

Well, it doesn't need much thinking out, really, does it, to see that this was one reason why millions of men and women were thrown out of work !

We have seen the evils of war debts in Chapters 33 and 34, and all these evils brought about a breakdown in world trade in 1930. From that time

WORLD TRADE HAS FALLEN TO HALF

what it was before. Let us see what this means. Let us think for a moment of how nations trade with one another. You know every nation has a different kind of money. (Having different kinds of money is one way in which they try to stay free, independent and alone.) Since you can't buy

goods in America with British pounds, shillings and pence, and you can't buy goods in Britain with American dollars, dimes and cents, how do merchants buy foreign goods?

Well, every money is valued by gold, as we have seen¹; and so all moneys are measured against gold. A pound is worth so much gold, a dollar is worth so much gold, and so on through every money in the world. You can therefore tell how many dollars a pound is worth by working out their different values in gold. In this way, merchants can trade with foreign lands by exchanging their moneys according to their value in gold. This is called the GOLD STANDARD.

For instance, before world trade fell to half, an Englishman could get an ounce of gold for £3 17s. 10½d., and an American could get an ounce of gold for \$18 95 cents. So you see £3 17s. 10½d. in English money was worth \$18 95 cents in American money. In this way an English merchant could buy and sell in America on the exchange-value of the pound against the dollar, valued in gold.

But because of tariffs and war debts, all the gold began to collect in certain countries: half the world's gold got into the banks of the U.S.A. and a quarter into the banks of France, so that all the other countries of the world only had a quarter of the gold left between them.

This was one reason why world trade nearly came to an end. It fell to half, because most of the trading nations had not enough gold to carry on with. The money of the nations which had most gold became worth much more gold than the money of the nations which were left with hardly any gold. So the nations with hardly any gold could not afford to value their money against the nations with much gold.

We can see here quite simply and plainly the evils which have come about from nations trying to remain free, independent and alone in having separate moneys, and in planning their trade to help themselves only, instead of to help as well all those other nations who are their partners in

¹ See Chapter 7, "Banking."

life. Gold, by which all valued their money, got stored up in certain countries, so that it became like sand which silts up in a harbour and stops ships from coming in and going out.¹

What is needed to start world trade going properly again is for all nations to get together to plan out their trade, knowing they are all partners in life. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the U.S.A., called a World Conference on money and trade in the Summer of 1933 ; and I do not yet know what will come of that.

But one thing now remains for us to look at, and that is the great problem raised by the use of machines, at which we looked in Chapter 28. This seems, on the face of it, to be a simpler sort of problem—just this : machines do the work of men, and so men are left idle ; and machines make too many goods, people cannot buy them, and so even the machines have to stand idle until the goods they have made are sold.

The problem is that men who are out of work cannot buy goods. If those thirty million unemployed men and women had enough money to buy all they needed to give them the full benefit of the riches of our earth and our inventions, thousands of factories now idle and silent would stir and hum again, there would be no burning of bread and coffee and cattle, no wasting of fruit and sugar and rubber, for the thirty million would be buying these things.

The problem is, you see, to bring back the unemployed to be partners in life with the business-men who own capital in factories and mines and plantations. Not only is it necessary to bring back the unemployed into partnership, but it is needed also to raise up millions of poor people in slums in great cities and millions of poor peasants in far-distant country-sides, into partnership with the business-men who own capital, so that the poor people shall be rich

¹ The tramp ships, by the way, were held up in hundreds when world trade fell to half. To-day they are rusting in rows in scores of harbours, and the sailors are out of work.

enough to buy all that they need of the produce of the earth and of all the goods made by machines.

It is only when this is done that waste and idleness will be got rid of ; and the business-men need it as much as the workmen, for since world trade fell to half, the profits of the business-men have faded away in many businesses. Indeed, the world of business-men has been clouded by fear, which has brought ruin to thousands.

We saw in Chapter 7 that the banking system and all trade and commerce to-day depends on people trusting one another (*credit*). Owing to the fall in world trade, millions of men felt they could no longer trust one another, and there were such things as "runs" on banks. Actually there have been *thousands* of "runs" on banks since 1930, and thousands of banks have been ruined, and all the people who had left their money at these banks have been ruined, too.

As we come to the end of this book we must know, sadly, that men have not solved these grave problems, and these things are why poor men are starving in the midst of plenty, and why business-men who have all the inventions of the ages in their mines and factories are afraid from day to day, and are able to trust no one.

This problem can only be solved by all men getting a new plan for using money in trade and commerce. There are many new plans in the world, but nobody knows if they will work ; and it is not our business in this book to work out any of those plans ; in this book it has only been our task to look at the facts of the world in which we live. Without knowing the facts, no man can solve any problem.

The truth about machines, we see, is much the same as the truth about nations. In the same way as nations must get together in the world, so classes must get together within nations. It is the same tale—men who are divided must unite, those who are ready to fight must somehow turn and prepare to agree with their enemies in laws, lest worse things than earthquakes come upon us all.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this grand accompt,
Or your imaginary forces work :

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.

—*The Life of King Henry the Fifth* : Chorus.

IN THIS book we have darted over the modern world, rather like mice, looking here at one thing and there at another thing. We have stayed perhaps too long in one land, not long enough in another ; though we have, I hope, gained some idea of the variety of peoples and lands and work in the world. We have not looked fairly and squarely at any country, perhaps ; and some lands we have not visited at all—Persia, Mexico, Abyssinia, Siberia, Afghanistan, Siam, Tibet, for instance. And in those things we have looked at we should take a tip from Shakespeare.

When Shakespeare sets a battle scene before us, he bids us imagine that every soldier on the stage is a thousand soldiers. So with every fact in this book : we must not be lazy and imagine that is all there is about it, for beside every fact we have looked at stand a thousand facts, and if we knew them all we might think rather differently about them. We have seen there is a danger in thinking too *simply* about anything. We have seen nations trump up pictures of themselves such as “ Uncle Sam ” and “ John Bull,” when in point of fact these fancies may mean nothing at all.

Every now and then in this book we have had to look back from the present into the past. We have had to do that because the present is built upon the past. Most of the

wonderful things and happenings in our world cannot be understood by us unless we know something about history.

Once upon a time you must have stopped by a house that was being built. You must have stood and watched the men laying soft mortar on the bricks with the little flat tool called a trowel ; and you saw them place bricks carefully in position on top of the mortar. Very often they have a piece of string tied tight from one end of the wall they are building to the other, and place the bricks against the string to keep them all in a straight line.

You may have seen them placing thin long bricks in the shape of a fan over a window, or fixing a wooden window-frame into position. Or, best of all, you have stood and watched them putting up a huge modern steel building : hauling giant girders off lorries by means of huge cranes and swinging these girders into place in the vast framework (all the girders are numbered and the foremen of the works only have to look at a plan to see where each girder is to go).

It is great fun to watch builders at work. All men have always loved buildings. The great kings of the past loved to order splendid new palaces for themselves : not only kings, but nobles and wealthy merchants, and not only nobles and rich men, but the millions of ordinary men also, have always loved buildings.

For buildings are the homes of men. The lives of men begin and end in buildings.

All buildings are the homes of men in one way and another. Even factories and temples and museums are the homes of men. Factories are the homes of their work. Temples are the homes of their beliefs. Museums are the homes of their choicest treasures. All buildings are as much the homes of men as are the dwelling-houses where they sleep and live with their families.

Even such buildings as bridges and aqueducts are parts of the homes of men ; they are like the landings and the water-pipes in your home, only they are built outside for the use of many homes instead of inside for only one home.

Knowing this, we can understand why it is that when people think about history they often think first about buildings.

The buildings of the men of the past remain scattered over the earth. These buildings become alive for us with glory and sadness when we think of their builders and of the lives that were lived inside the stones that still stand.

Thus the rough shelters of the Stone-Age men remain in many a lonely moorland where once noisy villages and towns of busy men existed. To-day in the barren land of Mesopotamia scientists are digging up the towns and cities of old Babylonia which have become covered with the desert ; and visions of a civilization, that was once, but now is no more, springs to life in the minds of the scientists, as ancient staircases and doorways and walls come once again into the light of day when the earth is cleared off. You have heard, too, how they found the gorgeous tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen in Egypt not very long ago.

We have seen still standing in many parts of Europe the mighty brick aqueducts of the Romans.

As we draw nearer to our own time, we see the palaces and temples and churches and mighty castles and all the homes of ordinary men—such as the rows of Tudor cottages at Warwick and Stratford and other places in Britain, lovely little dwellings of brick and wood and plaster, four and five hundred years old, and still lived in by countless families to-day.

People who think about houses and history will walk along a street and point out to you houses built in different periods of the past ; and the stones of these houses will speak to such people and will tell them of lives that were lived there.

And people who think about history may well think about houses, too ! For all history is, in a way, rather like the building of houses—only the bricks and mortar, the window-frames and the iron girders of history, are things which are not seen. The invisible bricks of history are wise ideas that are laid in order to become the laws of different

lands—justice among men is like invisible mortar holding civilization together.

Whenever you see builders at work, begin to think of all the events that will happen in that new house, of the lives that will be lived there, of all the gay and bright moments that will come to the dwellers beneath that new roof, and of the sudden sad things that may happen there. Think of the pictures that may hang on the walls, the furniture that will be set in it, the hundreds of useful things that will be got together from the cellar to the attic. When you have done all this you will begin to know the meaning of that house in human life.

And when, to-night, you lean once more out of your bedroom window and look at the rows of street lamps shining under the stars, you will know that you are not looking out of your home. For if you and I have read the modern world aright, we have learned that it is all our home, to the uttermost confines of the furthest land, and even to the depths of the sea and beneath the earth. Wherever men labour for civilization in the great human family, that is our home.

Let us not turn in to bed without thinking of all the events that may happen in the House of the World in our own time, in which we may take part. We cannot help taking part in the great building which all men are setting up, for it is our home and our life that are being built.

THE END

INDEX

A

- Aden, 176
- Africa, area, 159
 - Assouan Dam, 170
 - British Possessions in, 165
 - Cairo, 169, 266
 - Egypt (general), 170
 - Gold Coast, 167
 - Hausa tribe, 158
 - Kano, 167
 - Kenya, 165, 191
 - Naron tribe, 159
 - Nigeria, 166
 - Rhodesia, 164
 - Sahara, 169, 318-322
 - schools in, 162
 - Suez Canal, 171-173
 - Tanganyika, 163
 - Uganda, 163
- Aggrey, Dr. Kivegyir, 119
- Albania, 360-362
- Armaments, 241, 279, 280
- Australia, aborigines, 14
 - Canberra, 100
 - cities of, 17
 - N.S. Wales, 98
 - N. Territories, 101
 - Perth, 16
 - Queensland, 16
 - railways in, 99
 - S. Australia, 98
 - Sydney, 96, 97
 - Tasmania, 98
 - Victoria, 98
 - W. Australia, 98
- Austria, 302, 341
 - Peace Treaty, 392
 - Vienna, 342, 345

B

- Bata, Thomas, 358, 359
- Belgium, 378
 - Empire, 384, 386
- Britain, Bank of England, 53-60, 103
 - Board of Education, 36
 - Board of Trade, 30, 41
 - Colonial Office, 189
 - Criminal Laws, 38-40
 - House of Lords, 67, 68
 - imports and exports, 29
 - King, 68, 69
 - local government, 34
 - Ministry of Health, 32
 - Parliament, 22, 62
 - Parliamentary Parties, 62-66
- British Guiana, 188
- British Honduras, 187
- British Malaya, 182
- British Somaliland, 177
- Bulgaria, 254, 255
- Burma, 180

C

- Cables, 80, 202
- Cadbury, John, 49
- Canada, area, 85
 - British Columbia, 91, 92
 - Fort Churchill, 93
 - Government of, 94, 95
 - Montreal, 88
 - New Brunswick, 86
 - Nova Scotia, 86
 - Ontario, 89

Canada, Ottawa, 89
 — Prairie Provinces, 90, 91
 — P. Edward Island, 86
 — Quebec (City), 73
 — Quebec (Province), 87
 Cape Town (see also S. Africa),
 71, 109
 Capital and Labour, 48
 Ceylon, 177
 China, culture, 417
 — earthquakes, 417
 — Government, 415
 — peasants, 412, 414
 — population, 411
 — religion, 416
 — Shanghai, 418
 — Sun Yat-sen, 419, 420
 Churchill, Winston S., 154, 237
 Civilization, 21
 Civil servants, 26
 Coal, 30, 51
 Cocoa (Cacao), 50, 166, 167, 392
 Coffee, 394
 Coloured Labour, 121
 Co-operation, 377
 Copper, 81, 393
 Cottou, 191, 200, 237
 Curie, Marie, 385
 Cyprus, 175, 191
 Czechoslovakia, 357, 358

D

Denmark, 376, 377, 434
 Diamonds, 113
 Diplomacy, 247
 Diplomatic Service, 244-246

E

Estonia, 348
 Europe, peasants, 354-356

F

Finland, 371, 372
 Ford, Henry, 219, 220, 227, 228
 Foreigners, 240
 France, 303
 — area, 306
 — Declaration of Rights of Man,
 304
 — Empire, 315 fol.
 — fishermen, 309
 — Government, 312
 — Paris, 311, 313, 314
 — peasants, 308
 — Rhône Valley, 310
 — vineyards, 307
 Freedom of the Seas, 244

G

Gandhi, in Africa, 117
 — in India, 155
 George, Lloyd, 67, 282
 Germany, 433
 — Berlin, 294
 — canals, 295
 — Central Uplands, 293
 — Colonies, 276
 — fall of the mark, 287
 — Government, 297
 — Hindenburg, 300
 — Hitler, 298-301
 — Kaiser, 282, 302
 — loans to, 288
 — N. German Plain, 292
 — population, 290
 — railways, 295
 — reparations, 284, 286
 — Rhine, 293 fol.
 — Ruhr, 286
 — Stresemann, 300
 — Treaty of Versailles, 283
 — war guilt, 278, 282, 283, 288
 Gibraltar, 174

Gold, 93, 113, 114
 Gold Standard, 436
 Great Banks, 77
 Great Lakes, 90, 94
 Greece, 254, 255, 366-368
 Grenfell, Sir Wilfred, 83

H

Herriot, M., 253
 Holland, 377, 378, 434
 — Empire, 382, 383
 Hongkong, 186
 Hoover, Herbert, 196, 343
 Hungary, 346, 348
 — Buda-Pest, 348, 349

I

Iceland, 386
 India, Allahabad, 140
 — Benares, 140
 — Bombay, 153
 — Calcutta, 140, 151, 152
 — castes, 136
 — Cawnpore, 132, 133
 — Civil Service, 154
 — Delhi, 140
 — elephants, 135
 — Ganges, 130, 136, 140, 141
 — Governor's Provinces, 140
 — Hinduism, 139
 — invasions of, 148
 — Kashmir, 144
 — Moslems in, 139
 — Mysore, 146
 — Plain of Hindustan, 132, 133
 — Travancore, 146
 — Udaipur, 142 fol.
 — Viceroy, 150, 191
 International trade, 238, 436
 Iraq, 266, 274, 275
 Irish Free State, 75
 Italy, 325 fol.

— area, 337
 — Fascism, 329, 333, 334

J

Japan, area, 424
 — cities, 422
 — earthquakes, 425
 — Korea, 428
 — Manchuria (see Manchukuo)
 — Mutsuhito, 426
 — Parliament, 423, 427
 — population, 425
 Jews, 204, 269-274, 298, 299
 Jury System, 39
 Justice, 39, 40
 Jute, 237

K

Kemal, Mustafa, 363-366, 368-370
 Kipling, Rudyard, 78

L

Labrador, 82-84
 Law, 21
 League of Nations Assembly, 251
 — Council, 254
 — International Labour Office, 260-262
 — Mandates Commission, 264
 — members of, 256
 — Secretariat, 257
 — Treaty Registry, 263
 — World Court, 258
 Lithuania, 347, 352, 353

M

MacDonald, Ramsay, 63, 251
 Malta, 155, 191

Manchukuo, 428-430
 Mandates, Class B & C, 276
 Masaryk, Tomas, 358
 Mayas, 18
 Merchant Adventurers, 70, 71
 Money, 44 fol.
 Morris, Lord, 84
 Municipal Authorities, 34
 — — in New York, 209
 Mussolini, 328, 336

N

Newfoundland, 77 fol.
 New Zealand, earthquakes in, 174
 — Maoris, 105
 — N. Island, 106
 — S. Island, 107
 Nitrate, 395
 Northcliffe, Lord, 81
 Norway, 374

O

Oil, 51, 200
 Ottawa Conference, 126

P

Palestine, Arabs in, 272
 — British rule in, 274
 — Jerusalem, 268, 269
 — Jews in, 270, 271, 273, 274
 Panama Canal, 231-235
 Paper, 81, 82
 Peace Treaties, 369
 Piccard, Prof., 103
 Poland, 347, 350-352
 — Corridor, 351
 Portugal, 381
 — Empire, 383-384

Q

Quinine, 392

R

Radium, 385
 Religion, 239
 — Buddhism, 178, 180, 416
 — Confucianism, 416
 — Greek Orthodox, 359
 — Hinduism, 138, 139, 178
 — Muhammadanism, 139, 179,
 318, 319, 322, 363
 — Roman Catholics, 326, 327,
 379
 — Taoism, 416
 Reparations (see also countries),
 279
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 127, 196,
 437
 Rubber, 184, 185, 235, 292
 Rumania, 356, 357
 Russia, Tsar (see U.S.S.R.), 302

S

Silver, 99
 Smuts, General, 118
 S. Africa (see Union of S. Africa)
 S. America, Amazon, 390
 — Andes, 391
 — area, 391
 — Brazil, 433
 — Buenos Aires, 394
 — Chile, 395
 — coffee, 394
 — European colonies, 390
 — natives, 396
 — population, 397
 — products, 392, 393
 — Rio de Janeiro, 393
 — war in, 398
 Spain, 379-381, 434
 — Empire, 387

Stock Exchange, 47
 Sugar, 187, 188, 383
 Sweden, 375-376
 Switzerland, 338-341
 Syria, 266, 268, 270, 271

T

Tariffs, 123 fol.
 Tea, 151, 178, 383
 Tin, 184
 Trade Unions, 48
 Turkey, 302, 363-366, 368-370

U

Unemployment, 435
 Union of S. Africa, 109 fol.
 — Johannesburg, 114
 U.S.A., area, 198
 — Boston, 214
 — California, 223
 — Chicago, 217
 — Colorado River, 224-226
 — Congress, 194 fol.
 — Constitution of, 193
 — Detroit, 219
 — Federal System, 74
 — gangsters and gunmen, 229
 — New York City, 203-211
 — over-production, 230
 — Philadelphia, 215
 — Pittsburg, 216
 — President, 196
 — products, 199-202
 — rice fields, 228

U.S.A., Supreme Court, 197
 — War of Independence, 73, 193
 — Washington, 211-214
 U.S.S.R., Communist Party, 402
 — Five Year Plan, 407
 — Magnet Town, 409
 — Moscow, 407
 — population and area, 401
 — propaganda, 410
 — property, private, 399, 400
 — Red Army, 404
 — Soviets, 402

V

Vatican, 326, 327

W

War Debts, 279-281
 W. Indies, 187
 Wheat, 90, 199, 349, 395, 414
 Wool, 98, 394
 World population (see also countries), 240
 World War, 249

Y

Ypres, 284
 Yugoslavia, 359, 360
 Yukon, 393

Z

Zanzibar, 165
 Zog, King, 360, 361

